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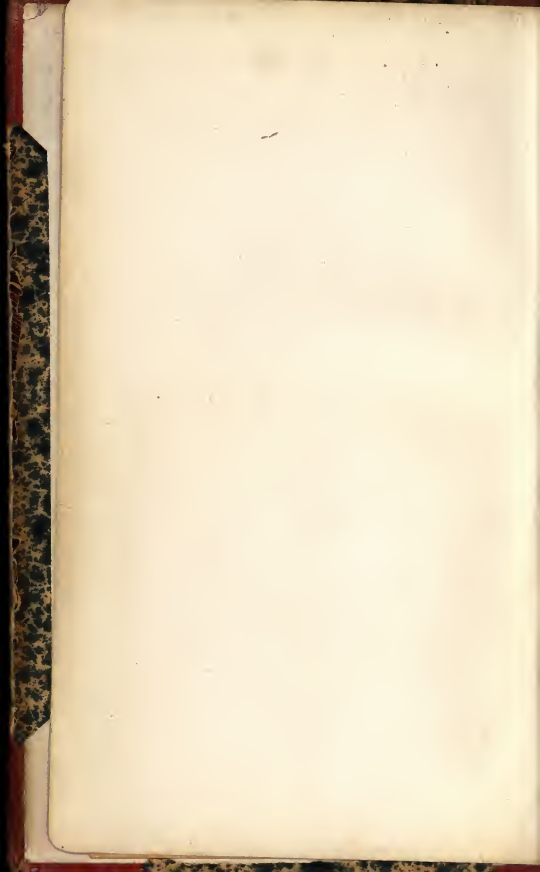
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The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia

1906-1907

AN EXPLORATION OF THE ROUTE OF BOLIVAR'S
CELEBRATED MARCH OF 1819 AND
OF THE BATTLE-FIELDS
OF BOYACÁ AND
CARABOBO

BY

HIRAM BINGHAM, PH.D. (HARVARD), F.R.G.S.

Lecturer on Latin American History, Yale University

WITH MAP AND 133 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY
THE AUTHOR

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
YALE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
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PREFACE

FOR the past eight years I have been collecting material for a history of the South American Wars of Independence and for biographies of San Martin and Bolivar, the chief heroes of that era. As I worked on the life of Bolivar it appeared to me to be particularly difficult to form a just estimate of his achievements; I could find no maps of his battle-fields and few trustworthy accounts of the scenes of his greatest activity.

In 1819 Bolivar conducted an army across Venezuela and Colombia by a road that was deemed to be impassable. The official despatches state that many of the soldiers succumbed to the hardships of the march and that all the saddle and pack animals died on the way. The result was the permanent expulsion of Spanish power from Colombia. It has been maintained by Spanish-American historians that this march of Bolivar and his army was as wonderful as the more famous marches of Hannibal and Napoleon. I found it to be almost impossible to form an intelligent estimate of the actual obstacles that were overcome by the Liberating Army, for the region is not one that is easily visited and the published descriptions of it are very meagre.

I came to the conclusion that if I wished to understand this period in the history of South America, it would be necessary for me to undertake an expedition that should have for its object not only a study of the country where Bolivar lived and fought, and a visit to the scenes of his most important battles, Carabobo and Boyacá, but also an exploration of the route of his most celebrated campaign. Accordingly I left New York about the middle of November, 1906, spent a fortnight in the islands of Vieques, Porto Rico, and Curaçao, and reached Caracas early in December. Here I was joined by Dr. Hamilton Rice, F.R.G.S., who had some years previously experienced the difficulties of travel in South America by going from

Quito to Pará by way of the Napo and the Amazon, and whose love of exploration led him to join me in this enterprise.

We spent a month in Caracas, ten days on the battle-field of Carabobo, and four months crossing the Llanos and the Andes to Bogotá, following the route taken by Bolivar in 1819. The larger part of our journey was through regions about which little has been written, so that it seems advisable to publish the journal of the expedition in detail. Although my training has been that of an historian, rather than that of a naturalist, I hope that the record of my observations may nevertheless prove to be of some value in the fields of geography and ethnology. In the preparation of my notes of scientific observations for publication I have received much assistance of the greatest value from Professor Herbert Gregory of Yale University.

I desire to acknowledge my great indebtedness to Secretary, now Senator, Root, and to the other officials of the Department of State, and to many members of the Diplomatic and Consular Services for favours without which the undertaking would have been impracticable. To President Rafael Reyes of Colombia and the officials of the Colombian Government, who took pains to facilitate in every way the success of the expedition, to the Hon. Jacob Sleeper, Major William Helmke, Francis Stronge, Esq., Don Carlos Stelling, Mr. William Phelps, Dr. Isaac Capriles, Sr. Jorge Pombo and many others, who made me welcome in their homes and gave me assistance and advice, I am under a lasting debt of gratitude. I only regret that it is impossible to enumerate all whose kindness added to the pleasures of the journey.

The volume has been printed during my absence as a delegate to the Pan-American Scientific Congress held at Santiago de Chile, in December, 1908. The oversight of the proof was assumed by my friend George Parker Winship, of the John Carter Brown Library, who has thereby placed me under obligations which only those will fully appreciate who have been in a similar position.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

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CHAPTER I
CARACAS LIBRARY

December 4th, 1906. This morning I arrived at La Guayra, the seaport of Caracas. The Venezuelan officials had been informed of the object of the expedition and courteously passed my outfit through the customs house without examination. A few hours after landing I left La Guayra on the little train that connects the port with Caracas, and greatly enjoyed the ride over this wonderful railroad. With many curves it winds up the slopes of a great mountain, giving one an inspiring view of the Caribbean. Caracas is only five miles from La Guayra as the crow flies, but as it is nearly three thousand feet above the sea it takes thirty miles of railroad to climb around the intervening mountain and reach the beautiful valley in which lies the capital of Venezuela.

Mr. Jacob Sleeper, the American Chargé d'Affaires, met me at the station and most hospitably invited me to be his guest at the American legation. The house is a charming one, built around two attractive courts or *patios*. It is the property of General Matos, who financed the last serious revolution in Venezuela and spent two million dollars (so it is reported) in an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow General Castro's Government.

December 9th. I have been suffering from dengue fever, which I picked up in Porto Rico on the way down from New York. A local doctor suspected me of having yellow fever, sent me to bed soon after my arrival and since then he has been trying to starve me to death. I feel hardly strong enough to walk across the street and whether I shall be able to cross Venezuela seems pretty doubtful. However, Rice arrived today from New York, is very optimistic and says all I need is plenty of good food.

It seems strange not to be able to send a cable anywhere. Some time ago the French Cable Company got into difficulty with the

CARACAS¹

Venezuelan Government and since then there has been no cable office nearer than the Dutch Island of Curaçao. As a result the news of the outside world which is printed in the papers is frequently a week or ten days old.

December 10th. We hear that the rains on the Llanos have been extraordinarily late this year, so that we shall not be able to go directly south across the plains to Achaguas, where Bolivar assembled his soldiers in 1819.

During the rainy season the central Llanos are largely under water and it is almost impossible to travel except on the rivers. Accordingly we have decided to go west a hundred miles by rail to Valencia, thence south to Carabobo, the most famous battle-field in Venezuela, and from there southwest, skirting the western edge of the Llanos until it is feasible to descend to the lower plains. We hope to reach Bolivar's route near the Apure River not far from Achaguas. Fortunately the eastern slope of the Andes, along which we must go, is little known and well worth visiting.

December 12th. We interviewed two negroes today who are willing to share the hardships of the journey. Josh Obadiah Nero, born and raised in St. Kitts, has lived in Venezuela for the past fifteen years, and speaks both English and Spanish fluently. He

¹ The panorama view of Caracas from the south, at the top of these pages, was taken from the hills just above Castro's new villa. The Cajigal observatory is on the top of the hill on the extreme left. Lower down that hill is the Calvario Park. In the foreground at the left is the Municipal Electric Light plant. The conspicuous white building is the new National Theatre, built by Castro. The peak at the right above the clouds is the Silla.



FROM THE SOUTH.

has been in the interior and is ready to qualify as chief cook. The other one, Richard Harvey, comes from Trinidad, speaks almost no Spanish, but has a pleasant face and is anxious to do whatever is wanted of him. We have tried to discourage them by enlarging on the possible difficulties and dangers of the undertaking, but they have both been out of work so long that they are ready for almost any employment. They little dream what is ahead of them.

December 13th. One rarely sees any disorder in the streets. Policemen are numerous. They carry carbines and are well dressed in blue uniforms. The soldiers wear a cheap quality of khaki with helmets to match. They are kept pretty closely confined to their barracks, of which there are several large ones in the city. The greatest pest on the streets are the beggars.

Caracas seems to show a mixture of Spanish and French influences. One sees a great number of little shops where provisions are sold in very small quantities. On every hand may be encountered the tiny establishments of tailors, barbers and druggists. Their large number and their small size constantly bring to mind the Southern European cities. The coinage is based on the French system, the unit of value being the *bolivar* which is worth about twenty cents. There is likewise a Pantheon, a direct imitation of Paris. The police call to mind the Parisian gendarmes. The public carriages are little victorias such as one sees in Paris, except that here it is more customary for them to have two horses than one. Even the coach fare is the same, although there is one local peculiarity that I do not remember having encountered elsewhere. There are

CARACAS ¹

three grades of hacks, all equally comfortable. The distinction is one that appeals solely to the imagination. The lowest grade is distinguished by having a driver in citizen's dress and numbers on the carriage lamps. The next grade has a driver in semi-livery; while the most expensive of all carry no number on their lamps and are driven by Jehus in full livery. For this luxury one is charged double the regular tariff.

There is a system of tram cars, primitive affairs drawn by mules. Although unable to carry more than a score of passengers, each has its conductor as well as a driver.

The only people in Caracas who seem to be in a hurry are the hack drivers. Most of the men on the streets carry walking sticks and appear to have little to do. There are always dozens of loafers

¹ The two views at the top of the page give a telephoto panorama of Caracas from the north. On the left in the foreground is a small reservoir recently built by Castro. In the centre of the foreground may be seen the old road that goes over the mountain to La Guayra. It passes near the spot from which the picture was taken. The dome in the centre of the picture is the National Capitol. The conspicuous white building to the right of the centre is the Municipal Theatre. Above this and a little to the right is the villa Zoila, Castro's new palace. From the hill above this the other panorama of Caracas was taken. The triumphal arch on the wooded hill on the right was built by General Crespo. At the left of the wooded hill near its base may be seen the roof of the bull ring. In the valley at the extreme right of the picture are the roofs of the railroad station where trains arrive from La Guayra and also from Valencia.



FROM THE NORTH.

in the vicinity of the Plaza Bolivar. The prevailing colour is brown. Now and then one sees a pure Indian, but not very often. Among the faces are a small sprinkling of German and French types, but almost never an Anglo-Saxon. The faces denoting pure Spanish descent are also scarce. The great majority show the mixture of Spanish, Indian and Negro.

There is a great sameness in the appearance of the houses. Most of them look as though they had been built on identically the same plan. A paved passage leads from the street to a small uncovered *patio* from which one has access to the living-rooms in front and rear. The main room looks out on the street, usually through two barred windows that project over the sidewalk. The streets are narrow, and telephone poles are placed in the sidewalk about eight inches from its edge. As the sidewalks are also extremely narrow, two pedestrians walking side by side cannot pass with comfort between the telephone poles and the sides of the houses. And when the iron framework of a window projects ten or twelve inches from the wall, as it frequently does, there is barely room for even one person to pass. In the suburbs, where the streets are wider, trees are frequently planted in the sidewalk, a hole twenty inches in diameter being left in the concrete for that purpose. Evidently it is expected that people should walk in single file.

The old mule trail to La Guayra goes directly north over the

mountain from the northwest corner of Caracas. It is still used to a limited extent, although all heavy goods are conveyed either by train or by the cart road that follows more or less the line of the railway.



COURTYARD OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION.

In places the road still retains the old Spanish stone paving described by Colonel William Duane of Philadelphia in his "Visit to Colombia" in 1823.

South of Caracas, across an attractive little river, rises a range of gentle hills where Paraiso, a fashionable suburb, reached by new roads and modern bridges, is rapidly growing up. President Castro has built a large new villa here and several of his friends are doing likewise. The view from their houses is wonderfully attractive. I do not remember ever to have seen more beautiful

colours. The intense blue of the sky, the lighter blues of the distant mountains, every possible shade of green on hillsides and in gardens, and the red tiled roofs and whitewashed walls of Caracas, make a wonderful combination.

Four little railroads run out of Caracas north, east, south, and west. The northern one goes to La Guayra, the western to Valencia, and the southern to Valle, a village about three miles from the capital and the centre of an agricultural district. After winding through a gap in the range of low hills south of Caracas this road passes between fields of sugar-cane and reaches the terminus almost before

one realizes that the train has started. Valle offers as its chief attraction a view of La Silla. This mountain rises so abruptly from the northern suburbs of Caracas that one gets no conception of its eight thousand feet until one draws away from it, when it looms up and becomes more and more majestic.



A STREET CROWD IN CARACAS

December 14th. Our kind host, Mr. Jacob Sleeper, took us this morning by appointment to the foreign office, where he presented us to Dr. José Jesus Paul, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Dr. Paul is tall, has iron-gray hair, a most gracious bearing, is well educated, and has travelled considerably. He speaks English readily. He wished us success in our mission and promised to give us a card that would request the officials along our route to place no obstacles in our way.

After our call, we went to see the principal sights, accompanied by Dr. Paul's secretary. First we visited the Capitol. It occupies an entire city block and is built around a large attractive *patio*. The south wing is devoted to the legislative bodies, the east and

west wings to various governmental offices, and the north wing to a magnificent hall. Here the more important official receptions are held. On its walls are hung many historical paintings. At its east



THE CONGRESS OF ANGOSTURA.

end is a representation of Bolívar addressing the Congress of Angostura shortly before his famous march. The scene is a wild one, the building a tumbled-down thatched hut. Although painted when most of the members of that Congress had long been dead, care was

taken to make the faces as good likenesses as possible. The ceiling is devoted to fanciful paintings of the battles of Carabobo and Boyacá, in which the soldiers of the Wars of Independence achieved their greatest victories. At the western end is a large painting of the surrender after the battle of Ayacucho, the final battle for independence in Spanish South America.

Portraits of the chief revolutionary heroes, including San Martin, Paez, Sucre, and Gregory McGregor are hung on the north and south walls of the reception-hall. The most interesting is a portrait of Bolivar, said to be one of the three extant likenesses known to have been painted during his lifetime. Two documents accompany the portrait. In one, Antonio Guzman, the friend of Bolivar and the father of President Guzman Blanco, writing under



BOLIVAR.

From the portrait in the capitol at Caracas.

date of 1870, states that he saw this picture painted in 1825-26, by a Peruvian artist whose name he has forgotten (but which appears on the canvas as Gil) in the palace at Lima. He also states that many of Bolivar's friends were present during the sittings and gave the artist such efficient criticism that an excellent likeness was procured. The other document is a letter from the former owners of

the picture, a niece and nephew of Bolivar, presenting it to President Guzman Blanco, in order that it may be permanently exhibited in the Federal Palace, where the people of Venezuela may always be able to see the best known likeness of their great hero. The portrait is not flattering. The drawing of the figure is very crude but the head is lifelike and is probably a faithful portrait.



CASTRO AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS.

From the Capitol we went to Independence Hall, where the Venezuelan Declaration of Independence was signed in 1811. It is at present used for civil marriages. At the north end of the hall is a large painting representing the signing of the Declaration. The picture is probably quite as correct as that of a similar event now hanging in the Capitol at Washington. The most conspicuous

figure in the group is General Miranda, the father of Venezuelan Independence. On the east wall hangs an equestrian portrait of President Castro at the head of his troops. Seated in a striking attitude on a white horse, the general seems to challenge all comers. On the west wall is a frame containing one of the standards supposed to have been carried by Pizarro during the conquest of Peru. It was captured in Cuzco by General Sucre during the final campaign for Peruvian independence, and presented by him to Bolivar, who in turn gave it to the city of Caracas. Pizarro doubtless had more



CASTRO'S VILLA AT PARAISO.

than one flag, so this has quite as good a claim to be genuine as the two or three other "standards of Pizarro" that are preserved in various South American cities. Another interesting relic preserved here is a large volume said to contain the minutes of the Venezuelan Government during the revolutionary epoch. It is kept in a glass case and we were unable to examine it.

We next visited "Exposition Hall," now devoted to the two Academies. The Academy of Languages occupies rooms in the north wing, while the Academy of History meets in the south wing.

The halls are somewhat faded and forlorn, but undoubtedly many learned discussions have taken place around the long tables where the academicians sit on Friday nights in comfortable armchairs.

Next door is the ancient University with its attractive quadrangles. Directly over the entrance is a grand convocation hall where commencement exercises are held and degrees conferred. At one end, on a raised dais under a rich canopy, is the president's seat. The seats of the faculty, large comfortable chairs upholstered



THE PATIO OF THE CAPITOL.

in red brocade, are immediately in front of the dais, fenced off by a railing from the audience. In the centre of the hall is a beautiful old pulpit, now used as a rostrum from which the candidates for degrees read their theses. To enter it one has to climb a rough wooden ladder as crude and undignified as the rostrum, with its rich gilded carvings and beautifully decorated panels, is magnificent. This contrast between splendour and squalor is one that frequently appears in Caracas.

The examination hall is on the second floor, between the first

and second quadrangles. Here we listened to an examination for the degree of doctor of dentistry. The president of the University sat under a crimson canopy at the end of the room, flanked by several of the local physicians and the professors of dentistry. The candidate, dressed in his very best, was seated in the centre of the hall at a small table on which was a glass of brandy and water, from which he derived inspiration from time to time. There were no charts or instruments in sight and it was somewhat difficult for the uninitiated to see how a satisfactory examination in dentistry could be conducted entirely orally.



THE CAPITOL AND THE UNIVERSITY.

In one of the wings of the University is the National Museum, where everything is in wretched condition. The specimens of animals and reptiles, badly preserved, moth-eaten and decaying, seemed to be literally on their last legs. Geological specimens, stuffed birds, publications of the Smithsonian Institution, Indian weapons and implements, and the bones of a mastodon found near Coro, all in confusion and covered with dust, made one feel that the museum was not very highly appreciated by the authorities.

Near the University is the ancient monastic church of San Francisco, which contains a marvellous altar-piece covered with elaborate gilded carvings said to be three hundred years old. From here we



THE ALTAR IN THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

drove to the Pantheon, modelled on the one in Paris. Formerly a church, it is now devoted to the graves of the nation's heroes. Bolivar, Monagas, Paez, O'Leary, and most of the Venezuelan revolutionary chiefs are buried here. The most notable exceptions are Miranda and Sucre, the former dying in an unknown Spanish prison cell and the latter having been assassinated in Bolivia. The late President Crespo, the foremost patron of art that Venezuela has had, caused a number of beautiful monuments to be

erected in the Pantheon to the memory of the heroes. Most of them were made on the spot by able sculptors who were brought from Italy for that purpose.

The National Library is located on the north side of the great Plaza Bolivar. The librarian, General Manuel Landaeta Rosales, is one of the foremost Venezuelan historians and has written a large number of monographs in his chosen field. He has arranged the

books in excellent order, and the library has every appearance of being well kept. In one room, devoted to theology, we feasted our eyes on ten thousand beautiful vellum-covered folios, only regretting that their contents are not of a nature to inspire equal interest with their printing and binding.

This afternoon we went to a tea at which we met the diplomatic corps. One of the diplomats has been recently on a hunting trip near San Carlos and declares that the country which we propose to cross is "simply impassable." He says we "will suffer untold



THE TOMB OF BOLIVAR IN THE PANTHEON.

horrors and will probably starve to death." *Quien sabe?* The principal topic of conversation was the illness of President Castro. He has been failing for some months and a day or two before my arrival was carried down to the seashore near La Guayra in the hope that a change of air might benefit him. All sorts of rumours are flying about, and it is currently reported that he cannot live more than a few days longer. Every one is wondering what will happen next.

December 15th. This morning we visited the Vargas hospital, the largest in Venezuela. It has room for four hundred patients,

although there are only about two hundred there now. We met several of the doctors and visited half a dozen wards. Each ward is a separate building, connected with the other wards by cloisters and separated from them by gardens, so that there is an abundance of light and fresh air. We were present at an operation performed by one of the leading surgeons. A placard on the wall back of the operating table caused us no little amusement. It read in Spanish, "Those who spit are forbidden to stand around the table during the operation!" After reading this notice we were not surprised to see that several of the visitors smoked, that about fifteen or sixteen curious persons, including doctors, students, and a convalescent patient in his nightgown, crowded close around the table during the operation. The surgeons made some attempt at modern methods, but did not wear rubber gloves and allowed the patient to lie in a cold draft with almost no covering on. The whole thing was so clumsily done, it made one shiver.

After such an exhibition we were quite surprised in visiting the department of bacteriology to find there an extremely clever young doctor surrounded by first-class apparatus. Excellent microscopes, good cultures, and well-made specimens were in evidence. For experimental purposes he had cats, dogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, rats, mice, and a few birds. One could not help being most favourably impressed with the excellent work done in this department; notwithstanding the fact that the noise made by the caged animals must have been rather annoying to the patients in the neighbouring wards. At one end of the hospital is the laundry, a large concrete pavilion where the fowls of the air congregate and assist in undoing the work of the washerwomen.

December 17th. On Sunday afternoon we attended the weekly bull-fight. The toreadors were not very skilful and the bulls were rather tame. The first bull was a fine, large animal whose rushes and charges were most satisfactory to the audience. It took several stabs to kill him even after he was once down. The second bull was a nervous creature who fortunately was neatly despatched with one thrust of the sword. At this exhibition of skill the crowd went wild and gave the matador a great ovation, showering flowers, hats, and coins on him. The next two bulls were timid and could not be

coaxed to show any fight at all. They were driven out of the ring amid the hisses and groans of the crowd. The next bull was more lively, too lively in fact, for he seemed to have nine lives. The performance lasted a little over two hours, but we went away before the end. It was neither good sport nor an exhibition of skilful butchering.

December 19th. One sees on the street an extraordinary number of beggars afflicted with malignant diseases. Otherwise, owing to frequent showers and an efficient street-cleaning brigade, the streets are cleaner than one might expect. There are many street cries, but the loudest are those of the venders of lottery tickets who persist in repeatedly announcing the favourite numbers they have for sale.

This afternoon we went to see the lottery drawing. On Sundays there is a "grand prize" of five thousand dollars, but on Wednesdays the "grand prize" is only one thousand. Each number has eighteen parts and one can buy a part for ten cents. Apparently every one in town who can afford it takes chances semi-weekly. Naturally the lottery has a bad effect on the population and tends to demoralize honest labour. As the afternoon was rainy, the drawing of the lottery was not held in the flower pavilion near the market-place, as usual, but in the courtyard of the company's offices. It was attended by about a hundred individuals, most of whom belonged to the loafing class. The drawing proceeded very rapidly and the crowd watched in silence, patiently waiting for the allotment of the first prize, which was the only one in which they had any particular interest. Its announcement was followed by a murmur of voices as the crowd whispered the lucky number and wondered who was its fortunate possessor. I was surprised at the small show of disappointment or pleasure manifested. The same apathy is very noticeable at the Club Concordia, the most fashionable club in Caracas, where baccarat is played every afternoon and evening. Although a man's losses or gains may amount to thousands of dollars, it appears to make very little difference to him or the others. I have seen Cubans and Porto Ricans get tremendously excited over games of chance that involved altogether less than fifty dollars. Yet their cousins here in Caracas, whether of the highest or the lowest class, seem to take both good and bad luck very equably.

December 20th. Yesterday afternoon we went to the cathedral to see a remarkable painting of the Lord's Supper by the late Venezuelan artist Michelena.¹ Others of his paintings, including two that had taken prizes at the Paris salon, are at the Academy of Fine Arts. He was deservedly patronized by the late President Crespo and painted several pictures for his palace of Miraflores. It is a great misfortune that he died when still quite a young man.

This morning we visited Miraflores, which is now vacant. It was occupied for several years by President Castro, who, it is said, neglected to pay any rent to its owner, the widow of General Crespo. Perhaps he regarded it as the property of the state. The palace.



LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM CALVARIO.

which is said to have cost two million dollars, stands on a bluff, and its roof, on which there was once a small park of artillery, commands all the approaches to Caracas. It impresses one as being a most appropriate residence for the President of Venezuela.

From Miraflores we drove to the Cajigal observatory, which is situated on top of a hill west of the city and above Calvario, the attractive park built by the late President Guzman Blanco. We were most kindly received by Dr. Ugueto, the astronomer in charge,

¹ One of his historical paintings is in the City Hall, New York.

who showed us his instruments and explained the careful methods by which the new military map of Venezuela is being made. By means of the government telegraph, the observatory acts in conjunction with men in the field and is thus able to determine the correct latitude and longitude of a large number of places. The map commission seems to be doing excellent topographical work. We have been allowed to see and admire some of their maps, but not to make copies or take any notes, although these would make our journey somewhat easier.

This afternoon we met a famous general who has been in many revolutions and has had a most romantic career. Cowboy and soldier, distinguished for daring and courage, he has spent many days in prison and has lived some time in exile. During the last serious revolution, he was on the losing side and was captured by General Castro's forces and imprisoned. Being by nature extremely active and energetic he grasped at an opportunity to while away his time of imprisonment which was offered by the gift of two or three silkworm eggs and some books on the subject. He told us that he raised silkworms in his cell and in four months had three thousand cocoons. From these he made silk thread and finally fabricated a beautiful sash which he sent to the President. General Castro was so pleased at this undertaking, that he pardoned him and tendered him a fine estate near Caracas, where the silkworm industry is to be encouraged. The old soldier has made a wonderful collection of Venezuelan butterflies and is as thoroughly absorbed in his cocoons and mulberry trees as he once was in guerrilla warfare.

December 22d. One of the many charming people who have been so very kind to us in Caracas drove us out this morning to a sugar plantation in the suburbs which has been in this family for many years. The main dwelling-house is a wonderful old Spanish mansion that has withstood the earthquakes of the past one hundred and fifty years. Within its walls it now shelters three distinct households that have entirely separate establishments; but as the building itself is one hundred and fifty feet wide and two hundred and twenty-five feet long, it will be seen that its tenants have no lack of room for comfort. Three hundred yards away is the sugar mill, a romantic Spanish structure where the same primitive methods of sugar-making

are followed that have been in use for generations. The mill is a small three-roller affair to which cane is brought to be ground each day in the year, excepting always Sundays and holidays. As the bagasse falls from the rollers it is caught in a rawhide stretcher and



THE UNIVERSITY AND THE ACADEMY OF HISTORY.

carried away by two labourers to the drying sheds. From there a small car on a track sixteen inches wide takes the dried bagasse to the furnaces under the vats where the juice is boiled. In front of each of the four vats stands a man with a huge oar which he rows in such a manner as to cause the scum to slop over into the next vat.

From the last vat in which it is boiled, the juice is poured into sugar-loaf moulds to cool and harden in the form in which it appears the next day in the shops of Caracas. The daily capacity of this mill is about three and a half tons of sugar, the yield of an acre and a quarter of cane. The manager and owner is an intelligent young man, educated in England and America, yet he assures us that no other method would pay here. Probably he is right, but I could not help wondering what the people of Honolulu would say if they had such a primitive mill in operation within a few miles of the capital of Hawaii. Sugar is highly protected in Venezuela, its importation being forbidden.

December 24th. A few years ago President Castro decided to erect a National Theatre and gave orders for some of the trees in the Plaza Washington to be cut down to make room for the new building. It is related that one Saturday night a wag approached the statue of Washington that stands in the centre of the plaza and proceeded to condole the Father of His Country on the despoliation of his trees. Finally, as the statue returned no answer, the joyful wag became gently resentful and turned sadly away with the remark: "Anyhow I suppose you realize it serves you right; for it was you, was it not, who cut down your father's tree?"

Last evening we attended a concert at the theatre. It is arranged after the usual Spanish manner, having a tier of boxes in place of the balcony. In the "gallery" directly over the boxes were some fifty men with their hats on, two Indian women, and a little child. Most of the ladies in the boxes wore large picture hats, but a few were in conventional evening attire. In the orchestra circle were a number of men in evening dress and a third as many ladies. In the orchestra itself ladies are not allowed. The programme included numbers by a symphony orchestra, a pianist, and a boy violinist who was making his first appearance in public. The orchestral music was fair although the orchestra clearly needed more rehearsals. The players varied in colour from pure white to jet black, but the majority were brown. The pianist performed prodigies of valour on a grand concert piano, a "tin pan" that would not have been tolerated for a moment in any private house in the States, much less in a concert hall. The little violinist in white shorts, bare legs, white

socks, and black pumps, appeared to be about eleven years old and very much frightened. Neither he nor the piano soloist had committed their pieces to memory and the latter actually had to turn his own music. The most striking difference between this audience and a concert audience in the States was the fact that more than two-thirds of those present were men.

The women of Caracas appear to have rather a dull time. They seldom go out except to mass and their chief amusement seems to be sitting behind the iron bars of their windows watching the passers-by and gossiping with their neighbours. As the windows nearly always project, it is easy to talk from one window to the next without leaving the house. On Sunday evenings the ladies attend the band concerts on the plaza. Their escorts rent chairs for them and they sit in the glare of the electric lights to be stared at by the young gentlemen of the city who parade up and down the walks. Anglo-Saxons would find it annoying, but that is because their ancestors did not live in sunny Spain.

After the concert we went to La India, the best known restaurant in Caracas. One of the customs of the place is for everyone who enters the room to bow right and left to those who are seated at the tables and who look up and bow in return. The action is so courteous, friendly, and personal that it is quite embarrassing — to an Anglo-Saxon. Everything about La India is expensive. I bought two cigars for a friend and with difficulty concealed my surprise when told that they were a dollar apiece. The best chocolate is a dollar a pound, although this is the home of the cocoa bean and the refined product is made in Caracas. The three better grades they tell me are not imported into the United States, as no one there cares to pay what they cost.

December 25th. Last night, shortly before 12 o'clock, we went to the church of the Capuchins to witness La Misa del Gallo (the midnight mass or the mass of the cock). The church was beautifully illuminated with candles in magnificent crystal candelabra and was thronged with people. Although some were evidently attending out of a spirit of curiosity, all were reverent and many had come prepared to spend the night in prayer and worship. In one of the shrines was a grotto, representing Bethlehem and the Nativity,

illuminated with electric lights. During the mass an orchestra supplemented the organ. The special feature of the music was the occasional squawk of a native instrument that is supposed to imitate the crowing of a cock.

December 31st. The Capuchin fathers maintain an interesting museum of natural history in a large room in one of the buildings at the rear of their church. Brother Cornelis, collector, taxidermist, and curator, is a born naturalist of the old school. He does beautiful work, and his collections are in marked contrast with those



PLAZA BOLIVAR ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

of the National Museum. He has been most polite in showing us the results of his six years' devotion to science and the church in Venezuela. Moved by humanitarian principles he has made a specialty of snakes and has a wonderful collection of the most deadly varieties.

I have called on him several times at the close of a day of sight-seeing, for he is most restful. It makes one feel as though one were living in the middle ages to hear the monks laughing, singing, and talking in the garden, while one, the most learned of all, seated in a dark corner of the great room lined with specimens of his craft, reads aloud from a scientific treatise. It was a picture for an artist

to see. The old man with his long flowing beard, his brown coarse cloth robe tied with a rope, and his picturesque sandals, reading in a gentle voice from a page dimly lighted by a single candle.

January 1st, 1907. Last evening we went with nearly everybody else in Caracas to the Plaza Bolivar, to greet the new year. Electric lights, placed in the trees and clustered in stars and mottoes, made the plaza very brilliant. A military band played from 10.30 P.M. until after midnight. The arrival of the new year was marked by the flashing forth of an electric sign bearing the words "Feliz Año Nuevo" (Happy New Year) on one of the government buildings, a discharge of musketry, and scores of rockets. This was immediately followed by a universal hand-shaking, embracing, and kissing, while the band played a lively air and the forts fired a salute of twenty-one guns. It is the custom for friends and acquaintances to indulge in much embracing in the Spanish fashion, and there was general felicitation on all sides.

After the universal exchange of greetings we followed the crowd to La India, where a gay assemblage was partaking of ices and pledging each other a Happy New Year.

CHAPTER II

VALENCIA AND CARABOBO

January 2d. Tomorrow morning we take the train for Valencia. We calculate that our route to Bogotá is about one thousand miles in length. With the necessary stops at the battle-fields of Carabobo and Boyacá, and the few days we shall need to purchase mules and complete our outfit at Valencia, it will probably be March 15th before we reach Bogotá. If we average fifteen miles a day, we shall be doing well. Most of our friends here are confident that we will never get there and are bidding us good-by with gloomy forebodings. Hardly any of them have ever travelled in the interior and no one has any idea of the actual route that we shall be obliged to take.

Our outfit consists of everything which we expect to require in crossing barren plains and unfrequented mountain passes. Saddles, mountain breeching, bridles, tents, blankets, surveying instruments, a theodolite, prismatic compasses, a sextant, brass folding lanterns, kitchen utensils, emergency rations including crbswurst, julienne, beef-tea capsules, coffee, chocolate, flour, sugar, rice, and salt. In selecting articles I found R. H. Davis's list in *Scribner's Magazine* of considerable value. On his advice I am taking a folding cot and a folding chair, much to Rice's amusement. We are taking both films and plates in our photographic outfit, as we have heard that the latter do much better in this climate, although they are heavy to carry and very fragile. Rice carries his valuables, including a fine set of surgical instruments, in a tin trunk, while I am entrusting mine to a sole leather trunk. We are taking two Winchester rifles, a Mauser, and two Winchester repeating shotguns, besides three revolvers and a sufficient supply of ammunition. A few books, such maps as we have been able to procure, and clothes for a four months' trip make up the rest of the outfit.

January 3d. The train for Valencia left Caracas about 8 A.M. The railroad is owned and operated by Germans. We were outrageously overcharged for our luggage. The outfit weighed altogether about 1100 pounds, but the baggage master declared it weighed 1100 kilograms or 2400 pounds! Notwithstanding a vigorous protest we were obliged to pay for over half a ton of excess luggage that we did not have. Sixty-five dollars "excess" on a journey of one hundred miles was an entirely new and unlooked-for experience. The road ought to pay good dividends if everyone is treated that way.

Our train consisted of a small engine made in Germany, three freight cars, a baggage car, a first-class coach with seats for twenty-two people, and a second-class coach of about the same capacity. The passengers were nearly all men, the only women being two nuns. Most of the men were Venezuelans, but there were a few Germans and an Italian priest.

After leaving Caracas the road passes through sugar-cane fields, then enters a beautiful valley densely covered with tropical foliage. Occasionally we passed coffee plantations and small clearings. The valley constantly grew narrower and the mountains rose higher on each side until the scene reminded me of the Crawford Notch in the White Mountains. Then we entered a wonderful region of tunnels and viaducts. Before stopping for lunch we passed through more than ninety tunnels, fortunately none of them very long. For an hour we averaged a tunnel a minute. Finally we came out on the western slopes of the mountains and the view became inspiring. One curve looked like "Cape Horn" on the Central Pacific Railroad.

After lunch at Victoria, where General Castro won his decisive victory over General Matos in the last serious revolution, we left the hills and skirted the northern shore of Lake Valencia. The appearance of the lake disappointed us. Its islands are rather pretty, but one reads such glowing accounts of its beauty that it was surprising to find the views we got of it so unattractive. On its south side a range of rather barren mountains seems to rise abruptly from the water. The railroad skirts the north shore, but at such a distance that the lake is not visible much of the time. We had,

however, a glimpse of the tiny steamboat that is said to be the sole disturber of its waters. The crazy craft did not look as though it would make many more trips.

There was little foliage on the plain over which we passed. We saw almost no grass and the trees and bushes looked stunted and burned. The coast range lies at some distance from the road until, near Valencia, a spur comes south into the plain. Shortly before reaching Valencia the train stopped abruptly and we learned that there was a man asleep on the track.

January 4th. Valencia resembles Caracas in some respects, much as a French provincial capital resembles Paris. One sees the same kind of carriages, but they are older and look as though they had been bought at second hand. The streets are not as clean and few houses give the impression of prosperous owners. The cathedral is attractive and the Plaza Bolivar is quite pretty.

The pleasant Italian priest, Father Voghera, whom we met on the train is the director of a college here. With several of his Salesian brothers he founded the establishment ten years ago, having come from Turin for that purpose. The college accommodates thirty boarders and ninety day scholars, and is really what we should term an academy in the United States. It has a small theatre and a printing office where the boys print their own text-books.

Valencia is the capital of the State of Carabobo. This morning we presented our letter of introduction to the President of the State, or the Governor as we should style him. He received us graciously but appeared to be much troubled by our request for information in regard to the battle-field of Carabobo. In fact he seemed to be suspicious of us but finally gave us a letter to the Governor of the city with instructions to aid us in securing mules for our journey.

One of the President's secretaries showed us over the State Capitol. It is a fine old Spanish monastery and was used as a convent until thirty years ago, when President Guzman Blanco converted it to its present purpose. Near it are the University and the barracks.

January 6th. We have been trying and buying mules. As we gallop about the streets on the animals that are offered for purchase, we are quite the centre of interest, but the citizens are very friendly and not at all rude.



VALENCIA, LOOKING NORTH

We have been most fortunate in making the acquaintance of one of the leading citizens, Don Carlos Stelling, whose maternal grandfather fought with the British Legion at the battle of Carabobo. He owns the electric light plant here and is interested in various enterprises. He has introduced us to an old follower of his, Antonio, a typical horse trader, very plausible but a little too sharp. The latter has tried very hard to sell us a number of mules, some with girth sores and others with back sores, but we have not patronized him as yet.

People here say that in the dry season, from December to March, there is a passable cart road from here to Barinas, a distance of about two hundred miles. No one knows what kind of country lies between Barinas and Arauca on the Colombia frontier, or whether it will be possible to take a cart beyond Barinas. Our friend Don Carlos thinks that we will be able to do so, although we may be checkmated by some of the rivers. As we can put all of our outfit on a light cart, where it will be much safer and give us less trouble than if transported on pack mules, we have decided to try that method as far as it is practicable. Don Carlos has been interesting himself in finding out what is known about the battle-field of Carabobo. He owns a pack of hounds and has frequently taken them to hunt deer and peccaries in that locality, but has not been much concerned with its history heretofore. He says that one of his hounds is "an English setter that was elevated in Denmark."



FROM THE TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

January 8th. We have finally purchased five saddle mules, at prices varying from sixty-five dollars to one hundred dollars.

The leading commercial house here is a branch of the Bloehm Company, a German concern that controls more business than any other house in Venezuela. From them we have obtained a letter of credit to one of their correspondents in Guanare, so that we shall not be obliged to carry all our money with us.

In Caracas, and to a certain extent in Valencia, Venezuelan bank notes are accepted without question, but we are told that paper currency does not pass at all in the interior and that we must have gold and silver. The current gold coins are called *onzas*, ounces, and are valued at \$16.40. Most of them are handsome old Spanish doubloons bearing eighteenth-century dates, but there are a few Mexican, Peruvian, and Colombian coins. All the silver is Venezuelan but we have not seen a single Venezuelan gold piece so far. Although the unit coin is the silver *bolívar* (twenty cents), one rarely hears that term. Small sums are given in *reals* (ten cents). Larger amounts are given in *pesos* (eighty cents). In Caracas one commonly hears the word *fuerte*, which is the term applied to the largest silver coin, worth about a dollar. In buying mules we have heard another term, *marocote*, a \$20 gold piece.

Today we had some trouble with a man who sold us three of the mules. He claims we ought to pay him a commission of \$15, over and above the price agreed upon and paid for the mules. He

finally had to be kicked out of the hotel. The proprietor of the hotel is an Italian who has travelled in Madagascar, Australia, China, and California. Six years ago he had the bad judgment to buy this property, so that his wanderings appear to have ceased. The rooms are almost entirely neglected but the table is excellent.

January 9th. We have purchased a strong cart and a good



PLAZA BOLIVAR, VALENCIA.

solid cart mule for \$140, and engaged as cartman, Rafael Rivas, a Venezuelan peon recommended to us by Don Carlos. He says he has been as far as Barinas once and agrees to accompany us to Arauca if we can possibly get the cart that far. Our helpers now consist of Josh and Richard, the two negroes who joined us at Caracas, and Rafael the cartman. We have completed all our purchases and hope to start early tomorrow.

January 10th. We rose at six so as to be packed when the cart should come. It had been promised for seven o'clock, but as was to be expected in this country it did not arrive on time. Rafael came at eight. The cart had not yet appeared so he desired to "go back and

say good-by again" to his family. The result was that the cart did not get away from Valencia until eleven.

We started after lunch. Don Carlos, according to the old Spanish custom, mounted his best horse and accompanied us some distance out of the city. After leaving Valencia the road passes over

a plain covered with *chapparal*, little grass and small stunted trees. Behind us to the north, east, and west the mountains surround Valencia. They are not forested and have been dissected by erosion in an interesting manner.

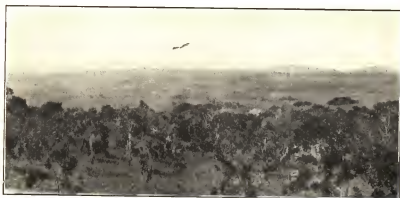
Half-way from Valencia to Carabobo is the village of Tocuyito where General Castro won his first important battle. He had raised a small army in the Andes which was augmented as he marched eastward against Caracas. At Tocuyito he was met by the Government forces, who greatly outnumbered him. Night fell before the battle was decided, and he was considering the necessity of withdrawing in the face of superior numbers when he learned that the Government troops were already in precipitate flight, leaving him master of the situation. To commemorate this victory he has had a striking monument erected on the plaza.

From Tocuyito our road continued southward over the plains of Carabobo. Four hours after leaving Valencia we reached a *posada* or inn near the battle-field. It is kept by a picturesque old fellow named Don Leone, who is an ideal host and takes excellent care of his guests. The inn is a clean little establishment and enjoys a good trade, as nearly all travellers to and from the Llanos and the Andes stop here for a meal or two. There is only one sleeping-room, but it is large and furnished with a dozen canvas cots which seem to be entirely free from fleas.

It is very curious that no one has ever made even a rough sketch of this battle-field.¹ Although many Spanish writers have treated of the battle, in which nearly twelve thousand men were engaged and the fate of Venezuelan independence decided, no plan of it has hitherto been published so far as I have been able to discover. Traditions differ very much as to the place where certain things happened during the battle, and it is to be our business to try and determine, if possible, their actual location.

January 11th. The cart arrived late last evening and this morning we started out to find a suitable location for a camp. A mile southwest of the inn we came to the white obelisk which has been erected by Castro's Government to commemorate the battle of 1821. After some reconnoitring we found an excellent location

¹ For an account of the battle see Appendix B.



BATTLE-FIELD OF CARABOBO

for a permanent camp four miles south of the monument in the valley of Naípe. It is close to the road and sheltered from it by a grove of orange trees. Less than twenty feet away is a clear little stream and not far off are a few thatched huts where we can secure eggs, fowls, and *arepa* (maize cake), the staple of this part of Venezuela.

January 12th. As the camp is two thousand feet above the sea, the night was very cool and extremely clear. Jupiter was so brilliant that it woke me up and for a moment I thought some one had lighted a lantern outside the tent.

This morning, guided by a one-eyed old vagabond named "Bernardo the Bohemian," I went in search of points of historic interest. For miles in every direction the region is a perfect maze of hills and valleys. There are not many trees but the slopes are covered with such rank high grass and dense bush foliage that it is almost impossible to go anywhere except on the paths, which are most confusing. It is to be our task to make a map and attempt to locate definitely the important points. Bernardo took me first to Buenavista, which commands an extensive prospect in every direction. The old bridle path from Tinaquillo passes over it and from here Bolívar studied the Spanish position and settled on his plan of battle. Our most serious problem is to find the trail by which the British Legion was able to thread the mazes of the hills, avoid the main road and reach the Spanish flank.

January 13th. Our good friend Don Carlos rode out from



FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

Valencia last evening and called on us at the camp soon after four o'clock this morning. He has brought several friends with him for one of his weekly hunts, but says that he is going to combine historical research with search for deer. We had an exciting hunt soon after sunrise. The method is to surround a promising little valley with hunters carrying shotguns, placed sufficiently far apart so that there is no danger of their hitting one another with stray shot. Then six or eight of the hounds are sent into the valley with two or three beaters, and the deer, if one is there, is driven out. As the deer comes from cover in running jumps it is more than likely to get through the cordon of hunters.

After the hunt we breakfasted at Don Leonte's on thick soup, beef stew, fried eggs, fried plantains, maize cakes, doughnuts, and coffee, the fare that we are destined to have at all the inns as far as Barinas.

January 14th. This morning the hunters joined us in historical research. We traversed overgrown trails, plunged through banana plantations and made our way through deep gulches and over steep hillsides, where several of the hunters were obliged to dismount in following a route said to have been that used by General Pacz and the British Legion, but we have all agreed that they could not possibly have come this way. It is far too difficult and would have required more time than they took.

On our ride we conversed with an old woman who appeared to



WHERE THE BRITISH LEGION FORMED AT CARABOBO.

be about seventy years old. She declared that she had a clear recollection of the battle of Carabobo as she was "living here at the time and was eleven years old"! Later in the day we met another old resident who looked to be at least eighty, and who said his mother was nine years old at the time of the battle, and that the old lady we had met earlier in the day was not as old as he, instead of being ninety-five as she claims. Nearly all these people know of the flank movement of General Paez, and most of them claim that it took place through their own little valley or over the path that goes past their particular thatched hut.

January 15th. Another hunt this morning included the trails both of deer and revolutionary generals. We saw no deer although we enjoyed the excitement of hearing the baying of the dogs and the curious cries and shouts of the beaters encouraging them. We had a hunt breakfast at Don Leonte's tavern and a good *siesta* before the hunters returned to Valencia.

January 16th. The average daily range of temperature seems to be about 30°. The coldest time is just before sunrise and the warmest at 2 P.M. At half-past six this morning the thermometer was 55°F. In six hours it had reached 91°F. During the day there is nearly always a gentle breeze, but the nights are clear, calm, and cold.

This morning Don Alfredo Pietri, who owns more than twenty-five square miles of land in this vicinity, came to show us a trail that he considers must be the one used by the British Legion. It answers all the requirements and we feel satisfied that at last we have solved the mystery. We found on the battle-field the barrel of an old-fashioned pistol; also a number of large white snail shells, three or four inches long (*Bulimus oblongus*).

January 20th. We have been at Carabobo longer than we intended, but I have been able to visit the points of interest three or four times and become well acquainted with the battle-field. I have spent most of my time exploring the numerous paths that wind through the valleys and making sketches from the hilltops. While in Valencia I received a call from a distinguished Venezuelan historian who has written about the battle. He was kind enough to give me an hour's lecture on the subject of Carabobo. At its close

I asked him whether he had ever explored the battle-field and made a study of its topography. He replied "no, that was not necessary as I have read the documents." He admitted that he had passed it once when riding into the interior, but said he understood the battle perfectly. It makes us feel as though we must be very stupid indeed to have taken ten days to unravel the puzzle presented by the conflicting traditions and the lack of maps and plans of the battle!

Our study of the topography of the region has led me to adopt the version of the battle which is given in the Appendix. It seems to us as though the Spaniards could have done much better if they had attempted to hold the passes in the hills instead of allowing the patriot army to reach the plain without being molested. Yet the position which the Spaniards took at the edge of the plain is much stronger than one would imagine. There is room for only a small number of men to deploy on to the plain from the valley of Naípe and these could easily have been driven back by the Spanish infantry and artillery had the flank attack been unsuccessful. It must be admitted that the British Legion won the battle with their courageous hollow square. At the same time the credit for the strategy that divided the Spanish forces and finally outflanked their main army rests with Bolívar.

CHAPTER III

CARABOBO TO BARINAS

January 21st. Early this morning we broke camp and left the charming little valley of Naípe where we have been for ten days. In order to make good headway in the cool of the morning we rose a little before four, but it was almost seven when we succeeded in getting off. At the time this seemed most extraordinary; but we learned before long that in this part of the world one must allow from two to three hours every morning for the business of breakfast, packing, and saddling.

Our party now consists of four men besides ourselves: Josh Obadiah Nero, chief cook, Richard Harvey, general utility man, Rafael Rivas, cartman, and Waldemera, a pleasant-faced Venezuelan boy, twenty years old, a friend of Rafael who has voluntarily attached himself to the expedition "to keep Rafael company and see the world." Four of us are mounted, but the two peons must walk as far as the cart goes.

We reached the Chirgua River in an hour, after passing over very rough roads through a well-watered hilly country where we saw many roadside *pulperías* (small taverns) and other evidences of a numerous population. An hour later we left the green hills for the *chapparal* covered plain of Tinaquillo where Bolívar held his grand review the day before the battle of Carabobo. As no rain had fallen for over a month, the plain was hot and dusty. After two leagues of this we crossed the sluggish little Guayavita and entered the outskirts of Tinaquillo, a struggling town with two inns, a few shops, and the ruins of a new church. The roof of the church fell in during a heavy thunder shower, so that the building collapsed before it was consecrated. Its white tower still stands, however, and is a good landmark. We had seen it from Buenavista, where Bolívar got his first glimpse of the Spanish army drawn up on the plain of



FORDING THE CHIRGUA RIVER.

Carabobo. We spent the heat of the day here at a comfortable little inn and left shortly before three. A league beyond Tinaquillo the road left the plain and made its way painfully through a range of barren hills. Shortly before dark we reached the solitary inn of Guamita.

The poor cart mule is having a very hard time. Rafael leads him carefully with his hand on the rein close to the bit, while "Waldemar" pushes the cart from behind. When an unusually large rock,



THE PLAIN OF TINAQUILLO.

perhaps as big as the cart itself, obstructs the narrow road on a steep up grade, the amount of navigating and shouting that has to be done is extraordinary, but not so remarkable as the fact that the cart eventually surmounts the obstacle, and that the mule continues to live. In the rainy season carts do not attempt to pass this way at all. Fortunately another day will get us out of the hills to the edge of the great Llanos, where the road is said to be "as smooth as a billiard table."



RAFAEL AND WALDEMEIRA.

January 22d. The innkeeper is a jolly old fellow, quite a gentleman, but his man-of-all-work is a thorough-going rascal who charged us double and treble for all that we had.

A league beyond Guámita we crossed the Rio Tamanaco and after another league the Macapó. Both are clear streams of moderate size about sixty to one hundred feet across and two feet deep at this time of the year. We saw many small fishes in each stream. Birds are abundant; parrots and paroquets, blackbirds, orioles, buzzards, "scissors birds" and many others. We passed numerous huts with palm-thatched roofs, mud-plastered wattled walls, and dirt

floors. Each hut seemed to have its own pigs, chickens, and naked infants.

We stopped for breakfast at "El Salto," a *posada* named after the falls of the Tinaco half a mile away. The ten-year-old son of the proprietor, a pleasant little fellow, had accompanied us from Tinaquillo. He now acted as Ganymede and served us with cool Caracas lager on a tray with clean napkins! His people seemed to be of good stock, with blue eyes and good manners, but their inn was of the poorest class, scarcely more than a *pulperia*.



EL SALTO DE TINACO.

There are two distinct falls near here, the upper one ten feet and the lower one about forty feet in height. The ravine which has been cut by the falls is about half a mile long. Rapids extend for some miles further and there are many pools and small falls. The banks are well wooded and the region supports a moderately

large population. The river is stocked with fish from eight to eighteen inches long. They jump the smaller falls and the local fishermen suspend baskets from the rocks to catch those that make poor jumps. We saw a few baskets suspended over the rapids lower down the river. The surroundings are wild and picturesque, and the whole scene is



THE TINACO FALLS.

most attractive, except for the fact that a number of lepers and other beggars have built little shelters on the road in the vicinity, where they can tell their pitiful tales to the traveller who halts to enjoy the view of the falls. Whether the presence of these lepers here bears any relation to the quantities of fish in the river and the fact that fish forms a large part of the local diet, is a question. About eight miles beyond the falls the road climbs out of the valley, crosses some low hills, and descends on to the plain of Tinaco.

The cart road is the worst I have ever seen. Enormous ruts, treacherous mud-holes, bogs, steep grades, ledges of rock that should have been blasted when the road was made, all together detract considerably from Rafael's enjoyment of the scenery. The cart mule was about "all in" when he reached Tinaco.

January 23d. Tinaco is on the northern edge of the great Llanos, about a league south of the hills. Here the road from Valencia diverges to the Eastern and East Central Llanos, to San Fernando de Apure and the Central and Southern Llanos, and to San Carlos, the Western Llanos, and the Andean Provinces. Consequently it has several inns, one hotel, and a number of well-stocked shops. When the world is sufficiently crowded to make it necessary to irrigate the Llanos and use them for agricultural instead of grazing purposes, Tinaco will probably wake up and amount to something and the attractive falls will be used for grist-mills.



FISH-BASKETS ON THE TINACO.

This morning we turned westward. The road to San Carlos crosses a succession of small rivulets with wooded banks and grassy savannas. We saw scores of small pigeons (*Zenaida vinaceo riefi*) by the roadside. The most frequent animals are the lizards. They are of all sizes. The largest variety, about a foot in length, has the fastest movements of any animal I have ever seen. It runs like a streak of lightning, although rarely for more than a couple of rods.

The view of the domes and spires of San Carlos which one gets

from the plain has been spoken of by Duane and other travellers, and it is as attractive as ever. As we entered the long street which is now almost the only inhabited part of a city that once boasted a population of thirty thousand souls, we met half a dozen carts loaded with hides and bound for Valencia. There are two barracks in the town and a few companies of sad-eyed conscripts. If ever men



BOLIVAR'S HEADQUARTERS AT SAN CARLOS.

envied us our liberty, they did. A cloth sign hanging across the road indicated the whereabouts of the "Hotel Central," once a fine old residence with an attractive *patio*. We found that it was the temporary home of half a dozen bureaucrats who have lived here since the capital of the State of Zamora has been transferred to San Carlos from Guanare. They did not relish our presence at the table and tried to show us by their rude manners that they were not like the ordinary country folk, who are very polite.

In the days of Bolivar this was a fine city. Before the march to Tinaquillo and Carabobo in 1821 he was entertained here by General Manriquez in a palatial dwelling that covered a city block.

Some of its walls are still standing and one corner has recently been roofed over for a butcher shop. Earthquakes, revolutions, and cattle plagues have reduced San Carlos so low that even the addition of politicians, bureaucrats, and soldiers give it barely two thousand people. Never in America have I seen such picturesque ruins. A



RUINED GATEWAY.

gateway with a Latin inscription on a panel over the lintel made one think of Rome; while the Casa Blanqueria with its painted frescoes, elaborate reliefs, carved ceilings, and tiled floors reminded me of Pompeii. Its exterior is decorated with Inca caryatides, but the interior is the present abode of pigs and chickens and their poverty-stricken masters.

The plaza of San Carlos is a sad sight, — not a tree or a shrub, simply the ruins of concrete walks to show that it once had been a fine square. We were told by a local antiquary that it had once been surrounded on three sides

by two-story houses, only two of which are now standing. The fourth side is still occupied by a large church; but the whole aspect of the place is very depressing.

January 24th. We left San Carlos this morning. Our road, instead of skirting the plains as we had been led to suppose, lay through some low hills. A league beyond San Carlos we entered the village of San José. It had a few fine houses a hundred years

ago, but these are now in ruins and overgrown with vines and shrubs, while twenty wretched huts and a wayside pulperia are all that keep San José in existence.

The banks of all the streams are thickly wooded, chiefly with bamboo. This is cut for various purposes, chiefly to make fences and wattles for the mud huts. The wooded streams are so frequent hereabouts that the road continually appears to cross savannas that are surrounded by forests. It is hard to realize that the woods



CASA BLANQUERIA, SAN CARLOS.

are rarely more than an eighth of a mile across. There are many little paths that lead off to ranches. Richard and I followed one this morning, mistaking it for the highway. Passing through a grove of mango trees we presently reached a small sugar plantation and the most primitive sugar mill I had ever seen. It had no roof, although it only takes these people a couple of days to put a palm-thatched roof over anything. A primitive windlass turned the central vertical roller, and this, by rude wooden cogs, caused two other rollers to rotate. The furnace for boiling the juice and the moulds for making "papelón" were only a few feet from the rollers.

The fuel was dry cane tops and bagasse. The windlass was of "one horse-power" or, to be more exact, one "ox power."

On the road today we met a fine wild bull on his way to the Sunday bull-fight in Caracas. His head was completely tied up in a sack. Only his nose protruded and this was fastened by a rawhide



THE PLAZA AT SAN CARLOS.

lasso, passed through a hole in the cartilage, to the tail of a horse forty feet in front of the poor bull. On the horse rode a Llanero whose mournful whistle, oft repeated, announced the approach of a wild animal, served to pacify the bull and encouraged him to proceed. In driving cattle across the plains one Llanero usually rides ahead and with this same mournful whistle bids the cattle follow him. Another cowboy rode behind the bull, likewise to encourage his orderly march towards Caracas.

A familiar sight from the road is the grass fires, set by anyone with a match to spare who wishes to see dry grass and bushes burn. No one watches these fires and sometimes they burn for days. It is an old custom and benefits the country by keeping the grass short and sweet, killing snakes and noxious insects, and keeping the trails open. At night the fires look like lava flows. The birds have long since learned to watch the fires and hover in the bushes and on the ground just ahead of the flames looking for all the little animals

and insects that are driven from their homes. Sometimes we saw thirty or forty birds, including half a dozen large hawks, attending to this ceremony.

During the afternoon we saw two small red deer, *Odocoileus gymnotus*. They noticed us first and bounded away over the savanna, their white tails flying the danger signal. When about four hundred yards away, they paused a moment to satisfy their curiosity before entering the jungle, and I wished that my rifle had not been packed in the cart. This jungle is in the flood plain of the Camoruco River and extends for more than a mile from its left bank. Here I saw for the first time wonderful ant roads, as wide as sheep paths, and thousands of the workers, half an inch long, hurrying along on their highway in a most business-like manner.



A SAN JOSÉ SUGAR MILL.

January 25th. About five o'clock last evening Richard and I, riding ahead of the rest of the party, reached the *posada* near the ford over the Camoruco. As we supposed the village of Cojedes to be only a league beyond, we decided not to stop, although the innkeeper assured us it was over two leagues away. A boy who was bathing a horse in the river said it was only one and his opinion was confirmed by a man in a garden a few rods beyond the river.

The next man we met said it was two leagues and a half, but we chose to think him in collusion with the innkeeper to detain us over night, and pressed on. The road soon entered a wild hilly region but kept turning northward. We knew Cojedes lay to the southwest and looked in vain for a left turn or fork in the road. It grew darker until we could see only a few rods ahead. Hoping every minute to see the lights of a house, we kept on for two leagues until the barking of dogs told us we were near some habitation. It turned out to be a little hut or *rancheria*. There were no lights burning, it was after eight o'clock, and the inhabitants had all retired except four or five large dogs that seemed ready to eat us alive. I raised my voice loud enough to be heard over the din of the barking and called out "*Amigos!*" (Friends.) No answer. "*Amigos!*" — in my most pleading tones. "What is it?" — a timid shout from the hut. "Can you tell us how far it is to Cojedes?" "Two leagues and a half!" "But we were told that three hours ago." "You are on the wrong road." "Alas! then we are lost and have nothing to eat and nowhere to sleep." Finally the frightened householder came out with two other men and a lantern, inspected us and agreed to give us eggs and coffee and the mules some corn. We were not allowed to enter the hut, but had to shift for ourselves in the thatched shelter outside. We had no blankets. The wind was cold. Sleep was out of the question. The mules kept munching corn for hours. Dogs and burros came to satisfy their curiosity or steal the mules' provender. Finally at half-past three we got up, saddled, and rode two leagues to the hamlet of Apartaderos.

Here the trail from Barquisimeto to Cojedes, two leagues south of us, crosses the main road. We now discovered that travellers rarely pass through Cojedes and that we had followed the main road quite properly. Carts going to Barquisimeto continue to Acarigua, but travellers on horseback turn to the right here and go by way of the pass of El Altar, as was done by Colonel Duane and the anonymous author of "Letters written from Colombia during a journey from Caracas to Bogotá in 1823" (London, 1824).

As we crossed the Cojedes River I saw for the first time a flock of macaws. There are few more striking sights than a dozen or twenty macaws flying rapidly in the morning light from their roosts

to their feeding-grounds, screaming the while at the top of their lungs.

San Rafael, one of at least three villages of that name in Venezuela, lies half a mile west of the Cojedes, just beyond the flood plain. From here we caught our first glimpse of the Andes, far away to the westward.



CROSSING THE COJEDES RIVER.

The village of Agua Blanca, our next stop, lies in the midst of an excellent cattle country, and there are a few small sugar plantations in the neighbourhood. At the inn where we spent the hottest four hours of the day, I met an intelligent cattle owner who was very anxious to hear all about our journey and the reasons for it. It was quite incredible to him that two private citizens of the United States should take the trouble to cross Venezuela on a scientific mission unless paid to do so by their Government. His idea, based on his own experience in driving cattle from one part of Venezuela to another, was that all scientific work must be subsidized by the Government. Therefore, since it was quite beyond reason that we should be paying for this expedition ourselves and as we did not pretend that the Venezuelan Government was subsidizing it, the only possible conclusion in his mind was that its cost was paid by the United States. He was most insistent to know "why our Government had sent us." "Was it contemplating taking Venezuela next

after Panama?" "Of course no government would pay for the exploration of another country, unless it had ideas of territorial aggrandizement." As I persisted in denying both his premises and his conclusions, he decided I must be a spy or an army officer in disguise. He was not the only Venezuelan that arrived at this entertaining conclusion, but he was more frank about it than most of the others.

To suspect travellers of being emissaries of their governments is an Oriental and also a Spanish trait. Richard Ford says in his "Gatherings from Spain": "Nor can Spaniards at all understand why any man should incur trouble and expense, which no native ever does, for the mere purpose of acquiring knowledge of foreign countries or for his own private improvement or amusement."

In the course of the afternoon's ride of three leagues between Agua Blanca and Acarigua, I counted only sixty-seven head of cattle feeding in the savannas, although there was pasturage for hundreds, if not thousands. We have been continually surprised at the scarcity of horses and cattle. Of course such easily movable property is the first to suffer in a revolution. Once the brands have been destroyed there is no way of proving property, and it is very difficult to get any redress. The natural consequence is that no one takes any interest in raising cattle — or anything else for that matter — and the country appears to be in a state of stagnation.

January 26th. Acarigua is the first place we have seen that shows any signs of growth and progress. It lies half a mile south of the more respectable and ancient town of Araure, which is, for no apparent reason, suffering a decline. The latter may have a thousand inhabitants, but Acarigua has at least three thousand. Excellent hammocks and hats are made here. Since the Bolivar Railroad has been completed from Puerto Tucacas to Barquisimeto, a cart road has been made from the latter place to Acarigua, which has thus become an important distributing point for the Northwestern Llanos.

A recent writer on South America, an American commercial traveller, says his brethren are the real heroes of modern times, surpassing the missionary and the scientific explorer in searching out the dark places of the earth. We are told that only one American

has ever been seen here before — and that was over forty years ago. I wonder if he was a commercial traveller and why none of his fellows have been here since. Has the opening of the railroad made it too easy?

West of the town is a terrace rising possibly one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the plain. Here occurred quite a bloody encounter in 1813, during the Wars of Independence. The story goes that a hastily organized regiment of volunteers won the battle for the patriots. Bolivar was so pleased with the courage of the raw recruits that he bestowed upon the regiment the name of "Bravos de



THE CHURCH OF ACARIGUA.

Araure," much to their joy. If there is anything a Spanish soldier loves it is to belong to a regiment with a resounding appellation. The story of this episode was told me with much gusto by a decrepit old fellow who lives in a hut on the hill terrace above the battle-field. After he had finished his tale he wiped his eyes with his sleeve, heaved a heavy sigh, and finally pulled out from his pocket a little horn box, about as large as a walnut. It was partly filled with a nasty black nicotine paste which is made hereabouts by mixing the essence of tobacco leaf with a mineral salt found in Los Andes.



ACARIGUA FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ARAURE.

With a small stick, picked up from the ground, he extracted a bit of paste, the size of a pea, and carefully scraped it off on the back of his upper front teeth. This he assured me was far better than smoking. (I found that the use of this paste is quite common in the towns on the eastern slopes of the Andes.)

We left Acarigua about half-past three and reached the Carigua River before sunset. There is a *posada* here called Choro, on the right bank of the river. It consists of the usual collection of thatched huts, a shelter for the mules, another for the hogs, of which the proprietor has a hundred or more, and a third for the kitchen and bar.

January 27th. The sleeping-room was so filthy we chose to sleep in the inn yard last night. We had little rest. Every hour scores of the half-starved hogs would emerge from their shelter and go on foraging expeditions in the moonlight. The mules were threatened with the loss of their corn and took to chasing the emaciated pigs round the yard. The sober old cart mule made vain efforts to land a blow on the largest hog. The latter sought refuge beneath our hammocks. My cot was altogether too near the ground. The pigs attacked boots and instruments, clothes bags and food bags. Altogether it was a night long to be remembered, — but not for refreshing slumber. The air was cool and fresh, a gentle breeze drove away the flies and mosquitoes, the stars and the moon vied in brilliancy. But all the beauties of nature did not compensate us for the attacks of the hungry hogs. We were glad to get away without a fight, for Rafael in his zeal had thrown a stone with fatal accuracy at one of the pigs which was stealing the cart mule's supper. He concealed his crime by throwing the porker into a neighbouring banana patch, leaving the evidence behind us. Had our host been sober it would have been a simple matter to pay for the pig, but under the circumstances we did not breathe freely until we crossed the Rio Guachi, two leagues and a half beyond the Carigua.

Another two leagues brought us to the magnificently deserted plaza of Aparicion. Its church is a curiosity, with huge buttresses on each side, and, in one of them, three bells. Services are still held here once a year and the tiled roof is in moderately good repair. Diagonally across the "plaza," which is nothing but an open waste, is the only other building, a "general store" kept by an enterprising

Indian. Cotton cloth, *chinchoras* (hammocks), lager beer from Caracas, "Extra Soda" biscuits from New York, "Love Drops" from London, and watermelons from the patch back of the house, together with a few other trinkets, made up the stock in trade. Half a mile beyond, having passed perhaps two houses, we came to the inn. Aparicion is quite a place on the map, and is spread over considerable territory, but I doubt if it has more than twenty-five inhabitants.



THE VILLAGE OF APARICION.

I spent the noon hours swinging in a hammock in the outer open room of the inn, trying to make up for the loss of sleep; but the proprietor's pigs took up the tale where their friends had left it the night before, and proceeded to disturb my slumbers by scratching their backs on the under side of my hammock. When they tired of this, their friends, the chickens, got busy scratching up the earthen floor. The once smooth floor is now in ruts from the hoofs of the mules that are brought in here to be saddled, the snouts of the rooting hogs, and the feet of the energetic fowls. On one side of this so-called room, which is in reality nothing more than a thatched shed, is the shop, a broken chair leaning against its rough mud-plastered walls.

A little porker dodges under the hammock and through the open door of the shop, which chances to be open. Driven out of there,

he runs into the dining-room, which opens off the kitchen and the proprietor's quarters. Three great black hogs, as fat as corn can make them, lie grunting in the hollows of the earthen floor. Two more waddle in out of the heat, while a fowl dodges them in its search for crumbs. A pet oriole overhead pulls insects out of the badly thatched roof, and incidentally releases pieces of the roof to fall on my head. In the middle of the floor is a crotched post set in the ground, on which we hang our cameras, coats, spurs, and knapsacks. The pigs keep up a continual snoring and grunting. A thoughtful youth, who can scarcely keep his eyes off the strange North Americans, occasionally drives away the pigs; but they pay little attention to his whip, and as he goes into the shop to get some maize for the kitchen maid to pound up for our luncheon, a huge hog, twice as large as the boy, follows him with a cheerful grunt, but is driven out squealing before he has time to steal any food. However, a cool breeze, a keen appetite, a plentiful luncheon, and the sense of having at last reached the heart of Western Venezuela, make one quite happy and willing to overlook the intimate acquaintance of our host's live stock.

After leaving Aparicion, we continued through the same kind of country, small savannas, frequent wooded streams, hills and distant mountains on our right, and plains on our left. This afternoon we saw for the first time a tree full of large oriole nests, their tenants being black and yellow birds about three times as large as the Baltimore oriole. They seem fond of building as many nests as possible in the same tree.

Ever since leaving Tinaco the road has been quite fair, presenting no serious obstacles, although it looks as though it might be quite impassable in the rainy season. There are almost no houses to be seen now between the towns or villages. This is excellent grazing country, but to our surprise we saw very few cattle and almost no horses. This afternoon, for the first time, we passed two small ponds that seemed to be drying up. They are quite characteristic of the Llanos.

About ten miles beyond Aparicion we came to Ospino, an unpretentious town. Two young gentlemen whom we met at Aparicion had preceded us and notified the keeper of the more modest inn,

who sent a messenger to meet us, in order that we might not fall into the hands of the rival *posada*. Here we found our acquaintances, one of whom spoke a little English, and was very fond of repeating with most extraordinary sing-song accent, "Ah, my friend!"

January 28th. Ospino is a quiet little town. The citizens are too lazy to gather any cocoanuts from the graceful trees which are well laden with fruit. The only local enterprise of which we heard is the manufacture of little horn boxes for nicotine paste.

Last evening we were entertained by our two young Venezuelan friends, who speak a little English and desired to try it on us. They attended the University of Caracas a few years ago and chose English as one of their "Modern Languages." One lives in Guanare where his father is the first citizen of the town. The other is a local sport and has a "pack of hounds." He tells us they are all "fox terriers," and that he has seven, — his friend says "three." He is a mighty hunter and often goes out after deer, peccaries, and wild fowl "with a Smith and Wesson revolver." Our conversation dragged somewhat until he remarked, "New York is always in January very glad. No?" We suggested that he meant "cold," but he did not seem familiar with that word and soon took his departure.

We left Ospino early this morning. Such hills as we see are much eroded. The road keeps within a mile or two of them and as usual crosses savannas and wooded watercourses. Occasionally we see large trees in the woods. This morning we passed one that measured twenty-one feet in circumference at a height of five feet from the ground. Richard said it was common in Trinidad and is called there the "wild cusha." Although we see hundreds of lizards every day, we have as yet not seen a single snake. The numerous fires that annually sweep over the savannas apparently have made snakes quite scarce. The flowers that one notices most often are large yellow ones seen everywhere, frequently on fence posts. The trees used for this purpose here seem to have great tenacity of life, and even as fence posts continue to live and bear flowers. The road is never quiet. The chirp of insects and the chatter of birds are almost constant, except in the middle of the day, but one never hears any sounds of cattle or horses.

About twelve miles from Ospino we came to another San Rafael, with an elaborately decorated church. The front view is not unattractive, as the façade presents an imposing appearance; but the side view is as ridiculous as possible. The building is in reality low, and the façade, three or four feet thick, rises like a wall to twice the height of the roof.



THE JUNGLE OF THE RIO PORTUGUESA.

After luncheon we pushed on, and toward evening came to a grand jungle, the flood plain of the Rio Portuguesa, which extends for a width of two miles on the left bank of the river and is the finest forest we have yet seen. It was after sunset, but the moon was full and the ride through the woods in the moonlight was one not soon to be forgotten. Vines that looked like snakes hung down from the giant trees. Bright eyes seemed to glisten in the inky shadows, and the crashing sound of some large animal hurrying off in the thicket gave one a pleasant sense of jaguars and other interesting possibilities. It was a time when one appreciated the value of fire-arms; but nothing happened. We reached the Portuguesa at seven o'clock, forded it without difficulty, and soon after entered the

enclosure of an excellent *posada*, where half a dozen carters on their way to Valencia had already arrived.

In the courtyard of the thatched inn were hung long lines of fish to dry. Most of them were about a foot long; but there were two specimens of a large fish, a kind of salmon, that measured forty inches from neck to tip of tail after the head had been removed.

January 29th. Every one that can afford to do so in this country sleeps in hammocks. One never sees a bedstead of any kind. The peons, when they have no hammocks, sleep on mats or rawhide laid on the ground. The night was very cold and damp. Yet at 4.15 A.M. the thermometer registered 61° F. The cartmen were all shivering. It may seem ridiculous to think of shivering within nine degrees of the equator when the temperature is above 60° F., but the dampness and the daily change from 90° F. in the early afternoon to 60° F. in the early morning is very trying.

We made an early start, but as it was my first sight of a large tropical river I went back half a mile to the Portuguesa and was well rewarded by the novelty of my surroundings. I reached the river just as the sun was rising slowly over the great forest on the left bank. The jungle family was just waking up. Scores of doves were cooing in the trees. Wild pigeons flew rapidly across the sky. Parrots and paroquets chattered. Hundreds of small birds kept up a continual chirping. Two large herons added their screams to the chorus; but the most fascinating sound of all was the mimic roar of the *araguatos* or howling monkeys, rising and falling like the moaning of a wind, in a weird cadence. They are very shy beasts, and almost impossible to find.

A slight mist lay on the water but rapidly disappeared as the sun rose higher. The river was confined to its deeper channel so that the sandy shoals were left quite dry. Wandering along them I turned a bend in the river and swept the canebrakes and the banks of the stream with my Zeiss glasses in the hope of new sights. First an iguana sunning himself on top of a vine-covered tree, then a gray heron quietly watching me from a branch in the shadow beneath, and finally an alligator basking in the sun on a sand bank not far off, came slowly into the field. A pair of beautiful storks that looked as though they had stepped out of a Japanese screen flew majestically

from tree to tree above the river looking for the fish that occasionally splashed in the stream. It is difficult to do justice to the enchantment of the scene.

Two leagues south of the Portuguesa is Guanare, once the capital of the State of Zamora, but now reduced to a quiet somnolence that gives no promise of being disturbed for many years to come. The latest official figures give it a population of thirty thousand. But as there are only five very small shops and certainly not three hundred houses standing, it is difficult to account for more than two thousand residents. I very much doubt if there are fifteen hundred.



THE ENTRANCE TO GUANARE.

A small bridge, thirty feet long and covered with a corrugated iron roof, leads over a little stream to the main street of the town. A crowd of good-natured boys and men followed us about and pointed out the sights of the town. There is a quaint old college with a pleasant cloister that lends to the place an atmosphere of monastic learning. About fifty students are on the rolls. West of the college is the Calvario, a hill devoted to religious purposes, from which we had a fine view of the town and the plains which stretch away into the interminable distance. The plaza is shady and well kept. On

its east side is a well-built house said to have been the headquarters of Bolivar. During the days of Guanare's political importance a reservoir was built in the hills back of the town, so that some of the houses enjoy running water.



THE CHURCH AT GUANARE.

In Valencia we had secured a letter of credit to the correspondent of Bloehm & Co., in Guanare, and he turns out to be the most important person in town. He is a very fine old fellow with fourteen children, who did not make the slightest fuss about furnishing us with \$200 in gold and silver. He keeps a store on the corner of the

plaza, but tells us that this town is too slow for him, and he intends to move as soon as possible to Barquisimeto.

January 30th. We left Guanare this morning, and in about an hour reached the river Guanare, a magnificent stream, quite shallow, filled with islands, and flanked by great jungles. In one tree we counted sixty-three beautiful egrets, who were joined in a few minutes by twenty others.



BOLIVAR'S HEADQUARTERS AT GUANARE.

After passing the Guanare, the fauna seemed to change slightly. The blackbirds, buzzards, and hawks continue as before, but are joined now by many new birds that I had never seen, — occasional hornbills and many kinds of fishing birds. Few carts ever go beyond Guanare, although a passable road continues to follow the lone telegraph wire as far as Barinas. Swallows sit on the wire here just as they do in New England. This morning in the trees on the banks of the river Tocupido I saw some monkeys. They were the small red variety that are common here. Near by were some *guacharacas* (*hoatzin*, *Opisthocomus cristatus*). They made a great noise. They look like crested pheasants and their plumage is most striking. There must have been eight or ten of them together.

In the river was a small alligator and a fair-sized skate. Bites of assorted kinds and sizes are accumulating on arms and hands. Flies are getting very troublesome, and the little midgets bite badly, leaving a little blotch with a black nucleus that lasts for two or three weeks. It seems to be a kind of blood blister.



THE SHOPPING DISTRICT OF GUANARE.

A mile beyond the river we came to the picturesque ruins of the old Tocupido church. One of the arches is still standing, but a tree twenty or thirty years old is growing in the aisle. Thirty thatched huts and a small church with a little thatched belfry, a deserted plaza and a few cocoanut trees are all that is left of this old Spanish town. The innkeeper told us that the road to Barinas by way of the village of Boconó was impassable for the cart, and that we must go by way of Sabaneta, crossing the river Boconó ten miles below the village of that name. We might have spent the night here in Tocupido, but we preferred to get on as far as possible.

About sundown we camped near a stream on the edge of a big savanna. Just before dark I managed to shoot one of the strange

wild fowl called *guacharacas* as it hopped silently through the branches of a tree beside the stream. We roasted it over a fine bed of coals, but it was as tough as leather.

January 31st. Last night was fine and we swung our hammocks in the open. This morning we reached the river Boconó. It is quite different from anything we have seen so far. Instead of being a wide, shallow rocky stream like the Portuguesa and the Guanare, it has a sandy bottom and flows between well-defined banks. As is to be expected the banks are heavily wooded. The jungles of the Boconó have a wonderful variety of flora and fauna. Monkeys abound, parrots and macaws are very common, while hornbills, hawks, red squirrels (*sciurus variabilis*) and millions of insects make it interesting but not always pleasant.



THE PLAZA, TOCUPIDO.

In the afternoon we were poled over the river in a big dugout canoe. The Boconó here is about a thousand feet wide, but hardly more than four feet deep. We could have ridden across perfectly well, but naturally the canoemen exaggerated its depth and the dangerous character of its sandy bottom. There is a primitive inn on each side of the river. The houses have walls of split bamboo and jungle reed and palm leaf thatched roofs.

On the south side of the river the jungle is very deep and we passed through a great forest which extended for nearly two leagues,

as far as Sabaneta. This is a little village of no importance except that it has a good inn which is the natural "half-way house" between Guanare and Barinas. Two ancient ladies, Spanish creoles, are the owners. Their daughters are mestizos, and their kitchen-maids look like zambos. In the course of the evening Rice got out his theodolite, as usual, and took observations; Richard amused himself skinning the parrots that I had shot, Josh spun "yarns," and I was busy with my little red lanterns changing plates in a dark corner of the living-room. Our audience divided its chief interest between speculating as to Rice's astrology and my alchemy, the little red lamps having almost as much fascination for them as the theodolite.



THE BOCONÓ RIVER.

February 1st. We had expected to go from Sabaneta to Barinas by way of Obispo, but learned this morning that the cart road was new and very heavy. To reach Barinas, we must avoid Obispo, go west and slightly north through the great jungle that lies for miles on the right bank of the Boconó, then turn south and make for the town of Barrancas. For ten miles the road lay through the most magnificent tropical forest I have ever seen. Trees with a girth of twenty to twenty-five feet and a spread of one hundred and fifty to

two hundred feet were not uncommon. Flocks of chattering monkeys, quantities of gaily colored birds, numerous stinging insects, and millions of ants made the day one of uninterrupted interest.



AT THE SABANETA INN

Some of the ant heaps covered six or eight square yards, and were over two feet in height. At one place which was rather sandy, the ants had made a novel causeway over the fine sand of the man-travelled path. In order to keep up the great speed at which the majority wished to travel, several hundred of the workers lay locked together in the dust, making a bridge over which their companions, the soldier ants, could run as fast as on the hard little paths which they make in the jungle. This living causeway was over a foot in length, two inches wide, and from one to three ants deep. When I first saw it I thought that the ants in the road had been killed by passersby stepping on them, although I found later to my cost that they were extremely hard to kill in that or any other way. A kick from my boot broke up the living roadway, which soon formed again in another place, each ant settling himself in the fine dust and taking hold with his fore legs of the hind legs of the ant in front. Others mounted the first layer and gripped them with such tenacity that the causeway held together like a ribbon. By thrusting a stick under-

neath, I lifted it five inches from the ground before the ants decided to let go. The working ants were about half an inch long and of a dusty black colour. The soldier ants were a third as long again.



ON THE ROAD TO BARRANCAS.

Soon after this I heard what sounded like falls or large rapids, but the jungle was too dense to penetrate and see which it was. The foot-hills in this region are grassy and without trees, but the banks of the watercourses even where the stream has run dry are well wooded. A mile farther on we emerged from the forest and caught a glimpse of the Andes through the gap in the foot-hills made by the Boconó River. Then the road took a sharp turn to the left and south.

We spent the middle of the day in a wretched little thatched hut on the right bank of the Masparro River. The owner appeared to have three wives and a large amount of other live stock, including cattle, goats, dogs, and pigs. His wives and children were all more or less ill and diseased, and so were the dogs. Rice held a "clinic" and told us that nearly all had enlarged spleens due to malaria. Shortly before sunset we reached Barrancas, a village of fifteen or twenty thatched huts, besides some ruins to show that it was once a place of more importance. The flies and bees were maddening this morning and I suffered greatly from the bites of all kinds of insects, although I wore gauntlets and a head net most of the time. This evening I counted sixty-three bites on my left hand and arm, and over forty on my right.

February 2d. Our weather for the past three weeks has been quite uniform, no rain, little wind, and cumulous clouds.

We spent a large part of the afternoon on the banks of the Yuca River, as we had been informed that it was only a league from here to Barinas. The result was we did not reach the Santo Domingo River until after dark. It is a large stream with many islands, much like the Portuguesa and the Guanare, and has a very wide flood plain. The cart got stuck in a bog before we entered the jungles of the Santo Domingo, and spent the night in the savanna, but we rode on hoping to reach Barinas without difficulty. The road through the jungle was well marked, but the ford at the Santo Domingo was a different matter. After several vain attempts we were obliged to light one of the folding lanterns, wade across and hunt for the landing-place before we



THE MARQUISATE, BARINAS.

could follow the direction of the ford. As the river was quite rapid, three feet deep, and the bottom rocky and treacherous, the mules made a great fuss about crossing. At length, about eight o'clock, we reached the famous old city of Barinas and found a *posada*.

February 3d. Barinas was founded earlier than Caracas, the

Spaniards having explored this part of Venezuela before they penetrated the region immediately south of the Coast Range. The city prospered greatly during the Colonial epoch and was famous for its tobacco, which commanded a high price in the German markets.



THE COURTYARD OF THE MARQUISATE.

Barinas was at that time the capital of the province. One of the Government buildings is still standing, and presents a fine appearance. There are probably not more than one thousand people living here now. I presume six hundred would be a closer estimate. The official figures give it twenty-five hundred. It once had ten thousand inhabitants.

There is some interest taken in music, and an aggregation consisting of a bassoon, a violin, a tuba, and a flute are spending the Sunday afternoon "rehearsing" in one of the rooms of the inn. It makes writing rather difficult.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a great cattle king, who had social ambitions, built himself a palace here. During the wars with Spain he assisted the Loyalists and was made a marquis for his pains. The ruins of his great establishment, the "Marquisate," are most interesting. The house measures 138 by 114 feet.

The roof is gone and much of the rich ornamentation, but the grand court is surrounded by columns which are still standing. There were seventeen rooms besides the hallways. Other large ruins in the vicinity, and many mounds scattered through the city, might be explored with profit.

Barinas is the last city we shall see for some time. It is like the other cities of the Western Llanos, San Carlos, Araure, and Guanare. All bear witness of a departed greatness. In the last days of the Colonial epoch there must have been at least ten times as many people here. Those that remain are poor and unenterprising. Apathy is their most marked characteristic. Their houses are generally built of adobe, sometimes with red-tiled roofs but more often with palm-leaf thatch. Their churches are in a better state of preservation than might have been expected. Yet one sees very few signs



A BOWLING GREEN.

of superstition. Schools of a primary grade are common in the towns and every one seems to be able to read and write. Except on Sunday afternoons we have seen few cock fights. Bowling seems to be the most popular form of amusement. Nearly every *posada*, and many *pulperias*, have alleys laid out on a smooth bit of ground near by.

Sometimes the game resembles the old English "bowling on the green," but more often it is a variety of skittles, with three pins. Generally small silver coins are placed under or behind the pins, as rewards to the successful bowler.

The main industry is cattle breeding, although the hogs of Araure, Aparicion, and Ospino are considered the best that are raised in Venezuela. We are not likely to forget them. The only manufactures seem to be coarse sugar in loaves (*papelón*), straw hats, hammocks, crude pottery, and horn boxes. The staple food is the plantain, a fine large banana, cooked in various ways. Excellent coffee is raised in the hills west of the cities. In fact coffee has been our greatest luxury. The cities are about five hundred feet above the level of the sea. From them the plains slope very gently eastward down to the Orinoco.

CHAPTER IV

FROM BARINAS TO THE APURE RIVER

February 4th. We had intended to go from Barinas to Pedraza and thence to Guasqualito and Arauca, but were told yesterday that we would have great difficulty in fording the rivers and might not be able to reach the frontier unless we go via Boca Suripá, where a canoe ferry is maintained at the junction of the most important rivers that lie between us and Guasqualito. This will take us eastward into the heart of the Llanos of Apure, whence came the Bravos de Apure, that famous regiment of cowboys which, supported by the British Legion, fought so fiercely at Carabobo. In this region, Venezuela's Rough Rider hero, General Paez, was raised, and it is possible that we may see the ranch where he lived and the grove called the Temple of Independence where he hid when closely pursued by the Spaniards.

Hitherto we have been following the Government telegraph wire but this is the end of the line. Last evening we engaged a guide. He is to get three dollars and his food for taking us to Totomal (San Sylvestre) on the river Pagueti, which will necessitate a walk on his part of about sixty-five miles.

We rose at 2.53 this morning in an effort to make a good day's march. It is astonishing how long it takes to get started after one gets up in the morning. You may fuss and fume as much as you like, the men will take about two hours to get the sand out of their eyes and the animals saddled, even if they do not have to wait for breakfast. The cart was packed last night so that there was little to do besides loading the pack mule, saddling the others, and eating breakfast, but the operation took the usual two hours, and it was five o'clock before we left the vicinity of Barinas and started off in the moonlight.

Hardly had we got well under way before we encountered a bog,

where we were delayed more than an hour as the cart had to be entirely unloaded. Once through this we turned our backs to the mountains, which presented a beautiful sight as the rising sun lighted



THE JABIRU'S NEST.

their eastern slopes. We took up our march over a magnificent savanna parallel to the rivers that flow into the Apure, and passed a number of lagoons or ponds full of game birds. So near together did the ducks sit on the water that I killed sixteen with four cartridges. One of the ducks which had apparently fallen dead began to act very strangely, alternately diving and swimming on its back. The motive power proved to be a small alligator, which was finally persuaded to relinquish his prey.

About five leagues from Barinas we saw a nest of the giant jabiru high up in a very tall tree. One parent and two chicks were perched on the nest and seemed to have no fear of us at all, although the parent kept up a continuous warning rattle with its long beak.

We had hitherto found six leagues to be about the limit of our cart mule's endurance, but we succeeded to-day in doing nearly eight, as we had no rivers to cross and a slight down grade. Our guide is an excellent fellow with a rapid walk and a cheerful spirit. He

amused himself all day by lighting fires in the dry grass of the plain, and kept this up during the evening, as we did not reach water until about seven o'clock. In time the woods and the savannas surrounding us were all blazing and it looked like a scene from the Inferno. The risk from these fires is not very great. They help to keep the paths open, besides improving the pasturage. So far we have seen few cattle.

February 5th. One is continually impressed by the desolateness of this entire region. We reached the Paguei in the middle of the morning, after passing through a fine jungle where we saw a large troop of monkeys. In order to get the cart across the river it had to be unloaded and the stuff ferried over in a big dugout canoe. As the water only came up to the floor of the cart, Rafael had little difficulty in driving it across.



TELEPHOTO VIEW OF THE JABIRU AND NEST.

The Paguei resembles the Boconó in that it has rather high banks, few if any islands, and a slow current over a sandy bottom, in distinction from the Santo Domingo and the Guanare which are rapid,

shallow, wide, and rocky. But it must be remembered that we crossed the Guanare and the Santo Domingo near the foot-hills and the Boconó and Paguei at a distance of at least eleven miles below them. We have not had an opportunity of exploring the rivers from source to mouth, but I presume it would be found that they are all alike. They probably all have wide stony beds near the hills and change their appearance slowly as they get farther into the Llanos where there are no stones and the streams cut their way through sandy banks. It would be interesting to know where the change begins.



CROSSING THE PAGUEI RIVER.

On the south bank of the Paguei is Totomal, or San Sylvestre as it is now called, a poverty-stricken collection of a dozen thatched huts. As the bank is quite high and rises somewhat above high water, there is little danger of floods and the village lies on the bank instead of being some distance from it, as is the case with most of the river towns we have seen. Here we secured the services of another guide, who was too lazy to go on foot, but fortunately owned a huge tame ox that was quite a fast walker.

The jungle on the south side of the Paguei is over two miles wide. Passing through it we entered another great savanna and shortly after dark reached a solitary ranch where we bivouacked for the night. The men were away when we arrived and the womenfolk were very much frightened, but their Llanero husbands soon returned and silently made us welcome, although evidently regarding us as highly

suspicious characters. They were not willing to give us any food but allowed us to take one of their pots in which to cook some of the game shot during the day. For light they had primitive tallow dips, and for a candlestick used the mud-plastered walls of the hut, to which they stuck the dip by means of its own melting tallow.

February 6th. This morning we met a herd of over three hundred cattle being driven to Barinas and the northern markets. A little later we came to a prosperous looking ranch, quite an oasis in the desert, its buildings all in good repair and a strongly built fence enclosing a large grove of plantains. We were kindly received here by the majordomo, who looked like a cross between a Hawaiian and a Chinese. His master returned in the course of the day, and was kind enough to say that he had plenty of everything and would like to have us spend several days with him. "Everything" here means fried plantains and dried beef, varied occasionally by the addition of a little coffee. But plantains are scarce, and considered such a



CATTLE ON THEIR WAY TO MARKET.

delicacy that the cowboys are given nothing but beef. It turns out that this place is historically known as the Corral Falzo of General Paez. Here that famous Llanero chief established a temporary enclosure where horses and cattle could be collected for the patriots in the War for Independence. From this corral in the heart of the Llanos rode the Bravos de Apure who were foremost in the fight at

Carabobo. Paez was born near Acarigua, but was brought to Apure when two or three years old and spent his boyhood at a ranch not far away called La Calzada. It is now owned by a Colombian, Don Francisco Parada Leäl, who happened to arrive at Corral Falzo this evening. He is most cordial, and invites us to visit him. He comes from Sogamoso, where his people still live, and is quite the most intelligent person that we have met in some weeks. He has travelled extensively, and is able to give fairly exact information in regard to routes. It is astonishing how few of these people know the distances, or even how long it takes to go to any place that is more than a day's journey away. So far as these people are concerned, Caracas is quite as far away as Bogotá. Work is hard, and there is plenty of it. During the dry season it consists chiefly of handling cattle. There are no fences of any description to separate the ranches; the yearly branding is of great importance, and has to be done with considerable care. Usually the cattle owners attend one another's round-ups so as to keep track of their own cattle and make sure that the calves are branded with the same brand the mothers carry. It is for this errand that Don Francisco is visiting this ranch, but he says he will return home tomorrow in order to accompany us and see us comfortably settled at La Calzada.

We have several times met wild bulls on the road that were being dragged to the bull ring of Caracas, fastened to the tail of a strong horse. It seems that the cowboys in this country have such wretched saddles that they are obliged to rely on the strength of their horses' tails. Before starting for the day's work the cowboy takes one end of his rawhide lasso, doubles the tail over the rope, binds the lasso several times around it and thus secures it firmly to his patient horse. It is only when handling animals that are too large or too wild to be trusted to the pommel of the badly made saddles that the cowboys resort to this ridiculous method of roping cattle. It looks as though it might hurt the horses, but they do not appear to mind it.

February 7th. We had not intended to spend the night at Corral Falzo, but Ramon Chapparo, the owner, was so cordially insistent in his invitation that we remained. We flattered ourselves that we were actually enjoying the proverbial free-handed hospitality of the plainsman. Imagine our surprise this morning when he announced

as we were about to leave that we owed him fourteen *bolivars* (\$2.80). He said this was for the food for our men and mules. He assured us that he was charging nothing for our own board. Nevertheless, this was hardly the kind of hospitality that we had been led to expect by his repeated and urgent invitations.

A league beyond Corral Falzo we came to the Canagua River. It is about one hundred and twenty feet across, and looks like the Boconó and the Paguei. The river at this season was not more than



THE BANKS OF THE CANAGUA.

three feet deep and there are no canoes here. The banks are fairly steep, and the men worked hard for two hours to make it possible for the empty cart to pass. To carry over the heavy luggage we pressed the guide's saddle ox into service.

Don Francisco had thoughtfully provided light refreshments, but he waited until the men and the cart had gone on before he brought them out. Food is so hard to get in this half-starved country that those who have any variety resort to various dodges in order to prevent their supply from being too speedily consumed. The

lunch consisted of sugar-cane, cold boiled eggs, cold boiled sweet cassava, salt, and muddy river water. When we were camping at Carabobo, and for a week thereafter, we were very careful to drink only boiled water, but we have gradually allowed that custom to fall into desuetude.

Three leagues beyond the Canagua River brought us to La Calzada, Don Francisco's comfortable ranch. It was like other ranches



OUR HOST AT LA CALZADA.

in general appearance, but it did not take long to see that the owner was much more energetic than his Venezuelan neighbours. In the construction of the main dwelling he had taken pains to build something a little out of the ordinary, rounding one end of the house so as to make a very attractive living-room, even though the floor was, as usual, of baked earth, and the roof of thatch.

Nothing remains of the house where General Paez lived but a charred post or so in a neighbouring grove. It is said that Paez lived

here from the time he was three years old until he entered the army. Here he first organized his cowboy regiment, the Bravos of Apure. To this ranch he fled for safety when defeated by the Spaniards. When they followed him he hid in a grove near by, which is now known as the Temple of Independence. He was Venezuela's Rough Rider, the most popular soldier of the Wars of Independence. The first president of Venezuela after the separation from Colombia in 1830, he led a very active life, although obliged to pass the latter part of it as an exile in New York, where he died in 1873. It is to the credit of President Castro that he is the first dictator of Venezuela who has had the courage to perpetuate the memory of this famous Liberal by erecting a statue to his memory in the new Paraiso park in Caracas.

A quarter of a mile from the ranch house is a little hill from which one gets a marvellous view of the plains, stretching away as flat as a billiard table in every direction, the horizon bounded by the heavily wooded banks of streams. Although it is not more than thirty feet high we have not seen any hill like it since we left Barinas. It may be artificial. On its sides Don Francisco has planted sugar-cane and also several kinds of beans, cassava, potatoes, maize, and tobacco. There is an irrigation canal running by his little plantation which he says was dug by the Spaniards. Don Francisco owns about one thousand head of cattle and nine leagues of land. The whole establishment is an evidence of what an energetic man can do in this country. Our host is a bachelor, but has a dozen house servants besides a number of cowboys, and sets a better table and enjoys more luxuries than any one within a radius of a hundred miles. While his neighbours are content with one vegetable, he has half a dozen. Where they have possibly one book, he has twenty, and for every bath that they take he takes fifty. In fact Don Francisco is quite the most active, intelligent person we have seen since we bade farewell to Don Carlos in Valencia.

February 8th. Don Francisco has worked hard writing letters for us to take to his friends in Arauca and his brothers in Sogamoso. The nearest post-office is fifty miles away. This morning he had to leave us, but he bade us stay as long as we could be comfortable. We decided to rest the weary cart mule and not go on until tomorrow.

The housekeeper, a wizened up old lady of sixty, gave us a magnificent breakfast this morning about nine o'clock which included an *omelette-aux-fines-herbes*, a most delightful surprise. We have greatly enjoyed the ease and luxury of this little oasis.

The temperature here was 64° F. at six o'clock, 80° at nine o'clock, 86° at twelve o'clock, 89° at three o'clock, 82° at 6 P.M., 77° at 9 P.M., 75° at 10.30 P.M. This was a fair average day. In general there is a daily range in the temperature of twenty-five to thirty degrees.



GRINDING SUGAR AT LA CALZADA.

February 9th. We rose at 4.30 this morning and left La Calzada about six o'clock. Although the cart had been fully packed the night before, it took us nearly as long to get started after arising as it usually does. The men simply cannot hurry. We rigged a tandem harness yesterday and put the blue mule in as leader. He soon learned to pull well and helps to keep things moving. Our guide to-day was a nephew of the housekeeper. He is a rather stupid boy of sixteen, and rides a meek little donkey. Our greatest annoyance is a little fly which is very active except when

the breeze is blowing. A fresh breeze that blows for three or four hours every morning from the northeast is the salvation of these hot plains.

We saw several deer this morning, and I shot a young buck that proved to be very toothsome. The country seems to be well stocked with game, chiefly water-fowl. I was so fortunate as to bring down a jabiru with my rifle. This giant stork measured, standing, five



DR. RICE, RICHARD AND THE JABIRU.

feet ten inches from the point of its beak to its toes. Its spread from tip to tip of wings was seven feet ten inches and the beak alone was a foot long. The neck had almost no feathers but a very tough dark gray skin, with a red band at its base. The body was covered with beautiful white feathers; some of the wing feathers being 14 inches long. These have a commercial value, so the birds are exceedingly shy, quite as shy in fact as the egrets, and it is almost impossible to get within gunshot of them. When approaching a lagoon or a river

bank, the jabirus and the egrets are always the first to fly away, while the hawks, buzzards, and other carnivorous and carrion birds are extremely tame and sometimes allow one to approach within a few feet. No one ever takes the trouble to kill them, and they seem to realize it. The birds whose feathers are salable are hunted in the wet season when the plains are flooded and it is easy to pass quietly in canoes through the jungle to their nests. It is difficult to handle cattle then, and the bird-hunting fits in well. Unfortunately the wet season is the breeding season, so the egrets and jabirus are becoming scarcer every year.

Four leagues beyond La Calzada we came to the little hamlet of Suripá. The temperature in the shade at noon was 93° F. This is the hottest yet. The guide wanted to spend the night here, but as there were still several hours of daylight we determined to reel off another league or two before dark. Night fell before we reached water, the guide lost his bearings, but we followed a path until nine o'clock, when we found ourselves on the banks of a great river which the guide said he had never seen before. It was a fine night, so we camped in the open.

February 10th. As soon as it was light this morning we made out four houses not far off. Boca Suripá, for which we were aiming, was only a mile away. We found that we had camped on the banks of the Suripá River, which is like the Boconó and Canagua in appearance, a deep muddy stream with high banks and sandy shores. We had happened upon a great spot for alligators and had the satisfaction of shooting eight or ten in the course of half an hour.

At the mouth of the Suripá, where its waters flow into the Apure, is Boca Suripá, a hamlet of half a dozen thatched huts, the homes of the ferrymen and of Dr. Gabaldon who owns the ferry rights. There are a number of canoes here and the men are skilled in swimming cattle across the rapid current. The cattle raised in the great region to the south of us are generally brought across the Apure at a point just below the junction of the rivers where the Apure is quite narrow. There is a good beach on the south side with a feasible landing-place on the north side. It would have been impossible to take our cart across the large rivers that form the Apure and the Suripá, but we had heard that we could get it ferried across here.

Dr. Gabaldon was not at home, but his son Dr. Miguel was in charge of the establishment. He and his helpers had been quite alarmed by our camp-fire last night and our firing at the alligators in the morning. They supposed us to be a revolutionary band. As soon as he read our letters of introduction he made us most welcome and urged us to spend the night as his guests after sending our men and animals across the river. The empty cart was put athwart one of the canoes and with its wheels slowly revolving in the water looked like some strange paddle steamer. It was an awkward load to handle on the little dugout, but skilful canoeemen got it safely across. Towed by men in canoes, the mules swam across, most of them showing nothing above the water except head and ears. But the cart mule evidently desired to keep his tail dry, for he waved it violently all the way across the river. It was so ridiculous it made us roar with laughter, until we saw several large alligators swimming near the mules. Fortunately we shot two and the others disappeared. At this season of the year the water is low enough to allow the canoes to be poled nearly all the way across the river by poles twelve feet long. During the winter season a small steamer comes from Ciudad Bolívar up the Apure and goes to Periquera some distance beyond this point.

Achaguas, the rendezvous for the Liberating Army in 1819, is only seventy-five miles to the eastward.¹ On its celebrated march to Colombia the army passed over a trail a mile south of us, which we shall strike soon after crossing the river. From here to the Bridge of Boyacá, the scene of the culminating victory of the campaign, we shall try to follow Bolívar's route as closely as possible.

The Caparro River, once the most important affluent of the Apure above its junction with the Suripá, no longer flows into that river, except on the maps. A few years ago the Caparro left its old bed some distance above Mamporal, and finding a new passage northward joined the Suripá above Santa Rosalia. At present the region near here presents a very pretty example of river formation going on at a rapid rate. The stream of the Suripá is very muddy and carries a large amount of sediment, while the Apure is quite clear. There are many shoals and islands where the rivers join.

¹ For an account of the Campaign of 1819 see Appendix A.

The Suripá, now larger than the Apure, is rapidly cutting a new channel for itself in order to become adjusted to the new conditions.

February 11th. Late last evening Dr. Gabaldon arrived on horseback from a place sixteen leagues away. This seemed to us like very rapid transit, as only once have we succeeded in making more than seven leagues. Contrary to the habits of the country, he had not stopped in the middle of the day, but had been riding all day long. His servant who rode with him was quite exhausted, but our host, although seventy-three years old, declared that he was not in the least fatigued. He is a fine old fellow, and looks very much like Señor Sagasta, the late Spanish Premier. Unlike most of his countrymen, he appears to have only pure Spanish blood in his veins. His eyes are bright, he is very fond of a joke and he has a fine figure. He has travelled in Europe and all over Venezuela and Colombia; saw the Philadelphia Exposition; lived for several months in New York City during Grant's Administration, and again in 1892; and has seen Niagara Falls. He is fond of dispensing hospitality and manages to live fairly well even in this little thatched hut on the edge of the world. Every now and then he brings out from his private stores some choice delicacy or a rare fruit with which to tempt our appetites. It seemed very strange to find such well-read, intelligent men as Dr. Gabaldon and his son so far off in the wilderness. However, they see various people who come here to cross the ferry, and their monopoly of the charges brings them in a very comfortable income. They get two *bolivars* a head for all the cattle that cross the river here, and this amounts in some weeks to a couple of hundred dollars.

This morning a cattle speculator, a friend of Castro's, crossed the river with about three hundred head of cattle. Some fifty or sixty of the frightened animals were cut out of the herd by the cowboys on the south side of the river and driven down to the beach, where a lane made of bamboo was intended to guide them to the water's edge and aid in forcing them in. Then a tame ox with a rope tied to the end of his nose was pulled into the river and across by the ferrymen in a canoe. The cowboys yelled and shouted, urging the cattle into the water, but the first lot of steers stampeded when they came to the river's edge and smashed up the bamboo fences. One steer was killed and others were injured, but finally

fifty of them were forced into the river and proceeded to swim across, several canoes keeping them from going too far down stream. They all had long horns, and that was about all one could see of them as they swam the river. The long line of horns following the leading canoe, other canoes on flank and rear, made an interesting sight. The shouting of the ferrymen and the cowboys added to the excitement, which was not lessened by the appearance of several large alligators close to the swimming herd.

Dr. Gabaldon insisted on our spending another day with him "so that the mules might have a rest." In fact, he urges us to stay for ten days, but is willing that we should talk about going "tomorrow."

February 12th. As soon as we get up in the morning our genial host brings us a cup of most delicious coffee. The first sound we hear in the morning and the last at night is the "crunch, crunch" of the coffee beans as the maid-servants grind them slowly to powder with a small round stone on a large flat stone that has been hollowed out. Fresh milk is a rarity in this cattle country as it is "too much trouble" to tame a cow and milk her with the aid of her calf. But Dr. Gabaldon is accustomed to making people work, and as soon as we have finished our hot coffee he brings us great gourds of foaming milk fresh from the cow.

We expected to cross the Apure today, but our polite host has put all manner of obstacles in the way. It appears to be tremendously difficult to get a competent guide! A boy was introduced yesterday who was willing for four dollars to guide us for eight leagues. As our last boy guide lost his head completely, we did not take kindly to the idea of engaging this one, especially at such an exorbitant price. We were then told that Liborio, the chief of the canoemen and a most intelligent fellow, would go as our guide as far as Palmarito, but this morning another cattle speculator arrived on the south bank of the river and required the services of every available man to assist him in bringing four hundred head of cattle across. Nevertheless, Liborio was to finish this task very quickly and start with us "after breakfast." As the only other good guide was drunk, we were obliged to wait for Liborio. "After breakfast" turned out to mean "not at all," for the cowboys on the south side of the river got very drunk last night and were in no condition to make an early start this

morning. The usual strong breeze springing up on time at 8.15 made the river too rough for safety. The current is strong and the wind blowing up-stream made a very choppy sea with waves of considerable size, so the cattle and the cowboys and the ferrymen and Liborio had to wait until afternoon, and by the time all the cattle were safely across the river it was too late to do anything.

Since leaving Corral Falzo we have observed a daily change in the wind, which, we are told, is characteristic of the dry season. During the night it is scarcely more than a zephyr; increases a little with the sunrise but does not really attract one's attention until shortly after eight, when it begins to freshen rapidly and by ten o'clock is blowing almost a gale from the east. Towards noon it dies down, and in the afternoon there is scarcely any motion in the air.

February 13th. The breeze began an hour earlier today, and by nine o'clock was blowing very freshly, so that some of the thatch was torn off the roof of the house. It was decided this morning that Liborio could not be spared, but fortunately the other available guide had sobered up and was ready to proceed. Dr. Miguel desires to go up the Apurc to Palmarito and invited me to accompany him in his canoe. We are to be two days on the river, and shall spend the night camping on one of the sand banks on its edge.

The canoe was of average size, a dugout about two and one-half feet wide and twenty-five feet long. Ten or eleven feet of the fore part of the canoe was reserved as a runway for the pole-man. The pilot with a paddle sat in the stern, the boxes and bundles were placed amidships, and Dr. Miguel and I made ourselves as comfortable as possible between the pilot and the luggage. Our cargo, though small, was quite varied and included two large tortoises, a live duck, rice, macaroni, salt, coffee, beans, eggs, native sugar, Danish canned butter, Spanish sardines, plantains, and cooking utensils. Soon after embarking we passed a sand bank where I had shot a small alligator the previous day. Notwithstanding the toughness of its skin, the buzzards had attacked the carcass and about finished their work. There remained two large birds called King Samurs which we saw nowhere else. Dr. Miguel told me he had never seen two together before and that it was a rare occurrence to see even one. They

appeared to be nearly twice as large as ordinary buzzards. Their heads were red, body white, wings tipped with black, and tail black.

Whenever it was possible we set a small sail and gave the poleman a rest. His method is to walk slowly to the bow, turn about, plant his pole firmly on the bottom of the stream, and with five short steps at a half trot give the boat a good impetus, when he would turn and with five slow steps go back again to the bow.

We left Boca Suripá about eleven o'clock and at one reached the village of Grateral on the right bank of the Apure. We landed and found half a dozen thatched huts where we tried to purchase some fresh eggs, but did not succeed until we reached the last hut, where an old Indian woman who wore a beautiful gold necklace was willing to sell us a few. She had a couple of interesting chairs with rawhide seats that I should like to have sent home. One often wishes for means of easy transportation for the interesting things to be found here.

For lunch we had some "gofio," a nutritious cake made of finely ground maize and "papelón." The maize is cooked before being mixed with the sugar, and the cake is baked in the sun. It is very palatable and a favourite food for travellers. We left Grateral at half-past one. The wind had died down completely and the little black flies were an awful plague. Even our stolid Indian pilot groaned. A swarm of from forty to fifty flies buzzed around each person. With my head-net and gloves I was the only person in the canoe that had any comfort. It is much pleasanter to travel up these streams than down, for the prevailing winds blow from the north-east, up-stream, and persons going down stream frequently find that in the morning while the breeze is blowing they can make no progress at all. This necessitates travelling in the hottest time of the day when the breeze has died down and the flies are very bad.

We saw numbers of alligators, a few iguanas who had holes in the banks of the river, and a great many birds. In one tree there were sixteen large macaws. The egrets and jabirus were noticeably shy. In fact it was extremely difficult to come within gunshot of the birds that are hunted for food or feathers. About three o'clock we saw a hundred jabirus having a meeting on a great sandy beach. In a quiet cove near by were sixteen alligators. It seemed to be a

favourite spot for an animal congress. Among the birds we saw a few large, handsome ducks called *carreteros*. They walk with a strut like a grandee and hold their heads very high, somewhat like geese. I am told that when their eggs are hatched by a barn-yard fowl, the *carretero* makes an excellent domestic animal, being especially useful as a substitute for a watch-dog; but if the ducklings are hatched by their mother it is impossible to tame them.

About five o'clock we reached a sand-bank known as La Tigra, a favourite camping place for river travellers during the dry season. In the winter it is submerged to a depth of from five to six feet. We easily found plenty of driftwood for our camp-fire, and three large pieces to serve as posts for the ends of our hammocks. One can nearly always tell where the rivermen have camped by these strange-looking posts that are planted fairly close together on the sand-banks. ✓ *February 14th.* Last evening I had a long conversation in regard to theosophy. Dr. Miguel is an ardent believer, and regards Madam Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled" as the greatest book of modern times. He was born in Colombia, where his father was a political exile for fourteen years, but lived as a student in Caracas for eleven years and took his degree as doctor of laws at the University, later entering upon the practice of law in that city. He speaks English fairly well, as he once lived in Barbados for more than a year and in Trinidad for two months.

During the night we had a light breeze from the north, but early this morning it shifted around to the east. The air was damp and cold and my heavy Jaeger blankets were none too warm. There were a few mosquitoes. The river people all use thick curtain mosquito nets which they hang from a string stretched over the hammock. As I had no net I put on my gloves and my head-net and was able to enjoy a good night's rest.

The banks of the river are in general from eight to sixteen feet above us as we go along. The soil seems to be a mixture of clay and sand. One sees practically no stones. This morning we met four or five canoes going down stream. When exactly abeam of us, all hands simultaneously shouted, "*Adios*" or "*Adios pues.*" We left La Tigra at about quarter before seven and reached Algarobo at half-past eight, just as the breeze was freshening. Algarobo con-

sists of but two or three houses, and we stayed only long enough to learn that Rice and the caravan had spent the night here and gone on just before our arrival. The breeze now increased in velocity so as to raise great clouds of sand from the exposed shoals. It was almost too strong for our little sail, but we made great headway for a couple of hours, until half-past eleven, when the breeze diminished perceptibly, as was to be expected, and by noon was reduced to a series of fitful gusts.

We reached Palmarito about two o'clock and found that the caravan had arrived half an hour before us. It had a fairly straight



A BUNGO ON THE APURE RIVER.

road all the way from Boca Suripá but made almost exactly the same progress as the canoe, which had to follow the windings of the river. There is no inn here and we are staying with a friend of Dr. Miguel's who does not furnish us with any food, and we should have been rather badly off but for the supplies in the canoe.

Shortly before reaching Palmarito, we passed what had once been the mouth of the Caparro River, but is now only a small inlet or backwater.

Palmarito is a thriving little river town of about fifty houses, situated on the south side of the Apure at a place where the bank is unusually high, twenty feet, above the stream. Steamers touch here during five months of the year, June to November, on their way

to Periquera from Ciudad Bolivar; consequently all the houses that can afford it have corrugated iron roofs. There are several good shops; the best ones being owned by Syrians. At this time of the year there is little business in these river towns, and they depend for communication with the outside world on canoes and bungoes, large cargo canoes that are poled by three or four men.

Rice found a case of appendicitis at Algarobo and another here at Palmarito, so that next to malaria, which seems to affect nine tenths of the population, it is apparently the fashionable disease in this locality.

A young lawyer here told me the story of how he came to leave Caracas. It seems that four years ago there died in Caracas a Colombian leaving an estate of about sixty-eight thousand dollars, which included a dozen houses in that city. He left no will and it was some months before his nephew, representing his natural heirs, arrived from Colombia. In the meantime, the public administrator, the courts and a few "great ones" had been dividing the property amongst themselves. Absurd claims against the estate were ordered to be paid, the claimants getting a small fraction while the larger proportion went to the judge and the administrator. The heir at law employed this lawyer and his partner to rescue what they could of the estate. All they succeeded in saving was about eighteen thousand dollars. However, the graft had been taken so openly that they felt sure of being able to bring a criminal suit whereby a large part of the estate could be recovered. The heir offered them half of what they might recover. They proceeded to bring the case before the criminal courts, but had reckoned without realizing how powerful the political machine is in Caracas. The morning after filing the complaint my friend, who fortunately was living at the same boarding-house with one of the chief city officials, was informed by that gentleman that he had in his pocket a warrant for his arrest, which would be turned over to the police in the course of the morning. It seems that the grafters had obtained an order for the arrest of both lawyers and their imprisonment without trial for eighteen days, a period just long enough to cause the criminal suit to go by default. My acquaintance was warned by the friendly official to stay in his room, and was further advised that there was a good hiding-place

in the house where he could secrete himself whenever the police came. A special police officer detailed for the service of this official was instructed to warn the young lawyer whenever the house was likely to be searched. By this means, owing to his friendship with the city official, he was able to avoid going to jail, but his partner was not so fortunate, and languished in the filth of the city prison until the time had lapsed during which their criminal suit could be brought. After his partner was let out of jail, my friend was free to go and come as he pleased, but soon found he had lost all chance of winning any cases in the courts of Caracas. He was told in fact that it would be better for him to leave the city, so he packed his trunk and retired to the interior, where the aggrieved Government authorities have so far left him alone. The story is quite a commentary on Venezuelan justice, and offers an explanation why foreigners are loath to have their cases against the Government tried by the Government's own courts.

CHAPTER V

FROM THE APURE RIVER TO ARAUCA

February 15th. We were obliged to engage a new guide yesterday, as the guide from Boca Suripá was angry with Josh, who is of little use except as a talker, and would go no farther. Our new guide rides an ox and agrees to go with us as far as El Amparo on the frontier. He came at half-past eight, but finding that we were not ready, went off again while we were packing. We spent nearly all



IGUANAS.

day waiting for him to return. In a tree near the house were three or four large iguanas, which we shot hoping to have them cooked. The largest one measured nearly five feet in length, but no one was willing to prepare it for food. We finally left Palmarito about four o'clock and struck off away from the river across the plains again, reaching about eight o'clock a small lagoon or pond where we camped for the night.

February 16th. It was quite cold last night and very damp, so

that I found three thick blankets and four thin ones none too warm, although we are only five hundred feet above the sea and within seven degrees of the equator. Just at dawn I made out a flock of ducks swimming on the pond and succeeded in killing four with one shot. These with some plantains bought at a ranch we passed last evening made a good breakfast. The familiar breeze began at half-past seven this morning, and in an hour increased with considerable freshness. The guide caught a small armadillo just after breakfast, and we saw them quite frequently today. None of them behaved properly. The books say: "When attacked, they curl up into a ball, presenting their armour on all sides." These did nothing of the kind but ran and hid under little bushes and would not "curl up" under any circumstances. But they are good eating.

About noon I noticed a mirage for the first time. It was south of us and extended over a distance of two or three miles. The trees did not appear to be inverted, but were raised quite off the plain.

Since leaving Barinas there has been no pretense at a road whatever. We have generally followed cattle paths over the level plains, but today these got much worse. Animals passing over them in the wet season have sometimes stepped so regularly as to make them completely corrugated. When the corrugations are from eight to ten inches high and a foot and a half across, it may easily be imagined that our tired cart mule finds his work anything but easy. As a large percentage of these plains are swamps in wet season, and now look like baked honeycomb, it makes terribly rough going.

On our right, north of us, the horizon is generally bounded by the jungles on the right bank of the Apure. On our left the plain seems to stretch away indefinitely to the south. Occasionally we see a clump of palms or an oasis. This noon we stopped at an oasis, a bit larger than the average. It contained several deer, a wild hog, a few armadillos and two golden agouti. The latter we shot and found very good eating. They are rodents, a little larger than rabbits, have smaller heads and look more like large squirrels. Our guide calls them *pagaris*. The word agouti does not seem to be known here. At two o'clock the temperature was 95° F., a rise of thirty degrees since six this morning.

This evening we reached La Gloria, a large ranch belonging to General Guerrero. He was not at home, but his cowboys made us welcome, after I had read to them a letter from Dr. Gabaldon to their master. No one at the ranch was able to read. The huts were so full of bats we preferred to sleep out of doors.

February 17th. The country continues to have the same appearance as for weeks past. There are occasional isolated thickets, but in general trees are only found along the banks of the watercourses and in the flood plains of rivers.

Soon after leaving La Gloria I saw a small armadillo nosing about the plain getting his breakfast. He made so little effort to get out of the way that I dismounted and picked him up, rather to his surprise and that of my mule's. The latter promptly ran away. But the armadillo was perfectly quiet until I put him down on the ground, when he waited several moments and then slowly toddled off in a casual manner until quite out of sight. Richard says they are very wild in Trinidad. They are tame enough here.

Game is plentiful. This morning I shot a scarlet ibis, four mallards, and two *venados*, one of them a fine buck with six points. As the caravan got a long way ahead while we were filling the game bag and skinning the deer, Richard and I did not try to catch up with it before lunch, but spent the hot hours at Grenadillo, a ranch owned by General Narciso Paz, to whom we had a letter of introduction from Dr. Gabaldon.

The General was at home and gave us a warm welcome. He is quite old, almost entirely bald, and appears to be quite a character. He was anxious to learn the news of the day and deplored the state of his country. He said its greatest need was immigration. Labor is scarce and wages are very high here. A few men, the cattle kings, are rich; the rest very poor, largely on account of their extreme laziness. The Llaneros are picturesque in appearance, with their brilliant red and blue ponchos, but they are excessively lazy, do not appear to care for games, and rarely indulge in song. They will not work except for high wages, which they rarely receive. When the cattle kings require their services during the annual round-ups, they receive from three to five dollars a day. They are contented with very poor food. We have seen no *arepa* (maize cake) for nearly

three weeks. The people raise Indian corn but are too lazy to grind it, and feed it only to horses, mules, pigs, and chickens.

We had reached the ranch about half-past twelve, and asked to have the ducks which we brought cooked at once, telling them we were very hungry. It was half-past three before anything was put on the table. We were nearly starved. The common people do not appear to have much of anything to eat besides beef and plantains. Even the cattle kings are too lazy to vary this more than by the addition of an occasional tin of some canned luxury or a sweet



LLANEROS AT GRENADILLO.

bun brought a couple of hundred miles from the nearest town where there is a bakery. As a special mark of his good-will, General Paz gave me with my coffee one of these hard, stale buns from his private store. No one else had any.

There seems to be no regular law of hospitality on the plains, although so far we have never been refused shelter, and generally food is provided without difficulty. This may be due to our number and the fact that we carry firearms. It is hard to lay down a general rule in a country where one day we are charged for very poor fare

after being urged to remain as guests; where the next day we are given excellent food in good variety for which we are not allowed to pay; while a few days later we are kindly received but told that there is no food unless we choose to buy some and have it cooked at our own expense.

The people in the heart of the Llanos seem to be less suspicious and more inquisitive than those living in the cities on the edge of the plain, from San Carlos to Guanare. They are likewise less modest, perhaps less honest, but more hospitable.

Immediately after lunch we set out accompanied by General Paz's majordomo for a mile or so until we found the trail of our cart. Riding at a good jog-trot we reached Desuela in an hour and a half. The people at this ranch were very kind and urged us to spend the night here as it was growing dark, but as the caravan had gone on, we declined, and half an hour later overtook the cart stuck in a bad bit of road. The bad trail had quite used up the cart mule, so that he lay down in the shafts and refused to go any further. Poor Rafael was in despair, and it certainly looked as if he would never get back to Valencia with cart and mule. He determined to spend the night in the savanna while we pushed on to the ranch called Gamelotal.

February 18th. Gamelotal belongs to Don Fernando Rangel, who owns a dozen milch cows and makes delicious cheese. He was quite alarmed by our arrival last night, as very few people travel after dark. He refused to receive us in the house where he was living, saying that there was no room, but offered us the shelter of a vacant house a couple of hundred yards away. We discovered today that the reason the house was vacant was that his wife and an eighteen-year-old daughter died there a few weeks ago, both of pulmonary troubles. He has four children left, three of whom are wretchedly ill with malaria and anæmia. The baby is not old enough to have caught anything yet and is the only well person in the house. Rice prescribed quinine and iron for the three sad-looking children. The nearest drug shop is eighteen miles away in Periquera, and as Don Fernando was anxious to get the medicine at once he offered to accompany us thither. The cart arrived here this morning after a bad night.

The new dwelling, evidently erected since the deaths, is extremely primitive and is occupied in part by a dozen calves. It is supposed that milch cows will not give down their milk unless they are deceived into believing that their calves are getting their breakfast. Consequently, the method of milking is to tie the calf to the cow's front leg so that its struggles to get something to eat keep the cow's attention engaged while she is being milked. At most of the ranches the people are so lazy and the cattle are so wild that fresh milk is an unheard-of luxury. Once in a while one finds an exception as here, where we had all the foamy, fresh milk we could possibly drink and all the fresh cheese and fried plantain we could eat for breakfast.

Don Fernando is anxious to send his oldest boy to the States to improve his health and get a little learning, but as he could afford to pay only a hundred dollars a year, we advised him to send the boy to Valencia to our friend Father Voghera. Don Fernando had not been in Valencia since 1875 and he had not heard of the new boarding-school there.

Soon after leaving Gamelotal we came to "Las Queseras del Medio," a bit of chapparal where General Paez had a bloody encounter with the Spaniards in the Wars of Independence.¹ In appearance it is not different from the other parts of the plain.

The savannas are growing smaller, marshes more frequent and the lines of trees indicating river-courses closer together. About noon, after a hard trot in insufferable heat and dust, we reached a small village two leagues from Periquera. We decided to spend the heat of the day at "La Siberia," a new house built a year and a half ago by Rafael Briceno, who had lost most of his money gambling in Periquera. He made us welcome with the usual formalities, placing everything at our service, but contrary to custom immediately opened trade relations. He was extraordinarily inquisitive, wanted to see everything we had and to know its cost, and tried to buy the various things in our outfit that attracted his attention. Although he annoyed us exceedingly, we put up with his questions and his bothersome hogs that had free run of the living-room, as he seemed to be a kind

¹ In January, 1891, a number of Venezuelans presented the city of New York with a painting by Michelena commemorative of this battle, as a token of gratitude for the hospitality extended to their hero, who died as an exile in New York.

host and his wife prepared us a good meal. Our opinion of him did not improve when he insisted on our paying one dollar a head for our luncheon. The prevailing price, whenever one is allowed to pay anything, throughout this country, is never more than twenty cents. We finally offered him thirty cents, which he indignantly refused until almost the last moment of our stay. He is the most of a Yankee that we have seen in Venezuela, alert, intelligent, never loafing, keen to trade, considerate to his wife, proud of his achievements and willing to charge all the traffic will bear. His better qualities are sorely needed throughout Venezuela.

We left "La Siberia," as Don Rafael calls his establishment, about four o'clock and reached Periquera at dusk. The last mile or two was the very worst bit of road that we had seen anywhere, so bad in fact that the cart could not possibly enter the town. The ruts, or rather corrugations, made in the road by the hoofs of animals in the wet season and now baked hard as rock by the summer sun, were about two feet deep and two feet across. We did not attempt to bring the cart into the town, but turned back to stop it before it should attempt that awful last mile, and passed the night at Las Corrales, an excellent caravanserai on the outskirts of the town. Our avoidance of Periquera came near costing us all our guns and ammunition.

February 19th. We were told last evening that it was about four leagues to El Amparo, the frontier town which is on the River Arauca opposite the town of that name in Colombia. Accordingly, we rose at 4.30 this morning in order to reach the frontier early enough to cross the river before dark. But one of the mules had broken loose during the night, and it took so long to find him that it was half-past nine before we left the *posada*. This is the first inn that we have seen since leaving Barinas. Two large orange trees full of fruit gave a pleasant change to the bill of fare.

The road this morning wound through partly dried swamps, jungle and small savannas until it entered a large grove where the ancient city of Guasqualito stood. One can find it on almost any large map of South America, but all that remains of it in reality is a pile of bricks and ruined adobe walls where once stood the church. It had a dry, healthy location, much better than that of the new

city, Periquera, a league away on the banks of the Apure. The development of steam navigation on that river and the presence of swamps between old Guasdualito and the landing-place, which are quite impassable in the only time of year that the steamers come up



THE HOSTESS AT LAS CORRALES.

the river, led the inhabitants to abandon the old town entirely and settle on the river bank, although the new site is frequently submerged by floods.

Near old Guasdualito we saw a little sugar factory consisting of three thatched roof huts. Two are occupied by the "hands" and the largest one by the sugar mill itself. The cane is brought to the

mill on the back of a small ox and deposited in a pile near the rollers. The latter were in the centre of the hut. A pair of small bulls pulled a windlass which acted directly on the centre roller. Two boys fed the cane into the mill and the juice trickled down into a wooden trough. At one end of the hut was an adobe furnace with two large pots or boiling pans about three feet in diameter. A low platform



THE SUGAR FACTORY NEAR GUASDUALITO.

enabled one to skim the boiling molasses. The bagasse was spread out in the sun to dry, to be used for fuel in the adobe furnace. Two boys and a girl seemed to be running the entire establishment. The adults were probably in hiding as they supposed from our hunting guns that we were a revolutionary band looking for "volunteers." I bought a cake of their "panela" for ten cents. It measured $8 \times 6 \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ inches and tasted very much like a poor quality of maple sugar.

By noon we reached the straggling village of Caña Flores, in the "border country." The women and children were obliging, gave us some food, and asked what the revolution was about. They said it was no use trying to work as there was always warfare. As we rode up to one hut to inquire the way, a man who had been sleeping in a hammock sprang out of it with a great bound and made for the woods as fast as he could run.

This afternoon we saw a shower in the distance, the first one since leaving Valencia. The country all about here abounds in

marshes. It is fairly well inhabited, but the people have seen so much border warfare and so many escaping criminals that they are very timid, and we met few men. The paths were perfectly abominable. The cart was obliged to make long detours in order to avoid bad swamps and our guide finally lost his way.

About four o'clock we came to a fork in the trail near a line of poles that have been placed to accommodate a projected telephone between Periquera and El Amparo. We differed as to which was the best way to go. Rice and the cart took the left. I followed the right fork and about five o'clock reached El Amparo. Across the river was Colombia, where a diminutive hut, which does duty for a



CAÑA FLORES.

customs house guard, was all I could see of Arauca. Rice lost his way and did not arrive until four hours later.

El Amparo has the appearance of being rather recently built, many of the houses having corrugated iron roofs. All are huddled together on the left bank of the Arauca River. There are half a dozen shops and fifty or sixty dwellings. From May to November,



THE MISTRESS OF CAÑA FLORES.

when the river is full of water, the place is in monthly communication by steamboat with Ciudad Bolívar. The principal business here is shipping hides and feathers.

February 20th. This morning shortly before six o'clock the official interpreter, a weak-kneed fellow of French descent, called on us to say that the "jefe civil" or *alcalde* had received orders from the Governor of the district at Periquera to send us back to that place for examination, first taking charge of all our arms and ammunition and giving us a receipt for same! The fact of our having ridden in and out of Periquera in such a hurry in the dusk day before yesterday had aroused his suspicions, especially as we carried arms. The country people had reported to him that we were "a party of six armed men carrying four Winchesters and two Mauser rifles, engaged in conveying a cart-load of arms and ammunition to aid the refugee revolutionists in Colombia!" At least so the Governor said. Accordingly, we were ordered to report at Periquera. Could we have foreseen the attitude of these people towards firearms, we might easily have avoided all

trouble by packing up our guns shortly before reaching the outskirts of Periquera, spending the night there and presenting our letter of introduction to the Governor in due form. But we had acted in a strangely suspicious manner and they could not possibly imagine what our heavily laden cart contained if not arms and ammunition.



OUR FIRST VIEW OF COLOMBIA.

About 6.30 A.M. a young man of twenty, carrying a sword and wearing an old felt hat but no shoes, called to pay his respects and say that the *alcalde* would like to have us call at seven o'clock. I called on the *alcalde* at the appointed time and found him occupied in washing down his game-cocks that had been engaged in a main the night before. He showed me his orders and I replied by handing him our passports and the card from the Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs requesting all Venezuelan officials to put no difficulties in our way. We declined to go back to Periquera and desired him to allow us to cross the river at once. This he represented himself as entirely unable to do, as the Governor of the district, General Vallee, would dismiss him from his position were he to allow us to proceed. Accordingly we requested him to send to Periquera

demanding our release. This he finally agreed to do and a messenger went off bearing a letter of introduction to the Governor from our friend Dr. Gabaldon, and also our card from the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Caracas.

The cart, which arrived about half-past eight, had finished its journey; being by all accounts the first cart to cross Venezuela. The last two or three days have been extremely hard for the tired mule. Had it not been for the guide's ox, which we harnessed tandem, it would have taken us much longer to reach this place. As it is, the mule has a frightfully sore back and lies down frequently, but Rafael is much cheered up at having actually reached the end of his journey and has hopes of getting both mule and cart safely back to Valencia. (This he eventually accomplished.)



THE ALCALDE OF EL AMPARO.

As the swamps to the north and the river on the south do not leave much room for the houses here, there is no place for beasts in the yard of our little *posada*, but some enterprising Syrians who have a small shop own a three-acre lot which they have fenced with barbed wire, where they allow beasts to be pastured for twenty cents a day.

This afternoon we received a call from the aged French Creole whose son is the official interpreter. He came here six years ago to speculate in feathers, buying egret feathers at \$150 a pound, and taking them to Paris where he sold them for \$400. Believing that he was now on the high road to great wealth, he came back the next year with his entire capital and all that he could borrow, invested it all in feathers, which had meanwhile risen to \$225 a pound and returned with them to Paris, only to find that the price

had fallen to \$125, so that instead of making a profit, he lost \$100 per pound. He came back hoping to retrieve his fortune, but is still here living in great poverty.

February 21st. The messenger did not return from Periquera until this morning, when he brought a letter ordering the *alcalde* to allow us to cross the river with all our goods "except the four Winchesters and the two Mausers" which are to be sent to General Vallee as a present. As it would be quite impossible for us to attempt to cross the next two hundred miles of country without arms and



THE ARRIVAL OF OUR CARAVAN AT EL AMPARO.

ammunition, we spent the morning arguing with the *alcalde*, explaining that the Governor had been quite misinformed about our arms, that we had no "four Winchesters and two Mausers," but only such arms as we needed for hunting, and that we had been delayed long enough and proposed to cross the river. We sent one of the men to buy the necessary canoe ferry tickets, which he was allowed to do. At the same time the entire armed force of Venezuela detailed for service on this frontier, consisting of four soldiers, was ordered to take up its station in front of our *posada* with Mausers and a

hundred rounds of ammunition and prevent our departure. We held a council of war and discussed the feasibility of swimming the river at night, which might have been done had we not had so much luggage and so many mules. However, Josh lost his nerve completely, although he had hitherto been quite willing to aid us in crossing "at any hour," and begged Rice not to try to cross, saying that he was sure he would get shot, and that he, Josh, had friends at home!



THE FRONTIER GUARD AT EL AMPARO.

The *alcalde* in the meantime got very nervous and begged us to go back to Periquera and see General Vallee. He offered to lend me a good horse and to accompany me himself. I had little faith in what I could accomplish, but finally consented to go under protest, as Josh was unwilling to attempt to cross the river at night.

We started off at noon, accompanied by a son of General Vallee, who acted as escort — to see that I did not kill the *alcalde*, I suppose. The temperature was 95 degrees in the shade, but we rode hard and, by taking a short route and forcing our way across several bad swamps, reached Periquera about half-past two. We went at once

to the provincial capitol, a new house, small but neat, where the venerable General Vallee, with gray hair and a long gray beard and spectacles, received me very graciously. He is the son of a former French consul at Ciudad Bolivar and has always lived in the

country. Half a dozen officials besides three of his sons were gathered with him and I was shown every mark of courtesy. I knew I should get into difficulty if they began to talk fast, so I spoke my best Spanish slowly and very distinctly to encourage them to do the same. In order to impress the General with the importance of the expedition and the friendliness and harmlessness of all concerned, I had him read my passports and various letters from Secretary Root and others, including several private letters of introduction. He was particularly impressed by a letter from the First Vice-President of the American Historical Association. Finally I handed him an envelope addressed to General Reyes, President of Colombia, from his Minister in Washington. Although marked "private," he opened it without a moment's hesitation, quite eagerly in fact, expecting that this would reveal

our true status. He seemed a trifle disappointed, but nevertheless duly impressed with its contents. Then he asked us why we carried six rifles. I told him we had only hunting arms. The *alcalde* confirmed this although he had seen no weapons at all.

A dozen bottles of imported German beer were then opened and



GENERAL VALLEE.

we solemnly drank one another's health. All seemed relieved and I hoped to be allowed to depart in peace, but the General expressed his desire to accompany me back to El Amparo and, I suppose, see for himself what we had. We reached El Amparo shortly after seven and were invited to dine with a brother of his. Rice and I were quite ready to enjoy the novelty of a good dinner and excellent claret, but the poor *alcalde*, more accustomed to cock-fighting than long horseback journeys, was completely played out by the thirty-six-mile ride in the hot sun and had to decline.

After dinner we adjourned to the *posada*, where we showed the General our outfits, including our books, maps, surgical and surveying instruments, tents, etc. Two rifles had been hidden last night in the jungle, the other rifle and the guns had been "taken down" and stowed away in the clothes bags, for we feared that they might arouse the General's cupidity, and we were sure he would not care to have the clothes bags opened. When it was all over and he had apparently seen everything, we asked him if he would like to see our guns. He looked puzzled but politely remarked that it was not necessary.

February 22d. This morning we received calls from all the local officials. They are evidently trying to apologize for their mistake. One of them gave us an old silver coin which had been found in an Indian ruin near Pedraza; while another gave us a Bolivian coin. All tried their best to overcome the unpleasant impression created by our detention. It was hard to believe that these suave officials had actually ordered the soldiers to fire on us if we attempted to pass the river without leaving "four Winchesters and two Mausers" behind.

After lunch we took our stuff down the steep bank to the river and were ferried across by an Indian, the official canoeman of El Amparo. Rafael and his good-natured assistant Waldemera declined to accompany us into Colombia, and we had to bid them adieu. The five saddle mules were towed across the river. Rafael assisted in the process and was unexpectedly obliged to land on Colombian soil in order to get the mules ashore. He was very much frightened at finding himself in a foreign land and made all possible haste to get back to Venezuela. We shall miss him sadly

for he has been exceedingly faithful and most efficient. More than once, after doing his own work he has had to come to the assistance of the lazy inefficient negroes. The difference between a West Indian negro and a Venezuelan peon is not only one of colour.

When we landed on the Colombian side we received at first a very quiet welcome. Not a soul came near us or our stuff which was piled up on the beach. At the little hut where the customs guards stay we found a notice saying that no arms or ammunition could be landed or taken into the country. It looked as though in one way or another these people were determined that we should enter the wilderness that lay ahead of us for two hundred miles without any means of defense or of securing food.



EL AMPARO FROM THE COLOMBIAN SIDE OF THE ARAUCA.

The town of Arauca lies half a mile south of the bank of the river, a large swamp intervening. After the mules had been landed I rode into the town to find the customs house. Here, to my surprise, I was most cordially received by the Collector of the Port, Colonel Gamboa, who had just received by the semi-monthly overland mail from Cucuta a telegram from the Secretary of the Treasury, dated Bogotá, February 5th, instructing him to allow our outfit to pass freely through the customs without examination, and to offer us

every facility for our journey, requiring only a list of our possessions for the information of the Government. It was a relief to have this telegram arrive so providentially on the very day we needed it. The orders worked wonders.

Colonel Gamboa was most attentive, rented a house for us on the corner of the Plaza, quite the best location in town, for sixty cents, and sent some furniture from his offices for our use. The house was cool and commodious, with a nice yard, a good well, and a pump made in New York City.



OUR HOUSE ON THE PLAZA AT ARAUCA.

February 23d. Last evening we received a number of callers, including the local dignitaries and a visiting dentist from Ciudad Bolivar, who said that he had been educated in New York. When asked if he had travelled any in the United States he replied: "Oh yes, I went to Brooklyn once!" Later in the evening we were all invited down to the favourite drinking shop of the town, where we had to drink warm Bremen beer while being entertained by the music of a flute and a curiously strung guitar, played by two local musicians. Four or five doctors of law and medicine were present

and we discussed history, philosophy, and geography until late in the evening. Altogether it was quite a celebration.

It has been very warm to-day, the thermometer reaching 94° F. at two o'clock and not going below 90° F. until half-past four.

It appears to be almost impossible to secure any pack mules here, as all the carrying is done by oxen. A man who owns six pack oxen came to see us this afternoon and is willing to carry our stuff to Tame, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles by the usual trail, for the sum of one hundred dollars. When told that his price was too high he went off most unconcernedly and seemed relieved that he would not be obliged to perform such a disagreeable journey. As he is said to be the only local contractor we determined to purchase enough oxen to carry our stuff as far as they can go.

An Indian guide also was brought to us who offered to show us the road to Tame for forty dollars. We declined his services with thanks. Later in the afternoon we received a call from General Perez, who has recently bought "Limbo," a large ranch near Tame. He offers to provide us with a "very good" guide. We are told that the usual way to go to Tame is by way of Cravo. Although much longer than the route used by Bolivar's army, it avoids the country of the savage "Yaruros" Indians who live on the upper Rio Ele and the Lipa. General Perez says his man Juan knows the route used by Bolivar and Santander, which we desire to take.

February 25th. The guide, a strong-looking Indian called Juan de Dios, came this morning and offered to go "by whatever route we please for whatever we choose to give him at the end of the journey." He seems like a lithe, able-bodied man and was promptly engaged to pilot us through the country of the "Indios bravos." He wanted a little money in advance in order to purchase a few "necessary articles," and in the evening turned up very drunk, as was to be expected. He uses the nicotine paste which I first saw at Acarigua.

Two oxen were brought this morning and offered for sale for twenty dollars and twenty-four dollars respectively. We took them on trial and had them tied by their noses in the back yard. In the afternoon two more were brought. We had them also put away pending the morrow.

The temperature today was slightly hotter than yesterday, the

thermometer going as high as 95° F. at one o'clock and falling again to 75° at night.

February 26th. Last night one of the larger oxen got loose and proceeded to gore the others. We had quite an exciting ox hunt in the moonlight until the wild one was captured. We bought three of the oxen this morning. The pack saddles used on the oxen are primitive affairs, a rectangular piece of rawhide bound by means of thongs to a large pad made of dry banana leaves. It may easily be imagined that such a saddle is somewhat difficult to secure to the rounded back of a large ox.

The big white ox took his load well. The red ox was packed and finally the small white ox, but the latter immediately proceeded to buck his load all to pieces, smashing a thermometer and a hickory ax helve. While he was being reloaded, the red ox got restless and proceeded to buck off his load. Then followed two hours of excitement and hard labour on the part of everybody, including several of the customs house officials. No end of advice was offered by the Prefect and his friends, but all to no purpose. The white ox would not allow himself to be loaded at all and the red ox threw off his load ten times. We finally decided that these oxen did not suit our purpose and gave up trying to start today. It is evidently a long time since Arauca has had so much excitement. We are praying for some tame oxen that are willing to work. The people here are too lazy to train their oxen. Ordinary cattle sell for five dollars a head, while oxen are worth from twenty dollars up.

Prices in Arauca are high. All imported articles are obliged to pay two duties. The Venezuelan Government collects its duties on all goods that pass Ciudad Bolivar on the Orinoco, and the Colombian Government collects its duties when the goods enter the port of Arauca. German beer is sixty cents a bottle, Bordeaux fifty cents a pint, old Chocolate Menier (with worms in it) was offered at one dollar and twenty cents a pound, but finally the store-keeper sold the only pound he had for sixty cents. Rope costs forty cents a pound and candles the same.

One sees almost no Colombian paper money here and very little Colombian silver. The common coin is Venezuelan silver, which is accepted at its face value. Prices here are quoted indiscriminately

in "gold," "silver," "Venezuelan," "Colombian" and "billetes." "Gold" and "Venezuelan" are synonymous, while "silver" is at a "discount" in the local parlance of 250 per cent and "Colombian" or "billetes" at a "discount" of 10,000 per cent. In other words, a saddle mule costs one hundred dollars in "Venezuelan" or "gold"; two hundred and fifty dollars in "silver" or ten thousand dollars in "billetes" or "Colombian." It is a fine thing to have a mule "worth ten thousand dollars"!

It is extremely difficult to get accurate information about the country even from the more intelligent classes. Their knowledge is very limited. They know how long it takes to get to the next town; sometimes they know the usual names of the common birds and animals, although it is more than likely that the name they give you is a purely local one. They almost never know whether an animal is edible, but only whether they have ever eaten any of its kind themselves. They differ among themselves as to whether iguanas and such things are ever eaten by anyone. They seem to be quite content with a very limited bill of fare.

One has to be extremely careful to verify their statements, as they are quite likely to contradict themselves without the slightest hesitation. It makes one extremely shy of believing what one is told. And yet much of the literature in regard to Venezuela and Colombia seems to be based on just such hearsay evidence. The great fact that does impress one is the general shiftlessness and carelessness of the common people. They seem to be contented with less than any civilized people that I have ever seen. Their food is wretched and infrequent, their houses are extremely dirty, they are constantly tormented by noxious insects, everything that they can buy is expensive, there is little evidence of a beneficent Government, titles to property seem to be insecure and yet with it all they rarely complain. They seem to be without ambition. Those in authority are as a rule rather haughty and proud, ill-mannered and disagreeable. Their good manners do not appear to be very deep-seated for they easily forget them. This was particularly noticeable in such a place as San Carlos, the capital of the state of Zamora.

The doctors of law and medicine, who have tasted the sweets of Caracas, are as a rule poor and out of a job. They are always polite,

but appear to be lazy and incompetent. Their clothes, bad imitations of European models, are not picturesque. The cattle owners are a relatively small class and appear to have no ruling characteristics. Some are generous, others are stingy. Some travel well dressed, while



BORDER VILLAGERS.

others, just as rich, go barefooted and eat with their fingers. Some are fond of travel and go frequently to Caracas or Valencia, while others appear contented to remain in ignorance of anything but the Llanos and the ranches. The one characteristic that they seem to have in common is their ability to keep busy and to keep others busy.

The Llanero, or cowboy, is rather wild, restless, and shiftless, not caring to work except on horseback. The peons seem to be much more valuable citizens. But it is very difficult to draw any distinct lines and there seem to be few definite types.

The women of the country are generally out of sight in the kitchen. They work slowly over little fires built between small stones on which rest the pots and pans. It takes them from three to four hours to get a primitive meal cooked. They are frequently dirty and ill-kempt and rarely show themselves. This, of course, does not apply to the town ladies, but only to the lower classes that one sees on the plains. The children are naked or scantily clad and most of them have enlarged spleens and other malarial symptoms. We have seen schools in nearly all the cities and towns through which we passed, but there do not appear to be any in the country.

Venezuela gives one an impression of rest, as though, wearied of the past, it was "waiting for something to turn up." Most of the intelligent men have told me that the country's greatest needs are immigration and capital, but it is difficult to see how either will come until property is more secure and the courts are above suspicion.

CHAPTER VI

ARAUCA TO LIMBO

February 27th. This morning, with the aid of the customs house scales, we weighed our loads carefully so that they would balance exactly and not be so likely to fall off. We discovered that we had tried to overload the oxen, which was the cause of most of our trouble, as an ox is not supposed to carry more than two hundred and twenty-five pounds and we had attempted to load them with about three hundred pounds each. More oxen were brought for our inspection and we finally bought a fine large white ox for thirty-two dollars.

It has been my custom to carry five or six gold ounces tied up in a stocking in my coat pocket, while the rest of our working capital was concealed in different parts of the luggage. When I opened my stocking this morning to pay a bill, I got the impression that there were not quite as many gold pieces in it as the last time I had handled it, and at the same moment saw Juan, our guide, peering through the door with a look on his face as though he wondered if I was going to miss anything or not. This put me on my guard, and I determined to balance accounts and see how much had been taken. A thorough examination of our hoard and a little bookkeeping demonstrated the fact that we had lost thirty-two dollars and eighty cents, or two gold ounces, in the course of the night. We at once took the matter up with the Prefect, a most obliging official. After the usual polite remarks, he took me aside and with some apologies said that he supposed he ought to have told me before that our guide was "a noted robber and was in fact facing a six months' term of imprisonment, as he had recently been caught stealing cattle." This was the reason Juan was so willing to go with us for "whatever we chose to pay him." He naturally preferred any kind of service in the open field to six months in jail. His patron, General Perez, was aware of

this, and it was owing to his efforts that Juan was allowed to have his jail term postponed. As there was no question about his being an excellent guide, and no one else was either able or willing to go the way we had chosen, it was not thought necessary to tell us that he was also a most experienced thief. We finally agreed that it was best to wait until we reached the other end of our journey, and in the meantime to be extremely careful of all our possessions. It will be interesting to see what he will try to steal.

The men from whom we had bought our four oxen agreed to help us pack and lead the oxen well out of town, so that we finally got off about half-past four this afternoon. We had a fine moon and travelled slowly until 11 P. M. when we reached a hospitable ranch where we put up for the night. The moonlight was so bright that we could read and write without difficulty. We saw several prairie fires resembling those seen in Venezuela.

It seems very strange to see oxen carrying heavy loads, but they do not appear to mind their two hundred and twenty-five pounds, in fact one of them is carrying two hundred and fifty pounds, and they march along at a steady gait of two miles an hour.

February 28th. Last night we saw lightning to the southwest. The daily breeze came up earlier than usual this morning, and was blowing very freshly by eight o'clock. The plains are sparsely dotted with groves. There do not appear to be any definite lines of trees indicating watercourses. Stock animals are much more plentiful here than in Venezuela. Today we saw more mares and colts than on our entire march from Valencia to Arauca. The savannas seem to swarm with cattle on this side of the border. One cannot help wondering whether the state of the Government has not something to do with it.

This noon we came to a small river meandering through the plain whose presence was not indicated in any way by shrubbery or trees; a most unusual occurrence and one that we have not seen before. It appears to have cut its channel in the plain so far below high-water mark that it never overflows its banks and consequently does no irrigation. Here we saw a herd of capybaras, or *chiguire*s, as they are called here. They are sometimes spoken of as giant rabbits, as they belong to that family although they are as large as sheep.

There were fifty or sixty of them together on the banks of this stream. They seemed to be quite tame.

About twelve o'clock we saw a very distinct mirage to the south. The temperature was 93° F. in the shade. During the afternoon we saw a number of showers to the southwest and felt a few drops of rain, but did not get wet until just before reaching Guaratarito ranch, when it began to pour and we had a hard thunder-shower. This is the first rain of the season here and the first we have had in nearly two months.



CAÑO GUARATARITO.

The *venados* that we passed this afternoon were very wild and ran away before coming within shooting distance. Apparently these deer are hunted much more than their brethren in Venezuela. Since leaving Barinas we have been able, while on the road, to shoot a deer nearly every day.

March 1st. Last night our best two oxen broke loose and disappeared. The guide went after them this morning. We suspect that he tied them carelessly on purpose, as he has no desire to go through the wilderness with us, his sole idea being to escape from the Arauca jail.

A small, fairly deep river, the Caño Guaratarito, meanders through

the plain near the ranch without giving much sign of its presence. The current is slow but carries considerable sediment. It looks like the streams we crossed yesterday but not like any seen in Venezuela. It is inhabited by a large number of capybaras and alligators.

This morning shortly after seven o'clock the cowboys and the owner of Guaratarito began to show signs of excitement, running hither and thither and rapidly saddling their horses; in the meantime casting anxious glances to the southward. At first I could see nothing, but with the glasses made out a small party of savages apparently very slightly clothed and bearing spears, bows and arrows. They came as far as the bank of the river, about two hundred yards from the house, where they waited until the owner of the ranch mounted his horse and rode out to meet them, accompanied by two of his men on horseback. Rice and I grabbed our cameras and ran out on foot, much against the wishes of Josh and Richard, who were sure we were about to be eaten alive. The master of the house shook hands with the chief of the party and patted him on the shoulder. The Yaruro did not seem to understand much Spanish, but they conversed by means of signs. There were four men, three women and a baby, and they had hammocks and twine which they desired to exchange for large dogs. I shook hands with the men but they did not look me in the face and turned away quickly. The chief had a pleasant expression and appeared to be friendly, but even he hardly ventured to raise his eyes from the ground. After some encouragement the Yaruros all came up near the ranch and allowed us to take their pictures. The youngest of



YARURO CHIEF.

the men soon became cross with us and started off alone. The woman with the baby was cheerful and fearless, although she covered the child's face with her hands when it cried. The other two women were vixens. As we were coming up from the stream to the ranch, Rice and I walked a little ahead, as the Indians seemed timid and unwilling to proceed. Getting an impression that all was not well I



A YARURO FAMILY.

turned around quickly and caught one of the women in the act of throwing a double handful of fresh cow-dung at us. She dropped it over her shoulder, as I looked at her, and appeared to think it a great joke. Had she thrown it we would have been placed in an awkward dilemma. To allow such an incident to pass unnoticed would betoken cowardice and encourage the Indians to attack us some night in the wilderness, while on the other hand to have chastised her on

the spot might have led to a brawl and a few broken heads. It was fortunate that I looked around when I did. Had I received the premonition a second later I should have looked just in time to receive the mess full in the face.

The sight of steel-shod arrows, short spears and long bows carried

by Indians clad only in breech cloths made us realize what kind of life lies between us and the next ranch, which is about one hundred miles away.

After purchasing three dogs, the Indians went off, four of them going back with their purchases, while the others went on in the direction of the next ranch. The dogs went quite peaceably at first, but when they found they were being actually carried away from home they put up quite a fight. It was astonishing to see how little the Indians appeared to mind the scratches that they received from



YARUROS TRADING AT GUARATARITO.

the struggling dogs. The animals were mongrels, larger than setters but smaller than mastiffs. Most of the dogs we have seen since we left Carabobo, where we bade adieu to Don Carlos and his pack of hounds, have been very much smaller than these. None have had the appearance of belonging to any one breed or of being thoroughbreds.

This morning I spent a long time in the bushes where the capybaras doze in the daytime. They are quite tame and I frequently got within eight or ten feet of one before it would give a snort and

run off. At a distance they look like small bears, having high hind quarters and a rolling gait, but near by they are more like enormous gophers or prairie dogs. The head is ugly and the snout square. They feed at night on grass and small herbage. In the daytime they appear to chew their cud, but as they do not belong to the cow family, it must be that they store away the hastily eaten grass in their cheek pouches. After sundown some of them came within fifty feet



CAPYBARAS AT CAÑO GUARATARITO.

of the ranch houses. Their hair is longer than that of a hog and more reddish, but they are sufficiently like swine so that sometimes they are spoken of as "water hogs." Their feet are webbed and they swim well. They frequently take running dives and swim under water for fifty or sixty feet with apparent ease. The alligators do not seem to trouble them and I have seen the two sleeping near each other. This little river fairly swarms with alligators. They are so tame that it is difficult to frighten them even by throwing sticks and stones at them.

March 2d. Guaratarito is a bad place in which to be detained. Food is very scarce. For breakfast we are given a thimbleful of coffee at 6 A. M. For lunch, which is "served" about half-past nine, we have the toughest boiled beef that it has ever been my lot to sample and a small allowance of fried green plantains. When we are nearly famished, dinner is announced at about 5.30. This bountiful meal consists of more green plantains and fried gristle. Truly, the worst fare we have met with yet. Were it possible to purchase anything before entering the wilderness, we would draw on our own rations, but as there is no telling how long it will take us to get across the swamps, marshes, and rivers of the Indian country, we hesitate to open our own supplies.

The people of the ranch are lazy but very peaceable and have surrounded themselves with a number of tame animals. A pretty buck with six prongs to his horns has the run of the place. A pink spoonbill hops about and watches me as I write. His favourite point of vantage is on a pile of mud near by, where he stands for hours on one leg engaged in deep meditation. A small egret makes himself at home on a pile of hides that are stacked up in one end of the open hut where we spend the hot hours of the day. The dogs sleep there at night and a few chickens share the roost in the daytime with the egret. In the old thatch overhead live scores of bats who come forth in the evening to make night hideous. We prefer to sleep under the stars.

Every morning a small boy arrives on a donkey bringing a bunch of green plantains, sugar-cane and other food from a neighbouring ranch. Most of this is consumed in secret by the owner of this ranch, who, unlike any other ranchman we have met, eats alone and does not allow his cowboys or guests to share his food. Yesterday he killed a calf and an hour later we had our only good meal so far. It consisted of fresh roast veal and cassava, the latter brought out of his private store. We each ate six ribs of the delicious hot veal, as we knew we should have nothing more that day and very little the next.

The pile of half-cured hides gives forth impossible odours at intervals, and from the rafters hang strips of jerked beef in various stages of ripeness. The presence of so many tame animals, if one may

include the pets in that category, is not conducive to comfort. The egret just now is rapping the hides with his foot to encourage the worms and beetles to come out and furnish him with a meal. A traveller stopped at the ranch for a short time today and offered to buy the egret, but its owner, the mistress of the house, not desiring to sell, asked two gold ounces, and the egret continues to search the hides for insects. In the evening the roseate spoonbill makes ridiculous, futile efforts to fly up into a small tree where he prefers to sleep. His wings have been clipped slightly so that he has to give up his attempts at flying and, after twenty or thirty vain efforts, resign himself to the disgrace of being obliged to walk up the inclined trunk of the tree, which he might much more easily have done in the first place.

Juan was away all day yesterday looking for the oxen, but failed to find them. He went off again early this morning accompanied by Josh. It begins to look as though he and a confederate had relieved us of our best oxen. This is the outpost of civilization, the last house before we enter the territory of the "Indios bravos"; a bad place in which to lose one's pack animals. We asked the owner of the ranch this morning what he would advise us to do and were amused by his reply that he had given the matter serious consideration, and was inclined to advise us to leave half of our outfit here and go on with what we were able to carry. This looks as if he might have had a hand in losing our cattle.

Last evening a famished looking individual who says his name is Angel and that he is a runaway soldier from Venezuela arrived here on foot. He is a baker by trade, was impressed into the army in some seaboard town, and detailed for service in Periquera. He found the service irksome and the food very bad, became insubordinate and was put in the guard-house a few days before we arrived. Hearing of our expedition he decided it was his best chance to escape. As it is usually comparatively easy to catch deserters in this country, where food is so hard to obtain, he found no difficulty in escaping from the guard-house. He made a long detour to avoid El Amparo, swam across the Arauca River and did his best to get on our trail. He begs us to take him along with us and offers to work his passage if we will give him food and protection from the Indians. He looks

like a rascal, but it will probably do us no harm to have an extra man while going through the wilderness.

We are addressed here by the title of "Moosieu," which we heard for the first time in Palmarito. It is said to be common in Venezuela, but we were not favoured with it. We have not once heard the term "gringo."

March 3d. Last evening Josh and Juan arrived with one of the lost oxen and news that the other is near Arauca. They have gone after it today.

We got so hungry this morning that I shot a capybara. Angel, the Venezuelan deserter, agreed to dress it and cook it, but this shamed our host into killing another calf and having it roasted. The *chiguire* was not cooked. Our host told us when we arrived that he had sold the ranch and was going to Arauca at once, but apparently this was simply an excuse to avoid the responsibility of entertaining us. He continues to give orders in a manner which shows that he still owns the premises. Last night one of our best halters and a long rope were stolen off one of the mules. We could find no trace of either today. It helps us to realize what kind of people we are among. We are beginning to wonder how long our pleasant sojourn in Guaratarito is going to last.

Two or three travellers arrived here this afternoon, one of them a lady riding a side saddle. A Venezuelan arrived on a very large ox with his peon on a diminutive donkey. They are on their way from Cravo to Arauca. We were reminded that it was Sunday by the fact that the cook went about with her hair down her back, as a mark of respect to the Sabbath. It seems to be the custom of the country. The hair is not braided but merely tied with a string near the head.

Water for cooking and drinking is drawn daily from the stream near the house. It is not very palatable as there are on the banks a number of corpses of cattle and horses that did not survive the dry season. This afternoon I ventured to take a bath on the edge of the stream and aroused the curiosity of the alligators. They fairly swarmed about me, keeping a respectful distance, none of them coming nearer than eight feet. When I finished I counted eighteen within a radius of twenty-five feet. It was difficult to tell whether

they were waiting for me to fall into the water or merely curious to see what I was doing. The *chiguire*s were not so curious. They have no fear of human beings, but the ranch dogs cause them to stampede at once. We noted several thunder-showers today to the southwest and northeast, but had no rain here.

March 4th. Last night we were on the alert to prevent anything else being stolen. Hearing strange noises near the animals in the middle of the night, we got up and made the rounds of the mules and oxen. We found nobody, but probably kept more ropes and animals from being taken. This morning two of the cowboys left for Arauca and had to content themselves with their proper business of taking animals to market. They took four horses, driving them in a curious manner. One cowboy led the way, his horse's tail securely fastened by a lasso to the neck of a wild steed, the latter's tail attached to the neck of a second, and so on until all four were joined in that ridiculous fashion. The other cowboy rode in the rear to keep the procession moving and prevent the tails from being entirely pulled out. It is a wonder the horses of the country have any posterior appendages left.

Our mules were shod last in Valencia. We had planned to have them reshod in Arauca, where there are two blacksmiths. But neither of these had any shoes or had ever shod an animal, as it is not customary to do so in the Llanos, where there are no stones.

This afternoon Josh and Juan arrived with the lost ox, which they found last evening a mile from Arauca. We shall sleep with one eye open to-night and hope to leave early tomorrow morning.

March 5th. We left our kind host of Guaratarito at half-past seven this morning and thanked him for his generous hospitality. He lacked the grace to congratulate us on having recovered our oxen and looked at the departing caravan with an envious eye.

We had told Josh before we left Arauca to provide food enough for two weeks, and at his suggestion bought forty cakes of *arepa* at that place. With the carelessness of his race he packed them away while still warm. When we opened the bundle at the ranch this morning, all were spoiled and in a state of decay. Josh said we had beans, rice, and coffee enough for a month, so we took his word for it

and pushed on into the wilderness, deciding to rely on our guns for the rest. I have a few pounds of julienne which will keep us from scurvy.

As soon as we were across the Caño Guaratarito, the guide at once bore off so far to the left that I feared he was heading for Cravo and avoiding the Indian country. He said the road which we desired to take had not been used for several years and he did not wish to go that way. He admitted that he was heading for Cravo. We finally persuaded him to take the direct route across the wilderness to El Limbo. Before long we passed a dried-up swamp where we saw the skeletons of small crabs that look like ordinary sand crabs, with a very fragile shell one inch in diameter.

At half-past eleven we crossed the Caño de la Bendicion, a heavily wooded stream, the first we have seen since leaving Arauca, and after passing through the woods on the farther bank, found ourselves in a great savanna entirely devoid of cattle. The grass had not been burned recently and in places was very long, almost up to our shoulders as we rode. At half-past one I crossed the river Lipa, after trying in vain for an hour to shoot some very wild deer. In the course of the afternoon I shot a fat doe which had been wounded by a Yaruro arrow that had failed to penetrate the right shoulder blade. The wound had healed nicely and the venison was excellent.

Shortly before reaching the Lipa we saw sixty storks together in a lagoon. They had white breasts, black tails, wings tipped with black, white necks and heads and a reddish spot around the eyes. The beaks were whitish, dark at the tip. The birds stood about three feet high.

About half-past four we saw three naked Indians a mile away, but they almost immediately disappeared. Half an hour later we reached the banks of the river Ele, one hundred and fifty feet wide and twelve or fifteen feet deep, with a good current, at this season. Its banks are heavily wooded and are at present fifteen to twenty feet above the muddy stream. It will cause us some trouble to cross with our loads unless we succeed in getting a canoe from the Indians. The men declare that we shall be troubled to-night by both Indians and "tigers" (jaguars), who will not attack us but will steal our

mules. Rice and I have agreed to divide the night's watch between us.

March 6th. We had an exciting night. It was uncomfortably cold, my three heavy blankets and four thin ones proving none too warm. A very heavy dew fell and our blankets were quite wet this morning. I was on watch from nine until one. About half-past eleven I was sitting in my folding camp-chair in the savanna a hundred feet away from the camp-fire, where I supposed I could not be seen. Just as the moon rose, I heard a large animal coming through the woods towards the camp. As it came closer I was tempted to shoot in the direction of the sound, but waited in hopes it might come a bit more into the open. I feared that it might be an Indian, who if only wounded would make trouble for us on the morrow. Just as the creature was on the point of coming out of the jungle into the open space in front of the camp, the moon came out from behind a cloud and shone brightly on my gun. The noise instantly stopped and a moment later the animal began stealthily to retreat into the jungle, so that I never had the satisfaction of knowing what it was. I think an Indian would have made less noise. The negroes were so frightened by the fact that they had seen wild Indians shortly before sunset that they could not sleep at all, but kept a good fire going until the moon rose. All got up early this morning and confronted the problem of ferrying the stuff across the river.

In the hopes that the Indians would come with a canoe, I fired three shots from my revolver and ten minutes later heard a faint shout from the northeast. A few minutes afterwards three or four nude figures appeared half a mile away on the horizon. I went out with Juan to meet them. We each had a revolver, but carried no guns in our hands. Waving our arms, beckoning and calling the Indians, we encouraged the foremost to approach and meet us in the middle of the savanna. He was covered by armed Indians in the bushes, as I could see with my glasses, but carried nothing himself. We were covered by our friends in the camp. The Indian was quite timid but finally approached and shook hands. We patted him on the back, and had no difficulty in making him understand that we were "buena gente," peaceable folk who wanted a canoe in which to cross the river. He understood a few words of Spanish. The chief

desired a "camisa" (shirt) and "pantalon" (trousers) in exchange for the use of his canoe. This was agreed upon and in a short time a small dug-out arrived and the work of ferrying the stuff and the animals began.

These Indians were Yaruros. In a short time several of them came into camp. One of them wore a cheap figured cotton handkerchief tied over his head and a cloth mantle over his shoulders, but the rest wore nothing but breech cloths. The first two or three Yaruros who came had to be led into camp by the hand, as they



VISITORS AT OUR CAMP ON THE ELE RIVER.

were afraid to approach without some exhibition of friendliness. They offered no objections to having their pictures taken. I do not suppose they knew what we were doing. Gradually the camp filled up with Indians, men and women, boys and babies, who filtered silently through the bushes until more than twenty stood around the camp-fire, talking together with their peculiar guttural grunts and watching our every movement. Most of those who came into camp carried no arms, but with the glasses we could see their friends armed and looking out for their safety. All the women had babies slung

in tiny hammocks over their shoulders. We tried to trade for one of these hammocks, but without success. One of the men carried a native hammock or chinchora, which Angel secured in trade for an old coat and a bowie-knife. I gave the Indians each a pin which aroused their curiosity and seemed to please them greatly. We all had breakfast together, Josh having lavishly cooked a large quantity of beans, rice, and venison. Half a dozen Indians, afraid to leave the bushes, peered out as best they could, dodging and disappearing noiselessly as soon as one of us looked in their direction.

The chief was very friendly, put his hand on my shoulder, patted me on the back, took off my pith helmet, put it on himself, ran his fingers through my hair, said "bonito," patted his heart saying, "contento," patted my heart, smiled, and asked for my cartridge belt and then for my gloves. The gauntlets excited the greatest admiration, as they had apparently seen nothing of that kind before. By making signs that all these things were part of my uniform as "captain," I managed to keep them without giving any offense. The chief's ears had been pierced, as had those of several of the men. One or two of them bore the marks of spear or arrow wounds.

The man with the cotton kerchief offered to trade it for my silk one, but this we declined. The old men had dull, stupid faces, but the boys had bright eyes and seemed to be quite intelligent. They partook greedily of our breakfast, and especially favoured the boiled venison. The women wore a rough garment of bark cloth around their waists, and stood together apart by themselves. We gave them food which they barely tasted and carefully wrapped up to take home for their husbands. None of them showed any inclination to finger anything unless it was offered for their examination. Most of them were timid, but even the bolder ones were not rude.

In the meantime, the men got the stuff across and the Yaruros filtered away into the bushes until I was left alone on the bank with only two Indians. The mysterious disappearance of the others made me a bit nervous although I was well armed. The canoe was very cranky and so narrow that one could not sit down in it. Josh had already capsized it once and been ducked, but I got safely across, guns and all, and we proceeded to dress up the Yaruro chief with an old tennis shirt and a pair of gray flannel trousers which made him

look very festive. He was greatly delighted with his altered appearance and soon made his excuses, saying he would meet us farther along and trade, but we never saw him again.

Humboldt says the Yaruros were formerly a powerful and numerous nation on the banks of the Orinoco. Codazzi, in his atlas of Venezuela, also places them on the Ele and the Lipa.

We left the Ele at half-past eleven, passed the jungle on the right bank and came again to very long grass through which we had great difficulty in forcing our way. We took turns in going ahead and making our mules jump up and down in order to beat a path through it. The country was very wild. We saw few animals; occasionally a heron or an ibis in a lagoon.

About four o'clock we came to a bad swamp flanking a lagoon in such a way that our only safe path lay through the lagoon for three hundred yards. Juan went ahead on foot and found the water came up to his waist. He cut a path through the rushes, and finally we all got safely across. Richard's mule, tired from his recent excursion after the stray oxen, becoming discouraged, lay down in the middle of the lagoon and disappeared entirely from view. Richard, up to his armpits in the swamp, had the presence of mind to hold the mule's nose out of the water and keep him from drowning. After a while we succeeded in getting him out, but unfortunately he had been carrying my saddle bags and their contents were not all intended to be submerged.

In the meantime we had a call from more Yaruros. One of them wore a brilliant head-dress decorated with scarlet ibis feathers. As he came prancing bravely over the plain with his waving plumes, he presented a striking spectacle. He willingly traded his ornament for a red silk handkerchief. Another Yaruro had an old hammock slung over his back from his forehead, which he traded for a small silver coin. From another I bought for a pin and an inch of red pencil, a small bunch of plantains which served for our supper. With the pencil he proceeded to paint his face and hands.

It was late by the time we got through the swamp, but we went on until darkness fell and Juan lost his way. After the most exciting twenty-four hours that we have had on our journey so far, we finally camped near a line of woods which marked a partly dry watercourse.

We saw three deer to-day, but they were very wild. Some of the dried-up swamps which we passed contained shells of snails and crabs.

March 7th. We had a heavy dew again last night and the cold was quite penetrating. By two o'clock today, the temperature had risen to 92° F. in the shade. We have seen few ducks, so that venison is our chief diet. The *venados* have been hunted so much by the Yaruros that they are extremely timid and it requires careful stalking to make sure of one. Ever since leaving Arauca we have had but two meals a day. A stick of "erbswurst" or a piece of



BETWEEN THE ELE AND THE CRAVO RIVERS.

chocolate enables one to get through the day's march without feeling faint. The oxen are provokingly slow but they cannot be hurried and are doing their work as well as could be expected. They make about fifteen miles a day. They do not eat maize but depend on what they can pick up at night when tethered and by the side of the trail in the daytime. We have a little maize for the mules, but cannot carry much.

The Llanos hereabouts differ from those over which we have passed in having a great number of large swamps which make travel very difficult even in the dry season. A detour, sometimes two or three miles in length, often has to be made in order to get around a

bad swamp not half a mile in width. It is easy to see from the condition of the land that the rainy season makes this country practically impassable, and yet it was through here in the worst of the rainy season that the British Legion and Bolivar's little army marched. One cannot help wondering what the veterans of Waterloo thought as they waded, swam, and floundered across these terrible swamps.

This morning we passed through a large jungle near a deserted Yaruro village. The guide said it was inhabited only in winter. The shelters, one could scarcely call them huts, were extremely primitive. A cane or pole was tied by vines between two trees that were conveniently near together. Large palm leaves of the kind commonly used for thatching roofs were rested against this pole at an angle of 45 degrees. Near each shelter was the remains of a camp-fire, the partly burned sticks of wood radiating like a many pointed star from the ashes. There are no stones in the vicinity. In all there were about twenty shelters, the largest being nine feet long and six feet high, while the smallest consisted of but three palm branches and the remains of a fire. There were no broken utensils anywhere about. The occupants of one hut had taken the trouble to build a small frame for a spit by means of two forked sticks. Juan said that the Yarusos came here to eat the dates of that variety of palm which is used all over Venezuela for thatching houses. Monkeys are also very fond of these dates.

The presence of so many swamps breaks up the horizon, so that one frequently sees small groves in addition to the long line of jungle that betokens the presence of a stream. Shortly after six this evening, we stopped at one of these smaller groves where we could get dry wood for our fire. Near by, Juan dug a hole in an apparently dry caño, and in a short time we had a small well yielding very good water.

March 8th. It took us three hours to get breakfast and break camp this morning. The negroes are proving more and more lazy and shiftless. Richard is supposed to have charge of my belongings, but he did not take the trouble yesterday or the day before to dry any of the things that got soaked in the saddle bags when his mule went down in the swamp. This morning I found the hammock in a dreadful state and the tool kit falling to pieces. Josh as cook is so

careless that the kitchen outfit is disappearing piece by piece. It is very difficult to make them feel that they have any responsibility whatsoever. The deserter Angel is also proving to be of less use every day, but there is some excuse for him as he is the only one that is not mounted. He is only shod with alpargats, the worst excuse for a shoe that I have ever seen. These sandals are made with a hole at the toe so as to admit thorns and insects, very soon fall to pieces and become of little use except to delay the wearer. For a while Angel was willing to drive one of the oxen, but today he preferred to march a mile or two in the rear of the caravan.

We have occasionally had Indian paths to follow, but this morning we had once more to break our way through the tall prairie grass, the guide getting his bearings by groves of trees across the savanna. The grass was frequently taller than our heads as we rode, and it was hard work beating a path for the oxen.

This noon we crossed the river Cravo. The banks at the point where we crossed, were covered with the fresh spoor of a jaguar. This is as near as we have gotten to any really dangerous wild animals. In the jungle of the Cravo we encountered several settlements of hornets that caused a temporary stampede among our animals. After passing the Cravo, the plains, wet enough before, become markedly more swampy. Almost the only fourfooted animals seen in the past three days are a few deer, single or in pairs, and very wild. This noon we had a fresh breeze from the northwest, the first westerly wind that we have experienced, and a sign of the approaching rainy season.

About sundown we camped near a water hole where the mosquitoes held high carnival. Rice said they woke him up every half hour, but by putting on my head-net and keeping my hands under the blankets, I managed to sleep. Many of the forest trees are now in bloom, the most conspicuous one, covered with yellow flowers, looking from a distance like a giant chrysanthemum. We have seen a few orchids.

March 9th. The guide says we are now a long day's journey from Limbo. Accordingly, we got an early start this morning. The country continues to have the same appearance, small groves of detached palms and other trees, an occasional oasis, very long grass

in the savannas, frequent depressions containing swamps more or less dry, no hills, rolling plains with slight undulations, and always a line of trees on the horizon. One gets no ocean-like expanse in this part of the Llanos. Although it is near the end of the dry season, everything is very green. We have seen few birds of any kind for the past four or five days. This morning the plains are like those in Venezuela near Guanare and Tocupido. There are parrots chattering and screaming in the trees or flying very fast in pairs. Macaws are also becoming frequent again, and we passed a tree full of large oriole nests like those in Tocupido.

While negotiating a wide swamp this morning where it was necessary to go three miles in order to advance half a mile, I saw two large horned screamers (*Palamedea cornuta*) perched on a tree top. Their cry sounds like a bull-frog's hoarse gulp. I saw one three days ago for the first time. These birds are larger than turkeys, have black bodies and tails, white breasts, black heads with a curious unicorn effect consisting of an erect feather-bone three inches long that curves forward from the middle of the head.

Although we prepared as well as we knew how against all sorts of venomous snakes, we have so far not seen a single snake of any description. This afternoon we saw a number of snake's eggs on the ground, white and slightly larger than a robin's egg, with a soft shell.

I wounded a buck, but he succeeded in hiding in the long grass and we looked for him in vain for an hour, finally giving up the hunt, the more willingly as I knew we had three legs of roast venison when we left camp this morning. But owing to the carelessness of Josh and Richard, they were lost during the day, so we had no meat for dinner.

About four o'clock the country grew more swampy and finally came to be almost entirely flooded. Juan looked worried and in a short time we were absolutely unable to proceed. We were only a league from Limbo. The river Totumito has become so swollen with the showers of the past few days that it is impossible to do anything but wait for it to subside. Accordingly, we went back and camped on the banks of a large lagoon near some snake holes and hoped that we might reach Limbo tomorrow.

March 10th. As a precautionary measure against the snakes last evening I lighted a fire in the grass a hundred yards to leeward of us, but it burned so fiercely and worked up to windward so fast that it threatened to burn us into the lagoon. We had to work until late to put it out.

Juan went off on an ox this morning to explore, and returned with the cheering information that the rivers are so swollen that it is impossible to pass them except by swimming. The banks of the streams are under water and there is from four to six feet of water in the jungle, so that the problem of getting our stuff across is a serious one. Between us and Limbo, to the south and west of our camp, is a stretch of two miles of drowned land crossed by three streams varying in depth from four to ten feet. To the north lagoons and swamps stretch away interminably. The only direction in which it seems possible to proceed is eastwards, whence we came. We must wait for the flood to subside before we can ford the streams. Juan offered to take one of the men, swim the stream and walk to Limbo for a canoe. This seemed to be the best plan and Angel was deputed to go with him and return with aid as soon as possible.

To make matters worse, our provisions have mysteriously given out. Josh bought in Arauca "coffee enough for a month," but it lasted only three days. We have trusted him too implicitly, not realizing how rapidly he was wasting the supplies. Our sugar, rice, and beans are all used up. In fact nearly everything is gone except julienne, salt, and a few packages of dried soup. All the venison was lost yesterday. The floods here and the fires which the guide has been starting from time to time have scared away all the game. There are a number of ducks flying overhead, but the overflowing of the river seems to have disturbed them so that they have lost track of their feeding grounds and do not light anywhere. After wading in the swamp up to my waist for an hour I succeeded in shooting two ducks, the only ones that had the kindness to come within range.

Towards noon Richard and I started off to see what could be shot for dinner. After wading about two miles, I finally shot two horned screamers. They were standing in a swamp with a dozen others of their kind. The largest bird measured six feet eight inches from tip to tip of wing and had double spurs on each wing. No one

knew whether they were good to eat but we took the risk and found the meat coarse and very strong. It used up nearly all of our salt. This evening we expected Juan to return, but he failed to appear.

March 11th. This was one of the hardest days we have had yet. Breakfast consisted of warmed-over horned screamers and julienne, neither of which we could eat. About noon Juan and Angel returned from Limbo with word that there was no canoe to be had and that the old trail is impassable, but that by working hard they could make a new trail so that we may get to Limbo this afternoon. We sent Josh with them to hurry them up and assist in the labour of cutting a path through the jungle and making a raft to take the loads across the swollen rivers. On the strength of being promised the oranges, milk, and cheese of "Limbo" in the afternoon, we divided our last piece of chocolate between us and rested in our hammocks as patiently as we could.

The water-fowl, egrets, gray herons, scarlet and white ibis, are extremely wild and fly rapidly in flocks far over our heads. The sun was frightfully hot during the day and there are no shade trees on any of the dry land. The food supply is getting to be a very serious problem, as the horned screamers have not proved digestible and the julienne makes us sick. Our greatest comfort is a breeze which blows gently and almost continuously from the northeast or northwest and keeps away the little flies and mosquitoes, which would otherwise make life unbearable.

About four o'clock it began to look as though no one would return, so it became necessary to secure some fresh meat if possible. Not a duck was to be seen; the ibis flew very high overhead; macaws chattered in a grove half a mile away, but I lacked the strength to swim the lagoon and wade the swamps that lay between, so they had to be given up. A large jabiru stood solemnly in a swamp until I got within a hundred yards of him, then flew slowly off. Two chattering lapwings the size of quails (*Belonopterus cayennensis*) came within gunshot and, although scarcely worth the powder, they provided a couple of mouthfuls for supper. Finally I saw a large gray heron wading in a lagoon, and by crawling painfully along over burned stubble for a hundred yards, succeeded in getting within gunshot of him. He made a poor dish as the meat was very strong. We

used up the last of the salt this evening cooking our three strange birds; filled up on dried white bean soup and went to sleep to dream of having appetizing food set before us. Herons and horned screamers are all very well in their place, and so is julienne and dried soup, but they do not give one much strength. No one returned from Limbo. We learned afterwards that Josh reached the town soon after noon, and spent the rest of the day eating and sleeping while we were almost starving.

The river has fallen nearly a foot.

March 12th. Last night was cool and I had a slight chill, but fortunately there was some whiskey left. For breakfast we had more bean soup. The salt is all gone.

It is an effort to walk thirty feet. We were quite played out this morning and too weak to undertake stalking in the swamps for game. It seemed as though all I could do was to doze in the hammock which was hung between two partly dead trees.

About noon Josh appeared with a boy from Limbo bringing milk, oranges, strips of roasted jerked-beef, and fried plantains. Never did food taste so good, and never was it more welcome. We rested a bit after eating; then Juan returned, the oxen were loaded and we began the worst twelve hours of our entire march. The river had by this time fallen a couple of feet and Juan had succeeded in finding a feasible means of getting us to Limbo.

Juan, the boy from Limbo, Josh and Richard each took charge of an ox and attempted to follow an imaginary trail over the drowned land. Josh had charge of the Calico ox, carrying the gun case, a brown bag with all my clothes, and the tool bag. Before he had gone a quarter of a mile, the girths slipped and the load fell into the swamp. Josh called loudly for aid, but Richard was so angry at him for loafing all day yesterday at Limbo and letting us starve, that he refused to help him. Acting as rear guard, I came to his assistance. The load had completely disappeared under the ox, who was standing in two feet of water. Josh righted it with a mighty shove, pushing the ox over on top of me and ducking me in the swamp. My rifle disappeared and could not be found for some time. The ox was finally reloaded and went nearly thirty feet before his load fell off again. In the meantime Richard had had to return to our late camp for a

forgotten water bottle, and came along just in season to assist with the second reloading. By the time this was accomplished, Juan and the boy, who knew the trail, had completely disappeared from view. After considerable difficulty we forded a little stream, twenty feet wide and four feet deep, and at length found the guide and the boy standing in two feet of water in the jungle, near the Caño Guata, a rapidly flowing stream forty feet wide and eight feet deep. The animals floundered about, rearing and plunging in the mire, trying in vain to find some safe spot on which to stand.

At this point in the caño a tree trunk had been thrown across the stream to serve as a foot bridge. It was now from three to five feet under water. Juan stretched a rawhide lasso across the stream just above the submerged tree trunk and it was his plan to carry the loads across on his head and shoulders, wading on the slippery sunken log, and hanging on to the lasso with one hand. We had hardly arrived when the boy from the ranch, who was testing the bridge, shouted out that he was attacked by an alligator. His cries were pitiful, but he scrambled out on the farther bank, and it was then seen that he had been bitten by a *caribe* or cannibal fish, which had taken a piece of flesh as big as a dollar from the calf of his leg. The poor boy was much frightened and stood whimpering and shivering on the opposite bank, his leg bleeding profusely.

To make matters worse the water was extremely muddy, so that we could not see either *caribes* or alligators, if there were any. But we had read enough of the *caribes* to know that there was now considerable danger in crossing the stream. Humboldt says: "they swim at the bottom of rivers, but if a few drops of blood be shed on the water, they rise by thousands to the surface so that if a person be only slightly bitten it is difficult for him to get out of the water without receiving a severer wound." The largest are only five inches long, but have very large retractile mouths and very sharp triangular teeth. No other fish has such a thirst for blood.

I could not but admire Rice's courage in stripping completely and crossing the stream three or four times until he had carried over the watches, barometers, and compasses. Thus encouraged, the men crossed and recrossed, carrying the small bundles. Six of our pieces were too heavy for this unsafe method, as the force of the stream

was so great where the tree trunk was four feet under water that one was in great danger of losing his balance and falling into the stream. We then suspended a rope across the stream from the branches of the forest trees and with a crotched stick rigged a rude trolley. On the left bank Juan and Josh, aided by poor Richard, who had not been as well fed as they for the past two days, fastened the heavy loads to our primitive trolley. The embarking stage, if so I may call it, consisted of the almost perpendicular trunks of two small trees. Bracing himself between these trees, Juan tied the bundles one by



THE PHOTOGRAPH PLATES CROSSING THE CAÑO GUATA.

one to the cross piece, while Josh stood in four feet of water and held the loads on his head until they were made fast to the trolley. On the right bank Rice and I, aided by the boy with the bleeding leg, pulled the loads across and deposited them in the mud. Several were partially submerged in mid-stream, but we managed to avoid wetting the photographic plates. After the loads were safely over, we proceeded to make the cattle swim the stream. After our biggest ox, "the great white yak," had safely swum across, he decided that he preferred the other bank, turned, and caused a small stampede.

We finished this task about dusk; but the stuff still had to be carried a hundred and fifty yards on the men's backs through the miry, flooded jungle to a dry spot where the animals would stand to be loaded. They plunged about in a frightful manner whenever they found themselves sinking in the mud. It was an hour after dark before we got fairly started.

Hardly had we gone half a mile when we came to the rushing waters of the river Totumito. Fortunately the river was not much more than three feet deep. All got safely across in the darkness except "Calico," whose load again turned turtle in the middle of the stream. The fresh river water served to wash out the stagnant swamp water which had soaked into the load earlier in the day. After a struggle lasting twenty minutes the load was righted and we went on, Juan frequently losing his way and the wet loads repeatedly slipping and turning.

Although the distance to El Limbo from the Totumito was less than three miles, it took us nearly six hours. The negroes were helpless; the guide, furiously angry at their incapacity, shivered with cold. The boy from the ranch went home alone to get his leg attended to. Josh and Richard showed up in sad colours. While under our eyes crossing the rivers, they worked fairly well, but in the darkness they gave out completely, refused to budge for an hour at a time, and took a most terrible word thrashing from Rice, who spared no known language to get them to move.

It was my job to keep the guide from going too far ahead and leaving the caravan stranded for the night on the savanna. If I had not had some whiskey in my saddle flask, it would have taken brute force to prevent poor shivering Juan from disappearing into the darkness and going to Limbo as fast as his legs could carry him. We greatly missed Rafael, our good Venezuelan peon. He was a fine type, faithful, hard-working, and thoroughly capable of carrying out his instructions. We finally reached the hospitable ranch about one o'clock at night and sat down to a magnificent feast of beef, plantains, milk, rice, and coffee.

It had taken us nearly thirteen hours to make a total distance of three miles and a half.

March 13th. We have really found a haven of refuge, and yet

such is the reputation of this place and so far out of the world is it considered to be that its name of "The Limbo" is supposed to be most appropriate. Everything depends on one's point of view.

This ranch belonged for twenty years to General Vargas, who hid here in a huge wooden trough when the Government soldiers came to arrest him. General Perez bought it a few months ago, and sent his majordomo to get it ready for him. The steward has done a good job and has already gotten together a score of milch cows which are milked every morning. We were awakened at daylight by the bleating of calves, and a few minutes later great gourds of foaming milk were brought to our hammocks. Breakfast followed shortly after, and we fairly stuffed.

The majordomo is not strong in the legs, but has an active mind. He sits all day in his hammock and a good part of the time is on the watch to provide for our needs. He presides over our meals from a respectful distance, and orders the men to keep filling up our dishes until we have to cry enough in a thoroughly convincing tone. He directed that our mules should be allowed to roam freely over the ranch in order that they might get well fed and rested. The oxen he would not trust so implicitly, and gave orders that they should be tied each day where there was good fodder.

We have not had it unpleasantly warm here, and the temperature has varied less than at any other point, being about 75° in the early morning and not going over 86° during the day.

We unpacked all our stuff today and dried it in the sun. Bundles that were not intended to be opened until we reached Bogotá had been completely drenched in the swamps and rivers. Everything was as wet as water could make it. A few coloured cravats sufficed to stain a whole bag of clothes.

The only rations we had left, a few packages of julienne and white bean soup, were presented to the majordomo, who little dreamed how sick we were of the very sight of them. Josh and Richard spent the entire day huddled under blankets in their hammocks, presenting a sorry spectacle. Juan busied himself waiting on us and helping us in every possible manner. Angel has entered the service of the majordomo, and proposes to stay here and fatten up. Rice dressed the wound of the fish-bitten boy, diagnosed a case of pleurisy in a

cowboy and a case of *myalitis* in the majordomo. We plan to stay here until we regain our strength. Fortunately we seem to be very welcome, and are urged by the majordomo to make ourselves at home and ask for anything we need that is not provided.

March 14th. The sky was completely overcast yesterday and again this morning, and the breeze came more from the northwest than the northeast. The wet season is evidently upon us. The majordomo says it has rained twice this month for an hour at a time, but they have had no other rain in the three months they have been here.



RANCH HOUSE AT EL LIMBO.

The steward is very energetic and has worked wonders during his short stay. Besides keeping his men busy he is training a small boy to look after a flock of goats and drive the pigs, chickens, and ducks out of the house. The apartments in the long ranch house are separated by open bamboo screens, very rough, but sufficient to keep out animals. It is most fortunate for us in our famished condition that the hospitality of Limbo is not like that of Guaratarito, where we were half starved. It is perfectly astonishing how much food we are

able to consume. Rice and I ate enough to-day for a family of eight people. When not eating we spend most of the time sleeping.

There are three sad-looking cowboys here. They are more or less in rags and are the most unhealthy lot we have yet seen. One of them rode to Tame today and expects to return tomorrow. He has agreed to purchase some supplies for us, as we have decided to turn south from this point.

March 15th. A fat pig was killed this morning and we had a wonderful luncheon, consisting of garlic broth, roast pig, fried pig, boiled pigs' feet, boiled plantains, fried plantains, rice, hot milk, and coffee. As usual, we fell asleep immediately after eating and were lost to the world for two or three hours. We are now planning to start tomorrow and hope to reach Bogotá in a month. We were due there today.

About sunset the Llanero returned from Tame, bringing provisions for our caravan. He was able to buy for us coffee, rice, cassava, *garbanzos* (a kind of dried pea), stale buns and *panela* (crude sugar). Although we bought only enough to enable us to provide for an emergency of a fortnight, our bill was \$2.44. We were relieved, however, to learn that this calculation was made in Colombian paper money, which we have so far been unable to obtain. We paid the bill with three dollars in Venezuelan subsidiary silver. The alcalde of Tame sends word that he has received orders from President Reyes to accord us every facility for continuing our journey. We have decided not to go to Tame, for we are led to believe that the soldiers of the liberating army did not go through that town, but went directly from here to the town of Casanare (Puerto San Salvador).

One of the pleasant features of our entertainment here is a basket of delicious oranges in the middle of the morning. Altogether we have received more elaborate hospitality than anywhere else on our journey, with the exception of La Calzada and Boca Suripá. It may be merely a coincidence that the former is owned by a Colombian and the latter by a gentleman who lived in Colombia for fourteen years. One is almost tempted to lay down the rule that Colombians are more liberally hospitable than Venezuelans, except for the fact that the owner of Guaratarito is a Colombian and the course of semi-starvation to which he treated us is still fresh in our minds.

March 16th. We were awakened this morning by a considerable commotion caused by Josh, who declared that during the night his best pantaloons had been stolen from his clothes bag. It hardly seemed likely, and both Rice and I thought that he had lost them in some other way, as he is extremely careless. He refused to be comforted by any such suggestion, and made such a rumpus that the majordomo decided to quiet him by holding an impromptu court of justice. The ranch has but one chair. This and my camp chair were placed in the middle of the ranch yard away from the shelter of the buildings, and Rice and I were requested to sit there and witness the proceedings. A poncho was spread on the ground before us, and all the employees of the ranch were ordered to bring their clothes and whatever worldly goods they possessed and deposit them on the poncho for examination. Angel and Juan were included in this order.

We tried to laugh the matter off and protest against such an inquisitorial process, but all to no purpose. The majordomo was positive that the trousers had not been stolen and was anxious to clear his house of any such imputation. I shall not soon forget the scene; the ragged cowboys gathered around the pile of garments on the ground, the negroes watching each roll narrowly as it was opened, and the emaciated deserter Angel, in fear and terror lest somehow the guilt should be fastened on him. Josh had openly accused Angel of the theft, not daring to accuse Juan, who was a strong man and a fighter, and who would probably have knocked him down.

One by one the rolls of clothing were untied and the few articles of apparel which each possessed were laid out for exhibition. Angel was the most eager to have his opened, but no one was more pleased than Juan when his roll was opened and Josh declared that the trousers were not there. The last bundle to be opened was covered with a white kerchief and belonged to the head cowboy, the husband of the cook. He is the most trusted person on the ranch, next to the majordomo, and was the one who had been to Tame for our provisions. Imagine our surprise when this roll was opened and Josh, with an exclamation of delight, seized upon his lost blue serge trousers. No one was more astonished than the innocent cowboy, who most emphatically denied all knowledge of their being in his possession. He

shouted to his wife, who was peering out from the kitchen door, to know how these pantaloons came to be with his clothes, and she replied frankly that Juan had given them to her that morning "to keep for him." It was then remembered that that worthy pilferer had changed the position of his hammock last night and hung it as close as possible to the spot where Josh's clothes bag lay.

Nothing further was needed to fasten the guilt on to our guide, and we looked to see how he was going to take it, but in the meantime he had left the little circle of the court and was quietly going about his business, attending to the saddling of the oxen as though nothing had happened. As we needed him for several days more, it was deemed best to say nothing more about it, although Josh clamoured for justice. The poor majordomo was greatly disturbed that such a thing could have happened under his roof, but the others were naturally much relieved. It was almost pathetic to see Angel jump with joy when the trousers were found and the guilt finally attached to some one else.

In the course of the morning Rice told me that while we were camping in the swamps, waiting for the Caño Guata to subside, he had discovered a serious loss. We spent one day going through our entire outfit while all the men were away except Richard, and he was asleep. Purely as a matter of form Rice had opened a package that he carried in his breast pocket and which had not been separated from him during the entire journey, as he always slept with his coat hanging within a few inches of his head. In this package he had carried a gold chain, a family heirloom, which had for a charm an American gold eagle. The chain, wrapped in a bit of chamois, was placed in a leather case which closed with a loud snap. The case was wrapped in a covering of oil skin, fastened securely, and the whole thing tied up in a silk handkerchief. There were altogether four or five fastenings and wrappings to be undone. Some night while Rice was sound asleep a thief had taken the bundle to pieces, removed the chain and charm, and tied the whole thing up again exactly as before so that Rice had no idea anything had been stolen until the day we overhauled the luggage.

Although we felt morally sure that Juan-of-the-clever-fingers was the guilty party, we thought it advisable to wait until we should reach

Pore, the end of his line of march, before saying anything about it. It gives one a curious feeling to go to sleep in the company of a man who is apparently able to steal anything he likes in the course of the night without waking you. It seems to be his principle not to take things that are likely to be missed. He could have stolen our gold watches at any time, but has not touched them.

NOTE. — The only account that I have been able to find of the trail between Arauca and El Limbo and the Llanos of Casanare is that by Jorge Brisson in a book entitled "Casanare," published in Bogotá in 1896. Brisson was a civil engineer in the service of the Colombian Government, and spent six or seven months in this province in 1894. He kept an interesting diary of his itinerary and gives the distance from Arauca to El Limbo as $33\frac{1}{2}$ leagues (110 miles). He speaks of the depredations of the Indians. These have increased since his day so that the direct route from Arauca to El Limbo has been practically abandoned for the longer and safer road by way of Cravo.

CHAPTER VII

EL LIMBO TO PORE

March 16th (con.). We left El Limbo shortly before one o'clock. The sky was partly overcast and a light breeze was blowing from the northwest. Today we saw twenty deer, more than in any one day during our entire journey. They were extremely wild, and ran when we were more than half a mile away from them and could hardly see them without the glasses. It was impossible to get within rifle shot without taking more trouble than it was worth.

We soon began to see the foot-hills of the eastern cordillera of Colombia. For nearly six weeks we have been on the plains out of sight of the mountains. It gave one a thrill of pleasure to see a hill, even five hundred feet high, in the distance, and it seemed as though it must be a mirage.

About three o'clock we crossed the river San Ignacio, which has a good sandy bottom, but such very steep banks that we had some difficulty in getting the loaded animals down and up again. The water was not over four feet deep and the current not strong. Then we entered the most magnificent savanna that we have seen. It was about five miles across, almost perfectly flat, covered with bunch grass and little mounds of earth. From here we got our first glimpse of the peaks of the Andes over the tops of the foot-hills. As was to be expected, the country here looks very much like that near Barinas, and it bears the same relation to the mountains and the plains. There are more scattered clumps of palms and more evidences of frequent rains. There is certainly much vegetation that cannot be accounted for by the overflowing of the rivers.

Owing to the "court" this morning we made a late start from El Limbo and did not reach Casanare, or Puerto San Salvador as it is now called, until after dark. Our reception was anything but cordial. Juan took us to a building which he said was the *posada*, but

the people who lived there declared that they had no room for us nor any food and that none could be obtained anywhere. We replied that we had had nothing to eat for twelve hours, had been in the saddle for over nine hours, and proposed to spend the night right here. This did not seem to interest them. Finally we had to take matters into our own hands, open the gate, ride into the yard, dismount and proceed to take possession of the house. To this they made no objection and before long most politely served us with beef, plantains, eggs, and coffee. We could not make out the reason for our inhospitable reception. It may have been that we carried arms, or because we arrived so long after dark, or because the character of our guide is so well known. Whatever the reason, we were most unwelcome.



THE LLANOS OF THE CASANARE.

March 17th. I went to rest last night more convinced than ever that I must sleep with one eye open, and during the night my precaution was rewarded. About 2 A.M. a slight noise among our clothes bags woke me. I got up, as quietly as possible, and struck a light suddenly, which revealed Juan prowling about. He said he was thirsty and was after a drink of water. Our bags are all locked, but we cannot sleep with the keys in our hands and he is perfectly capable of taking the keys from our coat pockets and returning them without waking us. However, as he now knows that we are on our guard, I hope he will endeavour to restrain his kleptomania.

The village of Puerto San Salvador is on the left bank of the

Casanare River, here about six hundred and fifty feet wide with a deep, rapid current. During the Wars of Emancipation, the Colombian patriots found it at times their only refuge. For a considerable period it was the headquarters of General Santander. At present the village has only twenty houses lying on four sides of an open field,



ON THE PLAZA OF CASANARE.

called by courtesy the Plaza. Most of the houses have thatched roofs and thatched or split bamboo sides, but one or two have adobe walls. There is one shop which is now closed. There are a few cocoanut trees. The jungle surrounds the village very closely.

The chief importance of the port is as a coffee depot. Bags of coffee are brought from Tamara, Ten, and the various plantations on the eastern slopes of the Andes, and shipped in bungoes from here *via* the Meta and the Orinoco down to Ciudad Bolivar. The canoes are small and have higher bows and sterns than those on the Arauca and Apure rivers.

The *posada* is practically a coffee warehouse, if one may give so dignified a name to a small adobe building with a thatched roof. The construction of the roofs seems to be the same here as in Vene-

zuela. The beams are not nailed but tied together with vines which have first been soaked in the river for a few days. Palm branches are laid on the cross pieces as close together as possible, woven together and their ribs tied.

Here, as elsewhere, the people are very anxious to have their pictures taken. To snap the camera at a group gives the greatest pleasure to all concerned. They laugh and crow like children and say to each other that they are now going to New York in the photograph. It is sometimes necessary to save plates and films by not exposing them for each group or individual that desires to be taken, but the process of keeping the crowd amused is just as simple whether one exposes the plate or not, provided you go through the motion of taking the picture.



PUERTO SAN SALVADOR FROM ACROSS THE CASANARE RIVER.

Our goods were ferried across the river in a canoe by a Zambo and his boy who live in a hut on the right bank. He charged us one hundred dollars for carrying the cargoes and passengers and towing the mules across. Our host of the *posada* only asked one dollar for the entire entertainment of our party, and yet both wanted the same

blackbirds, first seen at Carabobo, do not seem to frequent the lower plains, but are again becoming common. Today I saw a tiny humming-bird about the size of a large bumblebee. Cattle are seen in larger numbers from hour to hour, but we saw no deer after crossing the Casanare. Lizards began to appear again today, the first we have seen since leaving Barinas. They do not seem to be common on the lower plains. It looks as though the edge of the Llanos, the region between the hills and the plains, had a flora and fauna of its own. The plains seem to end abruptly at the foot-hills, but in reality there is a gradual rise from the level Llanos to the edge of the hills.

The breeze this morning was from the northwest. At noon we saw showers to the southwest. The people say the heavy rains are about to begin.

This afternoon we observed the first pebbles since leaving Barinas. So long have we been away from stones of any size that they looked like curiosities at first, but we soon began to cross streams with rocky beds like those near Guanare. We are approaching the hills.

Today we saw the first travellers that we have met in several weeks. In the hope of shooting a little game, either a deer or a macaw, I was riding well ahead of the caravan when I met three men and a boy mounted on mules and horses. They were quite alarmed by the two guns that I was carrying, and stopped behind a clump of trees to arrange their knives and revolvers before venturing to ride by. It made me feel like a brigand.

About five o'clock the village of Corozal appeared in the distance, and we soon drew up in front of its *posada*. The innkeeper came out to the gate and refused us admission. He said he had neither room nor food for us, and that there was no food to be had in the village. One or two villagers gathered around and we inquired for the *alcalde*. They said that there was no *alcalde* in this village, but that he lived a day's journey from here in Chire. (We found out afterwards that we were actually addressing that official at the time, and that he had received orders from the Governor to attend to our entertainment, but for some reason or other desired to shirk his responsibility.) Again arguments seemed to be of no avail and we were obliged to order the innkeeper to take down his bars and pro-

vide us with necessities. As was to be expected, we found plenty of good food and an abundance of room, but we could not help wondering what caused a repetition of our unwelcome reception of yesterday.

There seems to be no shop here. Two Colombian cloth merchants are spending a few days at the inn and have a room where their goods are displayed. They come from the vicinity of Cucuta and have quite a supply of cotton cloth made in eastern Massachusetts. They carry little besides cloth, needles, and thread. I bought a spool of thread this morning for which the charge was twelve dollars. Having no bills I offered in payment a Colombian nickel coin dated 1897 and having a face value of twenty centavos. Although it is an attractive coin and apparently genuine, the merchants refused to receive it and said it was worth nothing. I protested that it was Colombian money, but all to no purpose. They would not even allow that it was worth as much as a paper dollar, which has the value of \$.0098 gold. So I paid for my thread with two Venezuelan silver coins worth \$.10. They were not familiar with such small Venezuelan currency, but were willing to accept the *real* as they know that Venezuelan silver is at a par with gold.

Near the *posada* is a stone wall enclosing a paddock. It is about four feet high, built with great care, of nicely matched pebbles each about as large as a football, the first that we have seen since leaving Caracas.

March 18th. The grass is all dried up and the beasts are having a hard time trying to pick up anything to eat. This morning came "the first rain of the season" here, gentle showers from six until nine. We left Corozal about half-past nine. The innkeeper, a tall, thin man with an "adenoid" face and a very prying disposition, asked us four dollars for our entertainment, but accepted two as a compromise.

The plains stretched away to the left as far as the eye could see, and the hills were fairly close on our right. The soil seems to be poor and barren, but the foot-hills are fairly green. A second range of hills, twice as high as the first, has the same general north and south direction.

At noon we passed "El Sanjon," a heavily wooded ravine thirty

feet deep with very precipitous sides. The trail enters it by a deep cut four feet wide. We are told that here the patriots and the Spaniards under Barreiro had a bloody skirmish in 1818. A small force could easily prevent a large one from crossing the ravine for some time. A dome-shaped hill, six hundred feet high, rises abruptly from the plain southwest of the ravine.



EL SANJON.

Passing travellers and houses become more frequent. In fact there is nearly always a ranch in sight as we ride along. The travellers are more often on foot than on horseback, and many of them carry burdens on their backs suspended by a strap from their foreheads in the usual Indian fashion.

About half-past two we reached Chire, a wretched little village. Had the oxen not been very tired we should have tried to push on. Juan says we can easily reach Moreno tomorrow. There are eight or ten houses on each side of the narrow street of the village where cows are pastured for the night. The dwellings are the most poverty-stricken thatched huts that we have seen. We saw some fine plantains hanging up in a house that we passed, and asked the price.

"The small ones are six for a dollar and the large ones are one dollar each." We took "five dollars'" worth!

A little to the east of the main street lies the plaza, an open field covered with grass and weeds. On its west side is a deserted hut, on its north side a few shrubs, on the east a little grass hut, and on the south a new hut with adobe walls. To this last we were conducted and the larger of its two rooms was put at our disposal. Here the loads were dumped and our hammocks were to have been slung, but the room had a queer odour. We noticed in the room some candlesticks and what looked like a bier. As there seemed to be no church in the village, we thought this might be a chapel until we were told that there had been a wake here the night before. It seems that the owner died of smallpox, and his daughter is dying with the same disease in the next room. We preferred to sleep out of doors. Five or six deaths have occurred here recently from smallpox.

Crawling around the yard is a little girl two years old with a twisted spine and an infectious disease on the soles of her feet. She is absolutely neglected except so far as punishment is concerned. Soon after our arrival she crawled into the kitchen and was driven out by her unnatural mother with a good-sized leather thong, laid on without mercy. The other children are in rags, but this poor infant is naked and disowned, not desired to live. Our hostess is ill and unable to provide us with food, but fortunately there is a *pulperia* in the village where a fat, good-natured Indian woman serves us hot potato soup with wooden spoons.

March 19th. A few drops of rain fell last night, but not enough to drive us indoors. In fact it would have taken a fairly hard rain to have made us sleep in the house. Our one desire this morning was to get off as early as possible, but during the night we lost our mules and by seven o'clock only two had been seen and these could not be caught, as all the ropes were broken. It took considerable philosophy to wait patiently until the missing mules could be found and saddled. For a time it looked as though we were destined to stay in the smallpox village for several days. The missing mules were found about eleven o'clock.

Soon after leaving the village we crossed the river Chire, a rapid stream of fine, clear water, flowing over a rocky bed. About noon I

saw a mirage to the east that appeared to give an inverted image, not very distinctly but still sufficiently marked to be noted as different from any seen before. The usual form of mirage on the plains has been a raising of the trees from the ground so as to make it appear as though there was a pond or lake between the observer and the horizon.

We saw several bushes of lantana but all of the thornless variety. The plants were quite small, not over two feet high, and widely scattered. Lantana does not flourish here as it does in the Hawaiian Islands.



WESTWARD FROM CHIRE.

The foot-hills we passed, although rising abruptly from the plain and attaining a height of five to six hundred feet, seemed to be composed almost entirely of pebbles and small well-rounded boulders partly covered with a little soil and some grass. One isolated hill lay on the left of the road between us and the plains. They are not dissected by erosion to any extent. The angle of the slope is just about as great as round stones will stand, yet there are very few boulders on the plains that appear to have rolled down from the hills. The largest pebble or boulder that we saw was not over three feet in its greatest diameter. So far as we can judge the second range of foot-

hills appears to be of entirely different construction and bears marks of being considerably eroded, but we could not see of what it was composed. The banks of the streams which we crossed show pebbles lying in layers under two feet of soil. We saw no ledges or large rocks.

The road is well travelled. We were passed today by a man and a boy with a string of five mules going to the annual fair at Pore. The mules were of fair size, but not attractive. The owner asked eighty dollars apiece for them, but we thought they were not worth more than forty dollars. We may have to buy them to take our outfit over the mountains. We met several small herds of oxen laden with coffee, each ox carrying two bags covered with a stiff hide to keep off the rain. Generally one man was in charge of every three oxen. The people whom we met said "Buenos Dias" with great care in the pronunciation and quite markedly unlike those we met near Arauca who said "Buen Dia."

This afternoon we reached the river Ariporo, which has cut its way through the middle of a large hill composed of pebbles. The river has a flood plain a quarter of a mile wide at this point, and embraces many islands. The course of the river is changing rapidly and a new path has recently been cut through the woods on one of the larger islands. One branch of the river is three hundred and fifty feet wide. At present the current is not over three feet deep, but is so rapid, and the bottom is so rocky, the animals were frightened and did not like the ford at all. As we are near the hills it is not surprising that the Ariporo at this point should resemble the Guanare and the Santo Domingo rather than the Casanare or the Boconó.

Our trail today contained more charming views than any we have seen since leaving Carabobo and the falls of Tinaco. At times the path would unexpectedly plunge down into a densely wooded ravine and wind up again through the trees on the opposite side, to pass over small savannas that slope gently down for a couple of miles to the great plains on the left, and on the right end abruptly at the foot of the well-rounded hills. On the distant plains we occasionally saw a ranch or two. With the horizon clear, our view over the Llanos would have been very extensive, but there seems to be a fine dust in

the air that prevents the atmosphere from being pellucid. The stars are not very bright, even on cloudless nights.

Shortly before six the road climbed a slight hill or terrace, and we came upon one of the most magnificent views that I have ever seen. Before us lay the beautiful terraced valley of the upper Ariporo, ranging in colour from dark green to light blue in the dim distance. The sun was setting at the head of the valley. The high Andes of Cocui were visible above the clouds to the northwest, and with the glasses we could make out three glaciers glistening in the evening light. Two were on the south side of one peak, and another, the largest, on the south side of another peak. It was a romantic view of the great Andes, the like of which we were not likely to see again.

We picked up here a few large white land shells four inches long, like those found on the battle-field of Carabobo (*Bulimus oblongus*).

We rode into Moreno about half-past six and were very kindly received. The citizens had heard that we were coming and made us as comfortable as possible at the *posada*. All the local dignitaries except the *alcalde*, who has gone to Pore, called on us. The *alcalde* left orders with a very intelligent person to provide for our necessities in accordance with instructions received from Bogotá. There was little for him to do, but our reception was a very pleasant contrast to what we have had during the past three days.

We learn that Pore is the end of the government telegraph wire and that its annual fair is in progress, so we are anxious to reach it tomorrow. The local dignitaries tried their best to persuade us to stay here for several days, dispose of our oxen and buy mules for our journey across the Andes, telling us that there was nothing to be had at Pore. We hear, however, from Juan, and also from a traveller at the inn, that Pore has more shops than Moreno; which would not be strange, as Moreno has only two.

March 20th. Moreno was once a place of considerable importance. The ruins of the town do not compare with those of Barinas, Guanare, or San Carlos, but still they are interesting and give one some idea of its former size. Practically all of the principal buildings that once graced the plaza, including the church and the Government buildings, are totally in ruins. Moreno has a cemetery, the first seen

in many weeks, enclosed with an adobe wall. The only monuments are wooden crosses of various heights, mostly rather slim and eight or ten feet high.

The innkeeper was much disappointed this morning that we were unable to pay her in paper. She would not accept gold as she "could not change it" and Venezuelan silver seems to be no longer desirable.

The *posada* was actually clean, but we have slept out of doors so much of late that I had my cot placed in the courtyard, only to be aroused in the middle of the night by a shower. We seem to be following the rain in its career to the southwards, as at each place we are told it is the first rain of the season. This morning we had more showers.

Leaving Moreno at ten, we reached the village of Brito at noon. It has about twenty houses scattered along both sides of a single street. The clay near here has a reddish tinge and some of the houses have pink adobe walls. On the fences we saw rude crosses. Practically all the inhabitants of Brito had gone to the fair at Pore and the houses and yards were closed. One gate, however, was open, and our tired oxen suddenly turned in and sought the shade of a grove of plantain trees, greatly frightening the woman and girl who were in the house, the only inhabitants left in the village. After knocking down a few trees with their loads and walking through one end of the hut, the wayward oxen were brought back on the road and started on the last stretch to Pore.

On the road we met the *alcalde* of Moreno with two of his friends, one of them the Secretary of the Province. They were very cordial and gave us a hearty welcome to this part of Colombia. The *alcalde* told us that he had received orders from the President to do everything in his power for us and regretted that he had not been in Moreno on our arrival.

During the afternoon we met numbers of men and women returning from the fair. We saw in the distance two or three small villages that appeared to lie on the edge of the plains, where the gentle three-mile slope from the foot-hills ends. The hills on our right this afternoon, like those yesterday, are apparently of pebbles or small boulders, and about five hundred feet in height.

The heat has been very oppressive for the last two or three days, even more so than on the lower plains. The wind is very hot and continues to blow from the northwest.

We have passed a dead giant ant-eater, but have seen no live ones. For two or three days past we have heard the song of skylarks resembling those heard in the Hawaiian Islands. We have seen no horned screamers since crossing the Totumito River.

About half-past five we saw the red-tiled roofs of Pore in the distance and a long line of telegraph poles stretching eastward towards the Meta River. Half an hour later we entered the little town and finished the second part of our journey. The first part ended with the cart at El Amparo and the second ends here with the oxen who, born and reared on the plains, are not equal to the task of climbing the hills and crossing the Andes with their loads. Two of the oxen have stood the two hundred miles very well. One is almost played out and the fourth looks as though he might drop dead at any moment.

We found Pore in the throes of the fair. Fully half the men appeared to be under the genial influence of wine, beer, or hard liquor. Our coming had been announced by travellers who, riding more rapidly than we, had passed us during the day. We received a noisy welcome. The best house in the place, a new adobe structure with a red-tiled roof, had been ostentatiously swept out and was placed at our disposal. A finely built Syrian of almost gigantic proportions, with black hair and beard, wearing heavy boots and well-made clothes, acted as master of ceremonies, and seemed to be the most popular person in the crowd. He came forward at once with a bottle of fiery spirits of which we had to partake on very empty stomachs, as we had had nothing to eat since early morning. A few minutes later the genial Prefect of the Province of Casanare, Don Miguel Gonzalez Alvarez, a fine old patriarch with a long flowing beard, appeared, to welcome us in the name of the Colombian Government. He said he had recently received two telegrams from President Reyes instructing him to do everything for our comfort, and he placed himself entirely at our service.

Our first duty was to visit the telegraph office where as soon as possible we sent off a cable to New York announcing our safe arrival. The operator was pretty well under the influence of the fair, and the

instruments did not seem to be very lively, but the message was finally sent off. This is the first time that we have been in direct telegraphic communication with the rest of the world since we left Curaçao, nearly four months ago. It seems strange to be more closely in touch with the world off here in eastern Colombia than when we were in Caracas.

CHAPTER VIII

PORE

March 31st. Pore is crowded with people to its utmost capacity, and we had considerable difficulty in getting any supper last evening. A crazy band, imported for the fair, and several score of drunks made the night hideous, but we were so sleepy that even the bats did not annoy us. It rained in the night and still more during the morning, part of the time quite hard. This is again "the first rain of the season," which we seem to have picked up and carried along southward from place to place.

Soon after breakfast Rice was called to attend an acute case of appendicitis. The patient had been very drunk last evening and we had seen him riding recklessly about on his mule. We had a hard time nursing him in the room where he was ill, a dark, smelly affair, part drinking room and part sleeping, where a dozen of the visitors to the fair had been accommodated during the night. The crowd was extremely curious but not at all anxious to help in performing the necessary duties for their sick friend. We finally got them all out. The primitive cook house in another part of the establishment was pressed into service for boiling water, but it was with difficulty that we got enough for the doctor's needs. Every one supposed that the man was going to die, but Rice pulled him through without operating.

The doctor's success in this case gave him such a reputation that he had a continuous run of patients all day long. Skin diseases, smallpox, stricture, stomach disorders, partial blindness, obesity, partial deafness, badly set fractures, and other troubles, serious and imaginary, have been brought to our room for treatment. The free "dispensary" is so popular that several well-known malingerers have been attracted to it, much to their discomfiture, for Rice ridiculed them unmercifully, much to the joy of the spectators.

In the course of the morning Juan came to say that he desired to go back to Arauca and would like to be paid off. This is as far as he agreed to come. I went to the Prefect and told him the story of our various losses, and he promised to have Juan arrested and searched. Our guide is such a well-known desperado that at first no one dared to arrest him, but finally four strong men were found who were willing to escort him into a room adjoining the principal store, which was owned by the local *alcalde*. After some struggles he was searched and in his belt was found Rice's missing heirloom, the gold chain with the American gold eagle. This was all the evidence needed to convict him, and he was sent to the stocks in the old Spanish jail here. The two gold ounces which were stolen from me in Arauca were not found, which is not surprising as he had an opportunity to leave them with his family. The Prefect offers to punish him in any way that we desire, but he has been such an excellent guide and done his work so well that we are willing to forgive him his kleptomania, charge up the gold ounces to his wages, and call it square. In many ways he has won our admiration, for he is certainly one of the cleverest persons in the country. To see him strip and wade into the lagoons on the Llanos in order to find a way for the caravan to cross, having no fear of the small alligators that infest those waters, was enough to make one realize his courage. The only thing he really fears are the wild Indians, whose nature he knows only too well, as he is of Indian blood himself. He took his arrest very philosophically, although it seemed to annoy him to think that he came so far with us after having secured his booty.

During the day there have been several cock-fights pulled off near our door, on which some money has been wagered and considerable excitement wasted. A dance hall across the street is doing a big business. There are a great many temporary grog shops and nearly every one is more or less under the influence of liquor. A score of street peddlers are doing a small business with various trinkets and articles of apparel. I tried to buy a red "imitation silk" handkerchief for twenty-five dollars. The peddlers did not care to take Venezuelan silver, so I offered a Colombian gold ounce, but even that was declined, the peddlers not desiring anything but paper money. Finally our friend, the big Syrian contractor, succeeded in changing the gold

into bills. He tells us every one prefers American gold to any other kind. English gold is next in demand, followed by Spanish or Mexican. Their own Colombian gold pieces are least valuable of all. The height of the fair is over, and the excitement closes this evening with a free circus on the plaza.

We tried today to sell our oxen and buy some mules, but quite unsuccessfully. It is said that two of our oxen are about to die and no one wants to buy the other two. The mules that passed us the other day on the road are offered for sale now at sixty dollars, but as it will take at least five to carry our stuff over the mountains, we are not anxious to purchase them.

Although one hears much of the activity of the Germans in South America we have seen no German merchants since leaving Tinaco in northern Venezuela. Many of the merchants in the interior on the rivers Apure and Arauca are Syrians, but the majority are mestizos, Venezuelans and Colombians.

March 22d. Much rain fell during the night and it has rained all day more or less. The appendicitis patient is improving slowly, though Rice thought he would surely die last night.

A hundred years ago Pore was quite an important town, but now the ancient church is in ruins and the two-story houses which formerly surrounded the plaza have all disappeared. We explored the ruins this morning. The church was about one hundred and twenty-five feet long, but very little of it now remains. Heaps of rubbish and hummocks overgrown with bushes and small trees indicate where houses once stood.

The old Spanish jail is still standing, having been well built of hewn stone. We visited the cell where Juan spent last night. It has a small door, not quite four feet high, at one end and a barred window at the other. There is no jailer and there are no locks to the doors, so that the only way of confining a prisoner is by the old Spanish stocks. These consist of two pieces of heavy timber twelve feet long, with holes for half a dozen pairs of legs and a device for locking the ends so that the poor wretches could not escape. One can lie on the ground in comparative comfort while one's legs are confined in these old stocks, but to stand is impossible, and to sit, not very comfortable. The holes have been worn smooth and polished by the ankles of count-

less unfortunates who have been detained here during the past century. The jail has no other furniture. The Prefect decided today to send Juan back to Arauca in charge of a deputy sheriff. I am glad he did not have to stay long in this old jail, where thousands of bats have been holding high carnival since time immemorial and have made the floor unspeakably disgusting.



SPANISH STOCKS IN THE JAIL AT PORE.

On one corner of the deserted plaza is a forlorn-looking church of recent construction. It is a narrow oblong building with no tower and is already in a dreadful state of decay. Services are held very infrequently. The roof leaks and a great colony of bats is in full possession of the premises. The shrines are neglected and the unfortunate saints whose images inhabit the solitude appeal strongly to one's sympathy. On another corner is an old building, partly restored to serve as the Government telegraph office. In general all that remains of Pore is one long street and three cross streets containing in all not more than fifty houses, most of them adobe with thatched roofs. From the plaza one gets a fine view of the distant mountains and of the great plains stretching away to the eastward.

Last evening, on the plaza in front of the church, we witnessed a primitive circus, consisting of a fifth-rate clown and a very unskilful acrobat who performed a few evolutions on a shaky trapeze erected for the occasion. Before the entertainment, the clown, whose antics were not particularly refined, riding the most wretched steed that could be found and accompanied by the extraordinary band that is in attendance on the fair, marched around the town, greatly to everybody's delight.



THE PLAZA OF PORE.

Today nearly everybody has gone. The fair seems to be planned for the end of the dry season and is an annual event looked forward to with much pleasure by the entire country for fifty miles around.

José Antonio Levar, the naturalized Syrian who has taken a fancy to us since our arrival, today took the contract to convey our stuff to the end of the little railway near Bogotá. As long as any of his friends remained in Pore, or there was any chance for the local dignitaries to sell us their mules, the worthy Syrian insisted that it was impossible for him to do anything at all for us, as all his mules "were required in the business of taking coffee to Puerto San Salvador." When he found that there was no longer any danger of interfering with the business of his Colombian political friends, he agreed to furnish us with five strong pack-mules and a good *arriero* or muleteer,

and send them with us by way of the famous, or rather infamous, Paramo of Pisva, the pass by which Bolivar crossed the mountains. The price is two hundred dollars, gold, but he agrees to take our four oxen in part payment at twenty dollars a head, although he declares that two of them are going to die tomorrow. He left this afternoon to get the mules and we hope to start tomorrow.

In the evening we had a long historical discussion with the Prefect. In 1818, during the Wars of Emancipation, the Spanish army under General Barreiro invaded this region. The patriots had been subdued throughout Colombia except in the Llanos of Casanare. When the Spanish army reached Pore, all the inhabitants disappeared, and Barreiro was practically starved out of the plains. These people, as we have seen, live from hand to mouth and apparently never store up any food, so that it must have been comparatively easy to defeat the Spanish general in this manner. It was probably almost impossible for him to keep his army provided with food from the plateau of Sogamoso for any length of time.

March 23d. More rain in the night and this morning. Rice continues to have large "practice" and is kept busy performing minor operations, chiefly for stricture. Nevertheless Pore is gradually settling down into that condition of absolute quiet and dullness which it enjoys during the three hundred and sixty days of each year when the fair is not in progress. Our friend the Prefect underwent a minor operation yesterday and is not feeling well today. The appendicitis patient is much better. The Syrian contractor failed to put in an appearance with the mules and we have lost another day.

A former member of the National Congress who has been several times to Bogotá gives us the following itinerary: — "From here to Nunchia, one or two days; thence to Labranza Grande, two days of bad road (for "road" read bridle path), rest one day in Labranza Grande; thence to La Salina, one day; to Mongua one day; to Sogamoso half a day; rest there one day; thence to Rio Piedras one day; to Tunja half a day; to Cascada one day; to Choconta one day; to Zipaquirá one day; thence by train three hours to Bogotá. Twelve or thirteen days in all." But this is not the way Bolivar's army went and our route will probably take longer, how much longer no one seems to know, as nobody in this vicinity has ever passed over the

dangerous and unfrequented Paramo of Pisva. Considering the fact that we planned to be in Bogotá in fifty-four days from the time we left Carabobo, and it is now the sixty-second day since we left that battle-field, it is annoying to learn that Bogotá is twelve days off even for those who travel with less of a cargo than we and who go the customary road via Labranza Grande.

March 24th. No mules. We are getting tired of Pore. The Prefect feels pretty badly this morning, and asked the doctor to call on him early. He recovered sufficiently, however, to show us a copy of the *Diario Oficial* of January 28th which contains an executive decree published over the signature of the Secretary of the Treasury granting to "*Doctors Hiram Blingham and Hamilton*" the privilege of entering the country with their scientific outfit, duty free. The only condition imposed is that we must not stay in the country longer than is necessary for our mission and must take with us out of the country all our outfit except foodstuffs. It is certainly very kind of the Colombian Government to take so much trouble on our behalf and to do everything to make it easy for us, — even though our new patronymics make identification difficult. It is not strange that the officials should suppose that Rice followed the Spanish custom of writing his mother's family name after that of his father.

It rained hard again this afternoon. This daily downpour helps us to realize what we escaped by crossing the Llanos in the dry season. Had we not succeeded in getting over the worst of the rivers and swamps before the rains commenced, it would have been next to impossible to get our outfit across country. Our experiences at the Caño Guata might have been multiplied indefinitely.

In one of our rooms here is a large case said to contain a piano from Hamburg awaiting shipment to Moreno, where lives the richest man in the country. It is said to have cost him ten thousand dollars, gold, and came by way of the Orinoco and Meta rivers. There are no carts here and we cannot help wondering when it will reach its destination — and who will tune it when it arrives.

March 25th. No mules yet. We fear that our contractor has heard of the Prefect's illness and is purposely delaying returning with the mules. He must realize that when they come the doctor will leave and the Prefect will not be pleased. The Prefect is convalescing

but still keeps to his cot and sends for the doctor frequently. He says today that if the Syrian does not return by evening he will "send a special messenger after him and see why under the sun he is delaying us so long." In other words, the Prefect is feeling better. The dispensary is not so well attended as it has been, but Rice is not sorry for there are few interesting cases and most of the patients come merely for the fun of being given advice free.

We have had some rain before, but last night the heavens broke loose and smashed all records with a terrific downpour and a tremendous amount of thunder and lightning. I do not remember ever to have seen it rain so hard, except once in the Hawaiian Islands, when I was staying in Hanalei on the Island of Kauai, where it is said that "rain drops are as big as peaches." When we leave here we will have to cross the Pauta River, a wide, rocky stream with a dangerous current. Many people have been lost in attempting to ford it in the rainy season, and loaded mules are frequently lost in the rapids. Perhaps it is just as well that the mules have not yet arrived, for it may be impossible to cross the river for a day or two after these rains.

In our journey across the Llanos we have talked with a number of intelligent persons, and all agree that the seasons are about as follows: The dry months are December, January, and February, when no rain falls at all. The rains commence in the latter part of March, increase through April and are very heavy in May, June, and July. There is a let-up in August, so that August, while not dry, is more like April, but in September the rains return in full force and continue so in October, diminishing rapidly in November and stopping entirely about the first of December.

March 26th. The Prefect is feeling very much better and sent off a messenger this morning to find the Syrian and his mules. The contractor could not have been very far away, for he appeared in less than four hours after the messenger was sent.

This afternoon an Italian who owns the house in which we are staying brought his daughter for the doctor to see. She has a crooked finger and Rice offered to straighten it out. She is to decide tomorrow whether she cares to stand the pain and it looks as though we might be detained another day. The town of Pore is growing more and more tiresome, but we changed our boarding place today and here-

after are to be the guests of the Italian, a nice old man who has lived in the country for over thirty years and looks like a Spaniard. He is quite the richest man in the town and the only one able to change our gold into paper money.

Whoever would have supposed that we were going to spend a week at Pore!

March 27th. This morning Rice straightened out the lady's finger. Then our luggage, which had been in four loads, was rearranged for the five mules. It was a slow process and three o'clock came before the mules were loaded. Just as we were ready to start, a terrific thunder-storm burst upon us. Rain fell in torrents and we had all we could do to get the mules and the stuff under cover. The thermometer fell twelve degrees in fifteen minutes, from 84° F. to 72° F.

This evening the sky is clear for the first time since our arrival. The Prefect called with his nephew, Don Sylvestre Arenas, one of the richest and most popular young men in the Province of Casanare. Tall, square-shouldered, straight as a ramrod, with a handsome face and pleasing manner, he is quite a contrast to most of the rather slovenly people we have seen recently. He was a general in the Revolution of three years ago, fighting on the opposite side from his uncle, whom he defeated in battle and took prisoner. Owing to his position he was able to prevent the old man from spending more than three days in the awful old Pore jail. He is a radical or liberal, although he comes of an old family, while his uncle is a conservative or *gato*. He has heard of Rice's skill as a physician and comes to invite us to visit Desecho, his ranch, on our way to Nunchia. It seems that he has two brothers who are ill and need medical attendance. Since Bolivar's time a new road has been built to Nunchia, but the Liberating Army marched by way of Desecho, which is now Don Sylvestre's ranch.

CHAPTER IX

PORE TO NUNCHIA

March 28th. We were ready to start soon after breakfast this morning, but Don Sylvestre wished to send word ahead in order that proper preparations might be made for our reception. He said it was impossible for him to go this morning as he had "so many things to attend to." As a matter of fact he spent the morning in agreeable conversation. We finally left Pore about two o'clock. There were many thunder-showers in all directions this afternoon, but we escaped a wetting. Don Sylvestre and his uncle, the Prefect, rode with us. Both were extremely attentive and the latter took particular pleasure in pointing out various medicinal plants in the woods. He rides a large mule that ambles along like a camel and is nearly twice the size of any of ours. It suits his dignity wonderfully well. His servant, a mountain Indian, runs along on foot, carrying on his back the Prefect's travelling wardrobe. The load must weigh sixty pounds.

Our cargo mules are an interesting lot. Three of them are white. One of these carries a load of two hundred and thirty pounds but does not mind it in the least and has a trick of trotting briskly some distance ahead, turning around and looking at his companions as much as to say, "What a slow crowd you are!" Then he proceeds to graze until the next mule reaches him, when he will trot briskly on again for a couple of hundred yards. Luis, the arriero, runs about behind his mules like a collie tending sheep, barking and shouting "hoop ato," "otch tucumbol," and the usual muleteer's jargon. The Syrian contractor places great confidence in Luis and assures us he is an excellent muleteer and a trustworthy citizen; "not like Juan." We offered him the use of two American pack saddles that we had brought with us from New York, but he declined with thanks and prefers the simple pad to which the mules are accustomed. It requires great

experience to fasten heavy loads securely to the pad, and unless the two sides are very evenly matched they continually need righting. When the arriero sees a load listing to one side, he runs alongside the mule, throws his coarse woollen poncho over the beast's head, ties it in a knot under his jaw, and proceeds to adjust the load. As the mule can see nothing and is unable to shake off the poncho he is willing to stand very quietly, even more so than if he were tied. Some of them have a strip of cloth fastened across the forehead in such a manner that it can readily be slipped down over the eyes to serve as a blinder instead of the poncho. All the mules have leading ropes but these are almost never used, and the well-trained beasts are allowed to pick their own path.

The country south of Pore is sparsely wooded. The hills that one sees to the westward seem to be forested, in distinction from the rather barren hills of pebbles north of Pore and Moreno. The secondary range continues to be very jagged, as though in process of rapid dissection. The streams crossed today are filled with pebbles and boulders and their sides show that the plain is of a like formation. We crossed many small gulches, mostly dry. The land seems to be the "waste" of the Andes.

Before long we reached the extensive flood plain of the Pauta River, with its gigantic trees and thinly scattered jungle. Suddenly, to our surprise, we heard the mimic roar of the *araguatos*, or howling monkeys. Since first heard on the banks of the river Portuguesa, this has been a frequent sound whenever we have been near a river jungle in the early morning. This is the first time that we have heard it in the afternoon and so close. We soon found a large dead tree in which were five or six of these interesting howlers. Of a red cinnamon colour, not very large, bearded and having an appearance of being extremely wise, they made no attempt to run away and it would have been quite easy to shoot one. A baby monkey on its mother's back added a touch of family life to the picture.

Shortly before six we reached the Pauta, a large stream with many islands and rapids. We crossed it at the same stage in its career as the Guanare and the Ariporo. It has a strong current over a very rocky bed and we had an exciting time at the ford. An Indian who lives in the forest near by came to our assistance and led the Prefect's

heavily laden servant and the mules across one by one. He says the river was impassable yesterday morning.

We reached Desecho, three leagues from Pore, at seven o'clock. A wonderful dinner was ready for us and we did it full justice. Although this is a most out-of-the-way spot, we had many delicacies, including a bottle of excellent Medoc. Desecho is by far the best ranch we have seen. The buildings are in good repair and kept clean and tidy. It is the first ranch house we have encountered that



THE PROVINCIAL PREFECT AND HIS NEPHEWS AT DESECHO.

has barred windows and panelled doors and shutters, a well-swept courtyard, good linen, and turkish towels. There is also a convenient bathing place in a large irrigating ditch near the house. Such luxuries were unheard of in any of the ranches seen in Venezuela. Furthermore, there is a little library which contains forty or fifty volumes, including a dozen Spanish classics, some poetry and history, a volume of Schopenhauer, a few works of travel, and several treatises on the Spanish language. Colombians pride themselves on speaking the best Spanish in South America.

March 29th. During the night there was a very high wind, but today is calm and clear. We had a fine bath in the irrigation canal this morning. The ditch was constructed about twenty years ago by the enterprising father of our host. Fed by the Pauta river, it supplies the ranch with an unceasing supply of cool mountain water. A great breakfast awaited our return from the bath, the chief delicacy being a calf's head that had spent the night cooking slowly in an old-fashioned earthen oven, and was served with caper sauce.

After Rice had prescribed for the invalid brothers, one of whom is anxious to be married in the near future, we took our departure. Our host repeatedly urged us to remain, and the surroundings were so extremely pleasant it was with the greatest difficulty that we declined his invitation. Had we not lost so much time in Pore we might have stayed here a little longer. We left Desecho soon after noon and passed through small savannas, scattered groves and gulches. After crossing several streams we turned westward toward the first range of foot-hills. These well-wooded hills are not of the pebble formation seen north of Pore, but are of disintegrating volcanic lava. Among the trees we noticed a great deal of small bamboo like that near Carabobo, and also several "monkey pod" trees.

About two o'clock we reached a little thatched hut where an Indian came out to receive us, bringing a gourd full of *majule*, a kind of beer made from plantains. Rice and I tasted it, but could not swallow the awful stuff, although the others in our party drank gourds full of it with gusto. It smells like *poi*, the Hawaiian national dish, but is extremely insipid and had the flavour of earth.

After crossing the Caño Muato at the point where the Spanish General Barreiro is said to have had a skirmish with the patriots, we began a very steep ascent. The hill was covered with broken waste as is usual with volcanic mountains. The mules had a hard time climbing the slippery path. Rice, riding the little blue mule, was obliged to dismount as his animal refused to carry him. In places the trail was fairly dangerous. A false step or a slip on the muddy path would have caused one to roll down the steep incline several hundred feet. The path wound sharply up the hill to its very highest point in true Spanish fashion, as steeply as it could go. In places the mules had to jump up steps two feet high. It required good

saddling and good breeching to give one a moderate sense of security. We reached the summit of the first range of foot-hills about three o'clock. The view was superb, our altitude above the plain being a thousand feet. The Llanos of Casanare stretched away like the ocean as far as the eye could reach. As far as we could see with our glasses to northeast, east, and southeast, we could make out the characteristic features of the Llanos, great grassy plains alternating with forested river courses. To the westward lay the second range of hills, a beautiful green valley intervening. Both these ridges run practically north and south. While we were resting on the top of the ridge, the Prefect, who accompanied us from Desecho to Nunchia, recited a romantic poem which he had written some time ago, inspired by this very view. He is a fine old boy.

The second ridge is not nearly so steep as the first, although several hundred feet higher. Both are clearly volcanic. They are characterized by huge irregular blocks of lava more or less weathered. The summits of several of the peaks are formed by the edges of stratified lava tipped up at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Erosion is in rapid progress and the disintegrating lava is making good rich soil.

Two houses at the left of the road near the summit were attractively placed in the midst of thriving little plantations. A few specimens of night-blooming cereus, with buds about one-quarter size, were growing on a stone wall near the roadside. From the top of the second ridge we saw the Llanos far to the southward. The familiar alternating lines of savanna and forest continued as far as one could see anything. The air was unusually clear. The view of the peaks of the Andes was magnificent.

The descent on the western side of the second range of hills is extremely steep. A rocky path winds through dense tropical jungles. The path has been deeply eroded by torrential rains so that one's knees are frequently in danger of being crushed against its sides, and the cargo mules had to step very carefully to avoid smashing their loads against the rocks.

About six o'clock we came to a little opening, a kind of terrace, from which we got a charming view. In the immediate foreground the hill fell away very rapidly, almost precipitously, although it was not so steep as to prevent the natives from cultivating tiny planta-

tions on its side. In the middle foreground lay the little town of Nunchia, with streets running at right angles, lined with thatched or tiled roofed houses and a galvanized-iron roofed church facing the green plaza. Nunchia lies at the junction of two rivers, the larger of which, the Tocária, was plainly visible for some distance. To the north the flat top of a ridge showed how much work the river had done by erosion. In the far distance, the Andes rose tier on tier, mingling greens and blues in a way that reminded me repeatedly of the Hawaiian Islands and of Jamaica. Continuing the steep descent, we crossed the river Nunchia. At the ford it is about one hundred feet wide, and from two to three feet deep. Ten minutes later, after passing through little plantations of sugar-cane, mangoes, and plantains, we reached the plaza.

It was the evening of Good Friday and a crowd of about two hundred persons were crowded in front of the church as we rode up. For the moment their attention was distracted from the approaching celebration, and they gathered closely about us as we dismounted in front of a well-built house that had been placed at our disposal. A few minutes later an extraordinary procession started from the church. First came three or four boys making a weird and continuous rattle, called the death rattle, with clacks. Following them were two boys with large candles and a third carrying a small cross, then four more carrying a large cross and others carrying candles. These were followed by six men carrying a decorated coffin in which lay a wax figure of the crucified Lord, more candle-bearers and men carrying a figure of the Virgin in a shrine; followed by priests, candle-bearers, women, and a large crowd chanting the holy service. The night was dark, and the procession made a profound impression on all as it moved solemnly around the plaza and returned to the church. It was a most realistic representation.

March 30th. Heavy rain during the night.

The Prefect called for us early this morning and we went with him to bathe in the river Tocária. The bathing place, much frequented by the townspeople, is a third of a mile from the plaza. The water was cool and invigorating. A fine current and a deep swimming hole made the bath most amusing. There is a conveniently arranged thatched bathing pavilion for the ladies of the town at a sufficient

distance from the spot where the men bathe. The path from the town to the swimming pools is well worn.

Bathing is quite fashionable in Colombia. Why it should appear to be so neglected in Venezuela is an interesting question. The first person whom we met in Venezuela who seemed to be fond of daily baths was Don Francisco Parada, the Colombian at La Calzada de Paez, where we rested for a few days six weeks ago. The next bather was Dr. Miguel, a Venezuelan, but born and raised in Colombia. At El Amparo we never saw any one bathing on the Venezuelan side of the river except ourselves, although every morning a score of Colombians came down to bathe on their side of the Arauca. We noticed in Pore that several of our friends took daily baths, and at Desecho the bathing is made much of. We also have noticed that while the upper class in this part of Colombia are more cleanly, better dressed, better educated, and more fond of luxuries than the same class in the similar regions of Venezuela, the lower class appears to be more destitute, ragged, unkempt, and wretched than those of the same social rank across the border.

The view from our front door is charming. It looks across the grassy plaza and the thatched huts to the steep green slopes of the secondary range of foot-hills and the path over which we came on Friday. The peaks rise thirteen hundred feet above us.

Nunchia is a town of importance and is the Provincial capital. It has two priests, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a tailor, a shoemaker, a saddle-maker, two telegraph operators, and a court-house, which is more than can be said of any place we have seen for two months. There are almost no ruins here and the town appears to be fairly prosperous. The shops contain little besides cotton cloth, alcoholic liquors, provisions such as cassava, plantains, buns, and canned salmon, and a few specifics, such as copaiba oil, for snake bites and other troubles. We are told that during the rainy season, bungoes are able to come up the Tocaría river to a place four miles away, from which goods are easily brought to Nunchia. As the river has not been navigable for some months, there is almost no business at present.

We should have left Nunchia this morning except that the mules must be shod. The blacksmith is ill and his assistant is not only

slow but timid. It takes him nearly three hours to get through with one mule and we have nine that need shoeing.

Rice was kept busy all day making diagnoses and writing prescriptions. Soon after breakfast a woman came to have a tooth extracted. She had been suffering great pain for ten days and was completely worn out. Rice gave her morphine. She fainted away and the people who had crowded around, to the number of about a hundred, thought she was dying or dead. We finally laid her out on a rude bench in front of the priests' school next door, where she



THE PLAZA AT NUNCHIA.

gradually revived, much to the wonder of the crowd. As was to be expected, other cases of illness followed and a regular dispensary was established before we knew it.

In the afternoon one of the village priests sent for Rice to come and see his hand. Examination showed a case of gangrenous sloughing phagadema. His arm was much inflamed and he had a high temperature. The doctor told him that he would lose not only his hand and arm, but also his life, if the disease were not checked by a surgical operation. The other priest offered to pay all our expenses if we would remain long enough to perform the operation and dress the wound until his colleague was out of danger. To this we agreed and the operation is set for tomorrow.

One of our callers was an energetic young Colombian who plans to take orchids to New York. He hears that they sell there for twenty-five dollars apiece, and says if he can sell them for only two dollars he can make money. He has half a dozen men collecting plants in the mountains west of here.

March 31st. It rained in torrents last night.

I have had an exciting Easter Sunday aiding Rice operate on the gangrenous hand. To interpret, run the priests' kitchen, boil instruments and dressings, and give chloroform, kept me fairly busy. The priests have a nice, clean two-story house, with a galvanized iron



THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE ANDES FROM NUNCHIA.

roof covered with thatch to keep it cool. We took their dining-room for an operating chamber, and found the table served our purpose extremely well. The priest had suffered so much that his nerve was all gone and he made a great fuss about taking the chloroform. During a large part of the operation, he chanted the mass in a rich baritone voice, much to the astonishment of the attendants who had never before seen any one under the influence of an anæsthetic. The operation lasted nearly an hour and we had only half a teaspoonful of chloroform left when it was over.

The fame of Rice's skill as a surgeon spread rapidly and in the afternoon our room was again turned into a dispensary where tooth-

pulling, heart and lung examinations, and a large crowd of spectators kept us busy. As at Pore, quite a number of people who have nothing at all the matter with them came for the fun of being examined free, much to Rice's annoyance. I acted as interpreter and general assistant. Besides extending my Spanish vocabulary, I am getting quite a smattering of the prevalent local diseases. Most of the troubles, Rice says, are due to the fried food that they all eat. This afternoon we had a case of floating kidney and one of exophthalmic goitre. As Rice makes no charge, the Prefect took up a subscription today to pay our board bill for the past three days. The priests are to pay for the remainder of our stay.

April 1st. This dispensary business is getting to be a great nuisance. Were it not for the fact that the mules are not all shod yet, and that the food is not as bad as some we have had, it would be difficult to keep one's temper. There is no chance to rest, for our door is besieged from morning till night by the lame, the halt, and the blind, people with heart ache, stomach ache, and liver complaint. They come from far and near in a steady stream. The priest had a bad night but shows very little fever, and we hope will not detain us many days.

April 2d. The little blue mule has developed a case of cattle plague and must be abandoned. The "Savanna" mule died a month ago after crossing the Rio Ele.

One of the telegraph operators, a pleasant young fellow, has a wife who enjoys a tendency towards hypochondria and some nervous indigestion. Rice advised pumping out her stomach, to which she agreed to submit. The operation was almost tragic. She struggled frantically, bit Rice's fingers, screamed as loud as she could, and gave us a circus before it was over.

This afternoon we had another exciting performance dressing the priest's hand. He lost his nerve completely, insisted on having his face covered by a napkin, screamed, groaned, and howled; rather to the amusement of his fellow priest and of the Holy Father of the district, who came down yesterday from Tamara "to see what the heretics were up to." However, the *Padre Santo* is very pleasant and this evening invited us to a nice little supper with some wonderful Madeira.

April 3d. The usual dispensary this morning. After lunch we started to make a call at the telegraph office and were invited to stop at the house of Señor Jesus Maria, for whose children Rice has prescribed. We found quite a little feast prepared for us. As we had just finished a hearty lunch it was not easy to eat anything, but still more difficult to refuse without hurting their feelings. Nevertheless we have been desperately hungry so often we are tempted to stuff whenever we get the chance.

This evening we were invited out to dinner by Don Carlos Tobian, the richest man in the town, a great friend of Don Sylvestre and the owner of a large ranch near Desecho. His wife is a comely lady of forty odd years, and they have several attractive children. He had invited us to occupy a vacant room at his house soon after our arrival, but as we were comfortably settled in an unoccupied house, it did not seem worth while to move. Don Carlos has a charming establishment kept in excellent order, and provided with many comforts. The dinner was surprisingly good. Of course his wife and daughter were not at the table, but remained in the kitchen to see that the food was properly served. In nearly all the houses where we have spent a night or had meals, the housewife has done the cooking or attended to it, but has never brought it to the table or sat down to eat with her husband.

April 4th. Heavy rains during the night. This morning we were called before breakfast to see a little girl who was said to be dying. She had been taken with a cataleptic fit during the night and Rice thinks she shows symptoms of exophthalmic goitre. She is about six years old.

The priest is rapidly recovering and Rice declares him out of danger. We had quite a talk with him this morning. He claims to have suffered much persecution during the revolution of 1900 and 1902, when he was driven to seek refuge among the wild Indians near the Meta River. When he returned to Nunchia all he found left of the ecclesiastical establishment was its four walls. Everything else had been stolen or destroyed. Notwithstanding his courage as a missionary he makes a great fuss when his wound is dressed, always has his face covered, and shouts loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile away.

As soon as we returned from the priest's house, we gave orders to saddle and load the mules, but before we could start off one of the priests came to beg us to remain a few days longer and see a Sister of Charity who was being brought "from Tamara to be treated by the famous surgeon." She arrived this afternoon accompanied by another Sister and her case was diagnosed. We hope to leave tomorrow.

Today we had our first news from home, a cable reaching us *via* Bogotá. To be away from home is bad enough, but to be where you cannot possibly reach home inside of a month or six weeks, and receive a message that some one is seriously ill, is so much worse that I hope it will never happen to me again.

CHAPTER X

NUNCHIA TO THE PARAMO OF PISVA

April 5th. We finally left Nunchia at noon today, this being our eighth day in a place that we had not even heard of two weeks ago. The little blue mule had to be left behind. We were unable to hire another or to buy one at a reasonable figure, so we appreciated it all the more when the priests offered to loan us a fine, strong mule that belongs to the church. No one can say that they are not grateful for what Rice has done for their sick brother. Don Carlos Tobian accompanied us out of town for an hour according to the polite Spanish custom. Soon after he left us we began to climb a terribly steep bridle path. It was worse than the steepest, wettest, rockiest mountain trail that I have ever seen even in the mountains of Oahu, and I do not wonder that the people call it a "camino muy feo." It is impossible to give a good idea of it in words. I had to dismount twenty times this afternoon to help my mule up or down the slippery, rocky steps. The path repeatedly descended ravines four hundred feet deep and immediately climbed out again. The poor cargo mules had a hard time sliding down slippery clay banks, picking their way across rushing mountain torrents and clambering up moss-covered stone stairways which it did not seem they could possibly surmount.

After a long climb we came to an exposed pass where we could overlook both ranges of foot-hills and see the Llanos. About five o'clock we reached the top of a ridge from which we had a distant view of the little village of Morcote on a hilltop to the westward, its huge church looking in the distance like a tiny villa.

The Andes loomed up grandly all about us, but directly in front lay a fearfully steep decline, the path a series of long flights of rocky stairs winding at a perilous angle six hundred feet to the bottom of a deep gorge. As it had been raining and the mossy stones were very slippery, I did not care to ride down, but it was almost as bad to be

obliged to go ahead and lead the mule, expecting that he would fall any moment.

As we descended we entered a dense tropical forest with gigantic creepers, tree ferns, and rare plants and orchids. It was the kind of jungle that one reads about in the old books on Brazil. We looked carefully for snakes but saw only one, a small, black snake two feet long which my mule almost stepped on before it escaped into the fern. It seems difficult to believe that this is the first snake we have seen since leaving Caracas.

About half-past six we passed through a small coffee plantation, climbed a long steep hill and reached Morcote. We were pleasantly received by the Corregidor, who knew we were coming, and at once took us to the schoolhouse, which he placed entirely at our disposal. It is a small adobe hut with a grass-thatched roof, two tiny windows, a rough wooden door,

dirt floor, two tumble-down benches, a rickety table, some farm tools and a small frame with a few old newspapers. As a guest of the Municipality of Morcote it does not become me to offer any further comment on the condition of the schoolhouse. It is, in fact, creditable that there should be a school building, as there are not more



THE SCHOOLHOUSE AND POPULACE OF MORCOTE.

than a dozen huts in the town. But such is the perversity of human nature we prefer to sleep outside instead of inside of the schoolhouse, although the night was damp and very cool.

April 6th. The ridge on which Morcote and its great church are situated is quite narrow and there are deep valleys on each side. Altogether it has the most sightly location imaginable. We spent some time exploring the extraordinary church, which is in good repair. It was built of stone by the Spaniards, and is an object of pride to every one in the country. It measures two hundred and three feet



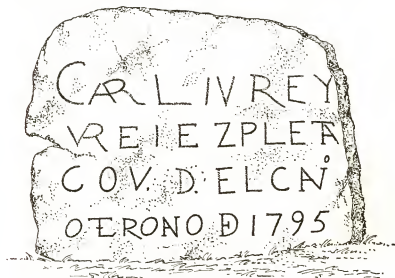
THE CHURCH OF MORCOTE.

in length and fifty-three feet in width. One cannot help wondering whether it has ever been filled with worshippers. It has an attractive tower, built mostly of brick, and brick is also used for the window frames and the corner of the church. No priest lives here and services are held but seldom. Like the church at Pore, broken images and bats are in full possession.

There is a stone twenty inches square in front of the schoolhouse that is a treasured relic and may be connected with the building of the church. It bears the inscription on the opposite page.

The cargo mules found the travelling so bad that they did not arrive until nine o'clock this morning. Luis, the arriero, says he

must rest them for two days. He has never been over this road and is completely disgusted with the undertaking. As it rained steadily all this morning, we were rather glad to have the cargo sheltered under the schoolhouse roof. The wind and rain were from the southwest so that we were able to sit out on the northeast porch of our house and enjoy the magnificent view over the mountains. We can just see the Llanos in the intervals between the showers. This is the first day that has been so cool as to require a sweater all day long.



The Corregidor took pains to attend to all our wants in the most agreeable manner imaginable. At each meal he sat in silence watching us eat and seeing that we were properly served. We could not account for this hospitality in the little hill village, unless some of these people have been attending the free dispensary in Nunchia during the past week. They hardly speak above a whisper in our presence. When they are obliged to address us they use depreciatory diminutives such as we have not heard before: "desayunito" (the poor little breakfast), "cafecito" (a poor little cup of coffee), "casito" (a poor little dwelling). Nothing that they possess seems worthy of being referred to unless the diminutive is used.

April 7th. The Corregidor of Morcote and most of his people gathered to see us off this morning. The villagers ran along by our mules and accompanied us part way down the steep hill in a spirit of genuine courtesy. The path plunged down into the valley and we entered dense tropical woods. The trail is unspeakably bad but the mules have taken good care of themselves so far and have had no very bad falls. We passed several magnificent trees in the forests, trees whose roots rose from twelve to fifteen feet above ground and occupied a space from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter at the base. The branches were full of orchids and other parasites. We passed an orchid gatherers' camp.

After a long, steep ascent we reached the top of a pass five thousand feet high. Here were two wretched little huts, and although it was beginning to rain we preferred to push on down the trail rather than seek such questionable shelter. We had slid down a hundred feet or more when an Indian woman came running after us through the woods beseeching us to return. In her hands she carried a gourd containing six eggs which she offered to cook for us if the doctor would only go back and heal her sick children. Rica consented to do what he could. As we alighted in front of her hut a hard thunder-storm broke loose.

The hut measured only eight feet by ten, but had a loft reached by a primitive ladder made of a notched log. Pieces of decaying jerked beef hung from the little rafters, and filled the place with a frightful odour, although it was entirely open on two sides and only protected against the winds on the north and east by walls made of banana leaves. In this wretched abode lived two women and three children, one of them an infant in arms. All had some illness or other, and were examined in turn by the doctor who wrote prescriptions for each. Meanwhile the rain continued to fall in torrents, the little clay kettle boiled and the eggs were cooked. Notwithstanding all their poverty, they had three or four pieces of pottery, of a most attractive pattern, made in this vicinity.

At the end of three quarters of an hour the rain held up and we proceeded to slide down the steep trail through clouds, mist, and rain, crossing and recrossing a brook that rapidly became a torrent and made it constantly more difficult for the poor mules to proceed. No

sooner had we reached the bottom of the descent of over a thousand feet than the path began to climb another mountain. After eight hours of this alternate climbing and sliding we reached the valley of the Paya. In front of us to the northwest, as we looked up the valley, the mountains rose tier on tier until lost in the clouds somewhere near the Paramo of Pisva. At our feet, on a terrace several hundred feet above the river, lay the little town of Paya, where a small body of Spaniards endeavoured in 1819 to detain the march of the Liberating Army. On our right rose a great ridge over which the soldiers of Santander made the flank movement which enabled the patriots to win the battle, while on the left the valley widened out until it reached the range of mountains that lay between us and Labranza Grande.

As we approached Paya, we were met by a crowd of citizens on foot and horseback who were expecting our arrival, and had seen us descending the sides of the valley. They escorted us with some ceremony across the little plaza to a house on the corner that had been placed at our disposal. There is no *posada* in any of these mountain towns. It was Sunday evening and the usual holiday crowd of drunks gathered, eager to satisfy their immoderate curiosity. The house is rented by a citizen of Labranza Grande who is engaged in developing rubber, coffee, and other industries that should succeed in this vicinity. Like the Corregidor of Morcote he invited us to take our meals at the pulperia or village tavern at his expense, and sits in silence watching us eat and supervising the service.

April 8th. Paya was once larger than it is today, as one can readily see from the ruins. We were told in Morcote that it had thirteen thousand people. Our host here says it actually had two thousand; but its population probably never numbered over five hundred. At present it has less than fifty houses and huts. Most of them are of adobe with stone corners and grass roofs. A couple of two-story houses are still standing and a few of the more important buildings have red-tiled roofs. Our luggage got very wet in the rain yesterday and the mules very tired, so we spent the day resting the mules and drying our clothes.

This afternoon our host, Don Jeronimo, took us to visit the old Spanish fort near by, where tradition says five hundred Spaniards

were defeated by Bolivar. As the fort is quite small, a sixteen-sided star, each side measuring twenty-one feet, the fort itself only one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, it seems more likely that it was defended by one hundred men than by five hundred. In the fort is the remains of a well. The stone wall that surrounds the fort is from four to five feet high on the inside, with a stone platform that enables a man to stand breast high behind it. The little enclosure is surrounded by a moat that is at present ten feet deep and fifteen feet across. It is situated on a hill that commands the town of Paya and



LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM PAYA.

also the road to the Paramo of Pisva, but is in its turn commanded by hills which rise back of it to the north and east. The story goes that Santander took his soldiers along this ridge and lay in ambush in the densely wooded valley on that side of the fort, while Bolivar made a feigned attack in front followed by a hasty retreat, which enticed the Spaniards from their breastworks and gave Santander the opportunity to capture the fort from the rear.

The view is charming. The valley seems to be extremely fertile, but at present only supports a scattered population that live on little clearings in the forests. The country looks as though it might be

excellent for coffee, cocoa, and rubber. The trails are so bad that even mules use them with difficulty. Horses are of almost no value here. Most of the transportation is done by Indian carriers, as has been the custom since time immemorial. By means of a band across their forehead, these peons carry loads of from sixty to one hundred pounds at a jog-trot up and down the awful paths.

As we came down from the hill fort, we saw four Indians in a little clearing in which no plowing had been done, although the trees had been recently cut away. Two men were striding over it walking side by side, about eight feet apart, each with a long pole in his right hand which he struck violently into the ground at every step. They walked quite fast and we had no idea what they were doing. About eight feet behind each man walked a woman carrying something in her apron, a few kernels of which she dropped into the holes made by the long poles. This operation looked like some form of incantation, but was really plowing, harrowing, planting, and cultivating maize.

The mountain Indians are very different from the wild Yaruros of the plains. Even before the Spaniards came they had a kind of civilization, cultivated the soil, and were decently clothed. Their descendants appear to have lost the ancient language, speak bad Spanish, and have learnt to be mistrustful and ignorant. Their ancestors grew maize, tobacco, and potatoes, centuries before ours ever heard of such modern every-day necessities.

This is the country for soup, three times a day and sometimes twice a meal. It seems to be the only way these poor people have of getting warm. For breakfast they have a very thin broth with a poached egg in it. For lunch, vegetable soup and fried plantains or boiled sweet cassava. For dinner, potato soup, wheat soup, and more cassava. Rice's patients brought presents today in the form of eggs and chickens, so that we fared better than ordinary.

April 9th. Don Jeronimo accompanied us for half an hour on our journey this morning. His last request was that we should tell President Reyes of the great need for better roads in this part of Colombia.

Our trail today lay for the most part on the northeast side of the beautiful green valley of the Paya river, skirting steep inclines, wind-

ing slowly over rocky ridges, and fording mountain torrents. In general the road was not as steep as yesterday. At times we passed solitary huts built of adobe, with stone corners, as seems to be the custom hereabouts. Some of the mountain Indians have primitive wooden rollers for grinding sugar-cane, worked by a hand windlass not unlike a small capstan. Almost the only animals we saw today were a few cows grazing on the sides of the mountains.

We left Paya a little before eleven. Shortly after one o'clock we climbed up to a great terrace something like the one on which Paya is situated. The views on all sides were simply glorious and impossible to describe adequately. The mountains were very green and forested to their tops as far as we could see. The terraces in the valleys were distinctly marked. The valley was deep but not wide and its sides steep, yet we saw no waterfalls, as there are few rocky precipices and the watercourses are heavily wooded. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the foamy white torrent of the Paya rushing along deep down in the valley.

About dusk we rode into the little village of Pisva, a collection of thirty or forty adobe huts, with grass roofs, inhabited by mountain Indians who have a somewhat unsavoury reputation. A few individuals were standing in the door of the principal shop, which offered for sale crude chocolate, stale bread, green plantains, raw sugar, and cheap cotton cloth in extremely limited quantities.

I asked to be directed to the *alcalde*, for whom I had a letter from the Prefect. The shopkeeper replied sulkily that he had gone away, but a woman standing near him, and not in the secret, contradicted him, said the *alcalde* was at home, and told me his house was a little farther on. For giving this information she was promptly and severely reproved. It was easy to see that the Indians were extremely suspicious of us; several even closed the doors of their huts as we came along. The *alcalde's* hut was in no way different from the others, but just as dirty and small. The door was open, however, and after some calling his wife appeared from a smaller hut in the back yard and bade us enter and make ourselves at home. The bare, dark, windowless, filthy little hut was soon completely filled with our luggage, hammocks, and cot, and there was barely room for the raw-hides on which Luis and his assistant *arriero* sleep. Soon after dark

the alcalde appeared. He had presumably been hiding in the bushes until he had an opportunity of sizing us up. His welcome was not cordial, but he pretended to read the official letter and soon provided us with several bowls of soup.

April 10th. Pisva, like Paya, is situated on a terrace about four hundred feet above the bed of the river. There is a thatched church which is in good repair, although no priest lives here. Many of the huts seem to be unoccupied. During the day a number of Indian carriers passed through the village, some of them stopping to buy



PISVA, LOOKING WESTWARD.

fibre sandals that are manufactured here and sold for fifteen cents, or hats made of the same material, sold for fifty cents. The alcalde has a few hives of bees, and wax-making is one of the local industries.

During the night, the church mule, which at some time in its career has had its ears clipped like a fox terrier, and seems to avoid the society of its fellows, left our mules and wandered so far into the forest that it was noon before it was found. How to secure fodder for the mules is becoming quite a problem. The grass here is so rank and poor that when they are tethered out to graze during the

night, they fail to get sufficient food and break away from their stakes if they possibly can. We have found it very difficult to buy maize. Luis is terribly discouraged over the fearful roads and refuses to go on unless he can get some Indian carriers to help him. The alcalde promises to furnish aid "tomorrow." It seems impossible to make any kind of progress over such a trail. No wonder that the Spaniards thought Bolivar could never bring an army this way.

While we were waiting for the mule to be found, the alcalde brought me two specimens of iron pyrites, taken from a hill near here, which he thinks are silver ore. Josh spent last night in the open, as his mule refused to carry him or even to be led. Josh has been so lazy and sulky of late that we thought he had decided to remain in the country and were somewhat surprised when he appeared about one o'clock with his mule.

The usual collection of invalids came to Rice this afternoon, bringing eggs, sweet cassava, and crude sugar as offerings.

April 11th. We took pains last evening to have the mules tied with particular care so as to get an early start, but in the night the church mule again broke his rope and Josh's mule disappeared likewise. It meant another delay, but both were found before noon, and their riders were able to overtake the caravan that started out about ten o'clock. Luis succeeded in securing the services of four Indians who are to accompany us to the first stopping-place on the other side of the pass.

The caravan is now led by an old Indian and a boy carrying light loads, followed by a strong, young Indian carrying a heavy load and leading one of the cargo mules which has a particularly fragile cargo including the photographic plates and the theodolite. I try to keep near him so as to aid in case of trouble. Richard is supposed to be not far behind me with the camera, and then come the other four pack mules each in charge of an arriero. Rice brings up the rear, although Josh is likely to be a mile or two behind him.

From Pisva the road continues to wind along the eastern side of the valley. An hour after leaving the hamlet the trail divides, the left part going across the valley to Pancote, a village of a dozen huts, each with its little patch of cultivated ground. From Pancote a trail goes over the mountain to Labranza Grande. We took the right-

hand path and soon entered the hamlet of Jota, with a dozen or fourteen huts, each of them surrounded by a few beehives. I saw one of the inhabitants washing the yellow wax and working it into balls.

At noon we crossed a very bad mountain torrent, an affluent of the Paya, over which a fragile foot bridge had been thrown for the use of the carriers. The only possible ford for the mules was full of big boulders and dangerous holes. Had we not been through several worse places already, this ford would have seemed impassable. One mule got caught between two of the boulders and his load was under water for a quarter of an hour before he could be extricated. Fortunately, it was the "kitchen load," and the food was all in waterproof bags, which stood the immersion splendidly. It was also fortunate that there had been no rain during the previous twenty-four hours.

The last hamlet, as one goes up the Paya valley, is a place called Tovacar, where we made an hour's halt to enable the mules to rest and the men to get a little lunch. The Indians here make a specialty of supplying eggs and fowls to the carriers. Luis bought a nicely roasted fowl for "forty dollars." There are a few goats in the village, but we were surprised not to see more, as there is plenty of good pasturage for them, and this place is only six thousand feet above the sea.

The huts are very small, only one third as large as those of the poorer classes in the Llanos. A hut eight feet by ten is a good-sized building here. There are no windows to let in the cold. The doors are of rawhide stretched over a wooden frame.

In one of the eight huts we saw two women spinning cotton in a primitive fashion by means of a top spun between the hands in a piece of broken gourd. The top or bobbin has near its base a small, round piece of wood one and one-half inches in diameter which acts as a balance wheel. The women worked rapidly and with great skill, drawing out the cotton with their fingers, fastening it deftly to the bobbin, twisting it, and spinning the top between the palms of their hands so that it rapidly filled up with coarse cotton thread. From the bobbins it is unwound by hand, rolled into balls of various sizes, and sold in that form. The manufacture of cotton was characteristic of this valley even in Spanish times.

Beyond Tovacar, the trail, only a foot-path, became much worse, and we had repeatedly to stop and move large rocks or fallen trees in order to enable the loaded mules to pass. It was slow work. The men had no axes but only their short machetes, and no crowbars except the branches of trees. The foliage about here is as much as possible like that in the mountains of the Hawaiian Islands: a dripping wet tropical forest. The slow condensation of vapour goes on continuously.

About four o'clock we reached Pueblo Viejo, a collection of three little hovels, the very last habitations on the road to the Paramo of Pisva. One contains primitive sleeping quarters for the three women and the boy who live here. Another is barely large enough for our cargo and the men. The third is a little pigsty with a thatched roof in very bad repair, but without sides or any shelter against the winds. As the sty is not muddy and seems to have fewer fleas than the other huts, Rice and I have decided to use it ourselves and keep out the pigs.

At one end of this settlement is an arrangement for extracting the juice from sugar-cane that is as primitive as anything one could well imagine. It consists simply of an upright carved post with a hole in it. Into the hole a stout lever and a stick of cane may be inserted. Pressure is applied to the lever and the juice, forced from the cane, runs down the front of the post, carved to resemble a man's face. From the tip of the beard it trickles into a bowl beneath. I thought I had seen primitive methods before, but this beats them all.

As there was absolutely no food to be had at Pueblo Viejo, we were obliged, for the first time since leaving El Limbo, to use the provisions which the cowboy bought at Tame. The women here keep very busy, one weaving a hat, another spinning cotton, while the third attends to cooking whatever provisions the travellers bring with them.

April 12th. For a wonder the mules were all easily found this morning and we left at nine o'clock. The trail plunged at once into the thickest of thick woods. Although it has not rained for several days, the path was a brook and the trees dripping wet. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the difficulties of the march. We had to dismount frequently and the men worked very hard to get the mules up the rocky, slippery trail. In places it was simply a steep,

narrow stairway of moss-covered rocks, with a stream of water flowing down and jagged rocks projecting from its dripping sides. Day before yesterday the *alcalde* of Pisva sent six Indians to repair the worst places. The chief difficulty is that the path is too narrow for the loaded animals and at places is so steep and slippery that the loads have to be taken off the mules and carried up by hand. Even so the bags are getting terribly scratched and torn.

At an altitude of seventy-five hundred feet we halted to allow the caravan to rest. At the stopping-place was a tree surrounded with little crosses, and each one of our Indians made a little rustic cross while resting, which he deposited as an offering to the genius of the place that had permitted them to come this far in safety. Fortunately, we have escaped any serious accidents.

About noon we left the dense forest behind us at an altitude of ninety-seven hundred feet, and came to the edge of the Paramo. Here we found a ruined shelter four feet square. A small swamp, fairly dry now, offered good grass for the mules. The worst of the ascent was over, but a new difficulty immediately presented itself. The path entered a swampy region where the poor mules narrowly escaped being mired in thick treacherous mud. They became extremely nervous, plunged about in the bogs, and, although wearied by their long climb, were very hard to handle. About four o'clock we reached a small plateau called Sabaneta, where there is a wretched little shelter, about four feet high and four feet square, built of the trunks of a wild aloe that seems to be peculiar to the Paramo. On a neighbouring hillock we pitched a tent for the first time since leaving Carabobo.

The Paramo of Pisva is a portion of the cold, damp wilderness that occupies the summit of the Cordillera. Its main characteristics are bleakness, damp chilly fogs, solitary ponds, a scrubby growth of dwarfed and thorny plants, puddles of water, "sloughs of despond," little hillocks covered with coarse grass, and the absence of almost all animal life. The little lakes in the clouds would be most attractive were the surroundings not so bleak and dismal. Properly the *paramo* begins and ends at the tree line. It is difficult to realize that the hills which rise above the general level of the plateau are in reality peaks of the Andes, twelve and fourteen thousand feet above the sea.

Josh's mule refused to carry him today and looks as though it was going to die. Richard's mule has been falling away rapidly and is now but the ghost of its former-self. My mule seems to be fairly well and in good spirits and I have great hopes of getting him safely to the end of the journey. In his report to the Government, Bolivar stated that he lost all his animals and many of his men. It looks as though he told the truth.

April 13th. Soon after supper last evening a dismal chilling rain set in and kept up for several hours. The cold was intense, damp, and penetrating. We spent a miserable night, the most disagreeable of the whole trip. I kept on all my clothes except my boots and put on in addition two heavy sweaters. The three thicknesses of my Jaeger blankets and four thicknesses of an army-blanket could not keep out the cold. It was so penetrating I woke up repeatedly. None of us slept much. After midnight the clouds cleared away and the stars became wonderfully clear and brilliant. At half-past six the thermometer registered 37° F., but a thin skim of ice over the rain water in the cooking utensils showed that it had been lower during the night. Three arrieros slept in the little shelter, while the other Indians went off to a small cave near by. Some of the mules were allowed to go loose in order to find what grass and shelter they could. Two of them stayed by our tent most of the night, nibbling close around it. It was a pathetic farewell performance, for they both collapsed in the course of the day and had to be abandoned in the Paramo. This morning we had great difficulty in getting a fire started, as everything was drenching wet and there was very little wood to be had.

From the dreary plateau of Sabaneta the trail climbed steadily higher and higher over slippery paths and treacherous bogs, deeper into the mountain wilderness. All day long we followed a path along the ridges in a northerly direction. By noon we surmounted a ridge and apparently were looking down on the Sogamoso side of the Andes, but the deep, heavily forested valley that lay beneath us to the westward was in reality part of the Orinoco system, although it was almost impossible to realize it. The wind blew the clouds rapidly up the valley and about us.

Our Indians pointed out one of the lakes we passed as being the

place where the Spaniards had deposited much treasure when pursued by Bolivar's army, but we did not stop to investigate. At half-past two we passed the *cumbre*, began the descent, and found ourselves in a rather barren valley where we were sheltered from the cold, damp wind. The path was steep but presented no difficulties equal to those on the other side of the Paramo. Our barometers stopped working at ten thousand five hundred feet, soon after we left Sabaneta this morning, so we were unable to determine the exact height of the head of the pass. It is probably not much over thirteen



THE PARAMO OF PISVA FROM LAS QUEBRADAS.

thousand feet. We had no extensive views today, as the clouds surrounded us or passed beneath us most of the time. It was a frightfully cold, dismal ride.

After a descent of between two and three thousand feet, we reached Las Quebradas at four o'clock and were hospitably received by a family of mountain Indians who moved out of their sleeping hut into the cooking hut, these two shacks constituting the whole of this settlement, in order that Rice and I might have a dry place to rest in. We are at an elevation of about eleven thousand feet and in spite of the fleas are glad enough to crawl into the little six by eight

shelter and close the rawhide door to keep out the cold night wind.

The family shared with us their supper of cracked wheat, gruel, and diminutive boiled potatoes, to which they added a roast fowl which we bought. Rice was not able to eat anything. He had a frightful headache all day long and was very sick this evening. The negroes did not put in an appearance.

We feel as though we were at last in a position to appreciate the tremendous difficulties which were overcome by the soldiers of Bolivar and Santander. They had to suffer a combination of hardships that has rarely been equalled in military history. The length of their march; the poverty of the country; their inadequate equipment; the loss of all their saddle and pack animals; intense heat and penetrating cold every twenty-four hours; a region infested with malaria; a season of torrential rains on the Llanos and of snow, ice, and hail in the Paramo; a route that led them through dangerous swamps, across flooded rivers, over burning plains, into tropical jungles, and finally over a mountain pass thirteen thousand feet high. Seldom have men been called on to overcome such obstacles. Add to these the fact that they were half-starved, their only food for weeks at a time being freshly killed beef, and that they were approaching an enemy that outnumbered them, and one cannot but marvel at their courage and admire the tenacity of purpose that upheld them.

CHAPTER XI

FROM THE PARAMO OF PISVA TO PANTANO DE VARGAS

April 14th. About nine o'clock this morning Josh and Richard came limping alone down the valley. It had been quite impossible for them to keep up with the procession yesterday. For several hours the Indians had helped them along, but finally gave it up and left them behind. They lost their road and spent a wretched night on the Paramo. They had neither fire, shelter nor food. They had used up their matches on cigarettes and had none left when night fell. Their mules had given out during the day, lying down in their tracks, utterly unable to come a step farther, and had been unsaddled and left in the mountain wilderness.

We were able today to appreciate some of the joys of Bolivar's soldiers when they descended from the Paramo and came into the beautiful valley of the Sogamoso, with its fertile fields and well-fed inhabitants. It presented a scene of great beauty this morning. Every available square rod seemed to be under cultivation. The labourer's houses are well built, mostly of adobe with red-tiled roofs. Threshing floors are abundant and occasionally we saw a group of men, women, horses, and mules engaged in threshing and treading out wheat or barley. The road was actually wide enough for two loaded animals to pass, notwithstanding the stone or adobe walls on each side.

So rich is the land and so dense the population compared with anything we have seen yet that a new element came into the view, walls and small enclosures. High up on the sides of the great valley, fences are built of bundles of fagots laid between small poles. They look rather inflammable, but serve to keep out the numerous sheep that roam wherever they can to pick up a living.

New flowers, new birds, and new sights were a great relief to the eye, but most pleasant of all were the signs of man's industry. We

have been so many weeks without this that it seemed as though we had come into a new world. The air was very clear, the sun shone brightly, and the charm of the great cultivated valley after the dreariness of the Llanos and the Paramo can never be forgotten. How it must have cheered the hearts of the weary soldiers of the Liberating Army!

About noon we came to a little wayside tavern or *chicheria* as it is called here, and bought some delicious bread and cheese, the best bread we have tasted since leaving New York. A crowd of Sunday idlers were drinking and gambling in and about the *chicheria*, and although they were very curious they gave us a cordial welcome and seemed to know who we were. Rice was besieged all along the road by the lame, the halt and the blind who had heard of his wonderful cures in Nunchia. They came running down the sides of the mountains to accost him and get one of his wonderful prescriptions. Poor Rice, worn out by his recent illness, would have liked to escape from the unfortunate sufferers, but they knelt on the road in front of his mule and wept until he gave them one of the magic pieces of paper. Some, hearing of his approach, had come ten or fifteen miles to be cured.

Socotá, a pretty little village on the northeastern slope of the great valley, almost enticed us to leave our road and rest there, but we turned south instead and reached Laguna Seca, or Socha Nueva, as it is sometimes called, about four o'clock. The *alcalde* was pompous and officious, but seemed to be hospitably disposed, and placed his lodgings at our service. His home is in Socha Viejo, where he occupies a house in which it is said Bolivar had his headquarters after coming through the Paramo.

The Sunday crowd in the plaza was rather drunk but not disorderly, although it manifested an inordinate curiosity regarding us that was most annoying. I sat on the door-step of our lodgings to rest in the fresh air. In front of me stood a solid wall of inquisitive citizens whispering and watching. They seemed to think it rude to talk above a whisper, but most amiable to stand and stare.

A gentleman of leisure who lives on the opposite corner invited us, at the *alcalde*'s request, to take our meals with him while we are here. His dining-room is cold and damp and we were almost

persuaded to follow our host's example and keep our hats on during dinner.

April 15th. Laguna Seca seems to be quite prosperous and the houses are in good repair, although there does not appear to be any business done here, and the few little shops have almost nothing for sale besides fresh meat, candles, matches, and tobacco. We had to wait all day to give the mules a rest and to allow Luis to go back to the Paramo and rescue the saddles and saddle-bags that the negroes



A CORNER OF THE PLAZA AT LAGUNA SECA.

left behind them. They were too heavy a load for the negroes to carry, but Luis says they weigh nothing. Josh has heretofore considered himself the most powerful fellow in sight, but his spirit is now quite broken and he is as helpless as a babe. Richard has more nerve and continues to carry my camera and the plate-holders. They both marvel at the endurance of the hitherto despised Indians.

Rice had a busy day. His patients brought eggs, cassava, and fowls. One woman, who brought two large fowls, came with a poor mother who had walked ten miles with a blind baby in her arms. The baby had two great ulcers where the pupils of its eyes ought to

have been. Rice told the mother that the blindness might have been cured had the trouble been treated in time, but that there was no hope now. It was a rather harrowing half-hour for all of us, except the two fowls, who made themselves quite at home cackling and scratching in the dirt floor of our room.

The alcalde asked if he "might bring the doctor a number of poor people, who were ill enough to be sent to the nearest hospital if they could only get a doctor's certificate." As there is no physician here, he said it seemed providential that these unfortunates could at last be furnished with the requisite papers. Rice told him to bring them along. Presently four wretches were ushered in. Not till then were we told that they were lepers. Rice examined them and declared that they had nothing worse than sundry disgusting skin diseases. But they were not pleasant guests. Towards evening one of the chief citizens of the town was brought in for examination. He, too, was supposed to have leprosy, but his trouble turns out to be only an eruption of the skin.

April 16th. Another clear, fine day. We rose early, but it was nearly four hours before the caravan was ready to start. No one who has not been through it can understand how it can possibly take so long to catch, saddle, and load a few mules. Such deliberation exists in no other part of the world, I am sure. Even Polynesians when they have something on hand to be done move with comparatively lightning-like rapidity. Truly the main requisite for travelling here is patience.

The road from New Socha to Old Socha is a fairly wide trail, rocky and steep in places, quite impassable for any kind of wheeled vehicles, but so much wider than anything we had seen for a long time that it seemed like a king's highway. We met many people on the way, most of them in rags and tatters.

The view to the west across the great valley of the Sogamoso was magnificent. There were very few trees to be seen except poplars and an occasional eucalyptus. We saw several old-fashioned ploughs in use, the same pointed sticks that have served since time immemorial. With one hand on the plough and the other goading his yoke of oxen, the farmer scratches the surface of the ground sufficiently to plant his crops. We passed on the road several water-power gristmills.

Two wretched women ran all the way to Old Socha in front of us this morning, by order of the *alcalde*, to be examined for leprosy. They had no trace of the dread disease, but one looked like a witch and the other had a syphilitic nose. They were outcasts but not lepers. The people hercabouts seem to be quite carried away with the idea that every one who has a bad skin disease is a leper. We saw no actual leprosy in this valley.

The *alcalde* rode with us to his house in Old Socha, where he gave us some hot chocolate and buns, and explained that we were in the very house where Bolivar wrote his dispatches. He then kindly accompanied us for a short distance out of the village before announcing his intention of returning. We halted to say good-by, when he gave us to understand that we owed him some money; namely, fifty cents for our *arriero* because he had slept on the floor of the hall with our luggage, and one dollar for our own board. He explained that our own room was free and also corn for our mules, in return for Rice's free dispensary and the diagnosis of numerous "leprosy" cases. As a matter of fact even the inns make no charge for a room, but only for food. It is the custom of the country to give shelter whenever it is requested. Furthermore we had been entertained as guests at a private house. The *alcalde* had craftily waited until he had got all the medical advice free and could not possibly get any more before he said a word about these ridiculous little charges; petty graft, annoying, but not serious.

In the middle of the afternoon we came in sight of the town of Tasco. At a distance it seemed to be most attractive with its white walls, red roofs, and white church towers. On the hillside above was a cemetery enclosed with a circular adobe wall. As was to be expected, however, Tasco's attraction vanished on closer acquaintance and we did not stop. For weeks every town that we have seen has meant a stay of one or two nights, sometimes more, so we quite enjoyed the novel sensation of hurrying through the village without even alighting for a meal. We knew it was still some distance to Corrales, but as the road was so much better than anything we have had since leaving the plains, we determined to risk going as far as possible before dark.

We saw many evidences of the religious feelings of the people.

Roadside crosses, sometimes made of palm branches and flowers, probably erected on the last Holy Day, were common. On the walls of houses, the words "Viva Maria" or "Viva Jesus" occasionally appeared.

Imposing roadside gateways are becoming a conspicuous feature of the landscape. There is little individuality in their design, the only difference between the gates being in the care with which they are made, the present state of repair, and their size. In general, the posts and lintel are of adobe, the gate itself of vertical bars of roughly hewn wood. Sometimes there is a gate when there is no fence, but in this country of many sheep, fences and walls are very frequent. Most of the gates have rude crosses attached to them.

About five o'clock we came to a fine, large *hacienda* or farmhouse, surrounded by rich fields of maize where scores of labourers were finishing the day's work. Luis thought we had better stop here for the night, but we were refused shelter in truly civilized fashion. It is the first time that such a thing has happened, and it made us realize that we are at last out of the wilds. Hoping to find a roadside tavern we went on as rapidly as possible. The road wound along the side of the great treeless Sogamoso valley, continually traversing lateral ridges, climbing and descending, until finally it descended rapidly to the level of the river in a gorge of great natural beauty. We crossed the stream on a high, narrow bridge with no railing on either side. The roaring torrent, confined between precipitous hills, was very impressive in the moonlight. Beyond the gorge we came out on a little meadow where the river was lined with a few stately poplars. Altogether it was a romantic scene.

We reached Corrales between seven and eight o'clock and found one of our two arrieros at a wretched *chicheria* frequented by the lowest class of travellers. The odours were too much for us, and we asked to be taken to the *alcalde's*. As it was after dark, he was suspicious and not inclined to do more for us than to direct that our mules should be sent to his pasture, for he is the local stableman, and that we should go back to the dirty, filthy little tavern. Luis arrived an hour later. It was then discovered that each arriero thought the other had three mules while he had only two, and in the darkness the best white mule with the most precious part of the luggage had

gone astray. As the lost mule carried our trunks that contained all of Rice's surgical instruments and photographic films, besides my journal, maps, and three hundred dollars in gold, Luis at once started back to search for him.

April 17th. Corrales is a compact little town lying near the Sogamoso river on its left bank. Above it on the hillside is its cemetery surrounded by an adobe wall. This style of graveyard seems to be quite common in the valley.



CORRALES ACROSS THE SOGAMOSO VALLEY.

This plateau is nine thousand feet above sea level, so that the nights are quite cool. We slept out of doors in the inn yard amid horrid smells and noises. Our eagerness to pass Tasco yesterday cost us a day of aggravating delay, as we have had to wait here in Corrales for the lost mule to be found and brought back. The delay enabled me to visit a hilltop to get a better idea of the valley and of the skirmishes of Gameza and Las Molinas.¹

The alcalde brought a friend this morning to have him examined

¹See Appendix A.



THE VALLEY BELOW CORRALES.

for some disease or other, "leprosy" perhaps, but Rice was so disgusted with our surroundings, the way the last alcalde had robbed us, and the extremely inhospitable reception by this one last evening, that he declined to make any examination for less than "ten dollars gold, paid in advance." That ended his career as a travelling physician, and we had no more patients. The travelling free dispensary business had become a great nuisance, but at last it is over.

April 18th. The alcalde, in brown woollen poncho, high-crowned panama hat, dark blue striped trousers and fibre sandals, attended our departure with dignity this morning, but did not offer to escort us out of the town. He came in fact solely in his character as livery stable-keeper, to furnish us with two horses for the negroes to ride from here to Boyacá and to collect the charges for the pasture of our mules.

We met many pack trains today, mostly of mules laden with salt from the government mines at Zipaquirá. We passed many sheep, sometimes tied or hobbled, sometimes shepherded by diminutive boys and girls or haggard old women. The word shepherdess has a romantic flavour and is not at all appropriate to the horrible old hags that tend sheep here. Rice and I agreed that we had never in our

lives seen so many ugly women as we have today. Most of them are in wretched rags. All seemed to be hard at work. Some women were helping the labourers in the fields, while others were spinning wool by hand in the manner seen in the valley of Paya, where the women spin cotton. Between eleven and twelve we saw women bringing black pots of *caldo*, a kind of vegetable soup or potpourri, to their husbands who were at work in the fields, and to the school children at recess. With each pot they brought a wooden spoon and a shallow bowl of native pottery picturesquely marked with green and blue enamel.

Porteros or paddocks are very frequent, and every inch of ground between the rocky, barren hills and the swamps in the centre of the valley seems to be utilized for agriculture or pasturage. Judging from the extreme flatness of the valley and the abrupt way in which the hills rise from its edge, it looks very much as though it must once have been a great lake, in fact in the rainy season much of it becomes a lake.



THE PLAZA AT NOBSA.

The chief features of the landscape are the tall poplars and adobe fences. The mountains are bare of trees. At times the view reminds one of Southern France, particularly on account of the long lines of poplars. Shortly before reaching Nobsa, a dilapidated old town, once

important but now quite decayed, we saw a barbed wire fence. It looked entirely out of place; the adobe walls seem to be so much more appropriate.

From Nobsa the view of the city of Sogamoso on the east side of the valley is quite attractive. The glistening white towers of its churches rise above the green trees that shade the streets. We should like to visit it, but as we are endeavouring to follow the principal route of the army, we must pass it by and likewise Santa Rosa, the capital of the Province of Tundama, which lies on the hills northwest of us.



THE VALLEY OF THE SOGAMOSO, BELOW NOBSA.

Passing through Nobsa we came before long to a cart road which President Reyes is building from Sogamoso to Duitama. We had heard great tales of it. To our intense surprise we found it to be a really fine macadamized road, twenty feet wide, well constructed and laid out with considerable engineering skill. The section nearest Sogamoso was not completed, but for several miles we rode in admiration over a highway that would have been a credit even to France. Few country roads in the United States can compare with it. Trees had been planted on the hillsides above it to prevent landslips. It was well drained and the grade was very easy. Work is still progressing and it gives an earnest of better days for Colombia.

We reached Duitama shortly before five. It is the largest town we have seen yet and has three hotels. It is famous for its fruit. As we entered the town, we passed through orchards where peaches and apples were growing side by side with oranges. The citizens have a smart appearance. Some of the young men are almost too smart. This afternoon we were passed by a number of these dandies riding pacing horses at a rapid gait. Their costume is a high-crowned straw hat that looks something like a Panama, a woollen poncho of various colours, shorter and not so heavy as the gorgeous red and blue ponchos of the Llaneros, and wonderful baggy overalls made of cloth or the skins of animals cured with the hair on. Nearly all carried a yellow-handled whip like the arrieros. They were inclined to regard us with suspicion and to show off the paces of their horses. One of them turned out to be the local doctor, who boards at our hotel. He eats with his hat on, looking neither to the right nor to the left. After supper he doffed his conventional riding clothes and appeared in all the glory of a Derby hat and a black cutaway coat. It almost made us homesick for the simplicity of the Llanos.

April 19th. The weather is constantly cool and damp. We are lodged in a musty old room, but it looks out on a pleasant court, bright with many flowers and enlivened by half a dozen song birds whose wicker cages hang in the cloisters. We have been unable to get any coffee of late and the crude native chocolate that everybody drinks has made me ill.

The most intelligent person here is the civil engineer who is in charge of the road building in this part of the country. This afternoon he took us on an excursion to a near-by hill top from which we had a fine view of the upper Sogamoso valley. It gave us an excellent idea of the campaign preceding the battle of Pantano de Vargas. We received calls from the local dignitaries, two of whom are maternal uncles of the President. Another caller was a Colombian who spent twenty-five years exploring rubber fields in the Amazon valley and has twice been to New York. He speaks English quite well. I was told afterwards that he had been obliged to flee from the country for political or other reasons. He went south through Ecuador and reached Peru alone and on foot; thence he crossed the mountains to the Amazon and joined the Reyes

brothers in their explorations. He is said to have made a fortune by his discoveries in the Amazon region. He was recently permitted to return to Colombia and is once more enjoying the beauties of his fertile native valley. We are to visit his estate tomorrow.

April 20th. Accompanied by four or five gentlemen of Duitama, including the road engineer and one of the President's uncles, we visited today the vale of Bonza and the battle-field of Pantano de Vargas.

A new road has been built along the edge of swamps, while the old one, still used by horsemen, goes over a hill. From its top we got a fine view of the valley. At the foot of the hill lies the Casa de Bonza. Here we entered an enclosure where a number of fine-looking cows were being milked and where we were met by a few gentlemen who had gathered for the purpose of showing us the points of historic interest in the neighbourhood. The house, which is being repaired and restored to its original splendour by our friend the Amazonian explorer, is that very Casa de Bonza where Bolivar had his headquarters during the days preceding the battle of Pantano de Vargas. It is of two stories, built around three sides of a court, the fourth side left open to allow all the rooms to take advantage of the beautiful view across the valley to the south. It was once the home of a Spanish marquis who espoused the cause of Independence.

After some light refreshments, including huge glasses of fresh, warm milk and ponies of "three star Hennessey," we started off on our "historical picnic." Among those who had joined us at the villa were three worthies from the town of Paipa. One of them, a stout old gentleman with an imperial, was the perfect counterpart of many a southern planter, while another, a huge, broad-shouldered, almost deformed giant, was the wit of the party and the centre of considerable raillery. With a large head set close to tremendous shoulders, thick lips protruding from under a heavy moustache, and a straggly, wiry beard, he looked like Vulcan. He rode a splendid white horse like the general of a great army.

Thus escorted we went first to the spot called Corral de Bonza, where the Spaniards had an outpost from which they were driven some days before the more important battle of Pantano de Vargas. Crossing a bridge over the Sogamoso, now quite small and known as

the Rio Grande, we were told that at the time of the battle it was much swollen and Bolivar required over forty rafts to ferry his soldiers across.

It was not a long ride from here to a little adobe house said to have been Bolivar's headquarters during the battle of Pantano de Vargas. The house is occupied by a modest gentleman of moderate means, whose resources were somewhat strained by the invasion of a dozen historical enthusiasts, but he did nobly, and although the assignment of scrambled egg was about one teaspoonful to each



THE PICNIC PARTY AT CORRAL DE BONZA.

person, we all had plenty to eat, especially as the humorous giant of the party opened his saddle-bags and brought out cold potatoes, sardines, and hunks of boiled beef. We were shown spots on the floor said to have been made by the blood of wounded soldiers, and a large wooden settee on which gallant Colonel Rook of the British Legion was laid when he had his arm amputated after the battle, and on which he died.

More interesting than these relics was a manuscript which had been brought by one of the gentlemen from Paipa. His father, Don Elias Prieto Villate, lately deceased, made his life's work the collecting of evidence for an authentic history of the two battles of Pantano

de Vargas and Boyacá. His admirers claim that the manuscript was begun the day after the battle and finished shortly before the old gentleman died, a year ago, at the age of eighty-five. He was born a couple of years after the events took place and says in his preface that he began collecting data about the battles "at an early age."

The manuscript is full of interesting particulars and minute details, and as the old antiquary took pains to record the sources from which he derived his information, it seems to be more reliable than any other account.



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF PANTANO DE VARGAS.

After lunch "Vulcan" put on his spectacles and read aloud to us page after page of the precious manuscript. The reading threatened to take up the entire afternoon, so we had to interrupt in order to spend some time on the battle-field and see things for ourselves.

The road from Duitama to Tunja *via* Toca is at this point extremely narrow by reason of a steep hill on the east and a wide swamp, the Pantano de Vargas, on the west. The Spaniards took up a very strong position, but the British Legion attacked so fiercely that the result was a drawn battle. In the darkness, however, the Spanish General Barreiro decided to withdraw to Paipa. Bolivar was thus left free to march to Tunja and thus get between Barreiro and Bogotá.

In many ways Pantano de Vargas was a more important victory than the battle of Boyacá. It was not definitive and is not so well known. Nevertheless it seems clear to me that it put the Spaniards on the defensive and gave Bolivar the upper hand. Boyacá saw the end of the Spanish army in Colombia, but Pantano de Vargas was the decisive victory.

CHAPTER XII

FROM PANTANO DE VARGAS TO BOYACÁ

THE battle-field of Pantano de Vargas offers none of the difficulties that we encountered at Carabobo. The country is open and rather barren. The field of action was quite limited and there does not seem to be much chance for a variety of opinion. We completed our study of the battle-field late in the afternoon and went to Paipa over the same road that Barreiro followed in his retreat. It passes over the barren hills west of the field of action, descends a hill where erosion has laid bare beds of wonderfully variegated clays, and traverses a valley, celebrated for its hot springs, before it reaches the outskirts of Paipa. Our kind friends from Duitama and Casa de Bonza returned from the battle-field by the way they came. The three from Paipa escorted us over the route of Barreiro's retreat.

In the valley we passed a magnificent country seat or *hacienda*, built in the Spanish style in the middle of a treeless plain. The establishment was complete from stable to chapel. The various buildings were most picturesquely grouped and joined by covered passages. It was a marvellous combination of courts and cloisters, pillared balconies and graceful arches; the whole covered with rich red tiles that harmonized wonderfully with the many-coloured clays in the surrounding hills. The sky line was perfectly fascinating.

A mile beyond this *hacienda* are the hot springs of Paipa. They are heavily charged with sulphate of sodium. Rice tried to take the temperature of the water, forgetting that his thermometer did not read above 115° F. The result was a broken bulb. It seems curious that there is no thermal establishment here. In a cold, damp climate like this, one would think that hot baths would be well patronized. A small plant which once did a good business providing sodium sulphate for the factories that make beer bottles for the brewery in Bogotá came to grief in the last revolution and is still in ruins as the soldiers

left it. It is rather significant that the first sign of modern business enterprise which we have seen in this country should be the ruins of a factory destroyed in the course of a revolution. Is there any better answer to the question why these countries are still far behind in the race of civilization? Until capitalists can be sure that revolutions are a thing of the past, few will have the temerity to erect factories or import machinery likely to be the sport of soldiers. President Reyes has a hard problem on his hands, but seems to be solving it admirably, so far as one can judge by the new roads and the general evidences of quiet and prosperity.

Our Paipa friends piloted us to a very good hotel, a two-story affair where we have made ourselves as comfortable as possible, considering the fact that our baggage animals are miles away and we shall have to use the bedding provided by the hotel. In other words, it will be scratch, scratch, scratch all night long. Luis, Josh, and the pack mules left Duitama this morning, taking the main road to Tunja. We expect to overtake them tomorrow.

This evening we met a German who says he originated and managed the sulphate of sodium plant at the hot springs. He seems much discouraged although he talks of renewing business soon. He is the second German we have seen since leaving northern Venezuela, the other being a commercial traveller at Nunchia.

The soup habit continues in full force; the custom of the better class of inns hereabouts being to have one soup for breakfast, two soups for lunch, and three soups or stews for dinner. The latter meal generally consists of five courses.

April 21st. As we left Paipa this morning the country people were thronging into town for early mass. Most of them were on foot; a very few were riding. One fine lady was on the most gaily appointed side saddle or sofa saddle that I have ever seen. It was shaped like a small settee and was upholstered and bedecked with many tassels.

Occasionally we passed an attractive *hacienda*. The road is for the most part quite level and rather monotonous. The hills on each side are bare of trees and serve mostly as pasturage for large flocks of sheep. Birds are infrequent. The general aspect of the region is not one of wildness. The plateau plainly bears the marks of an

ancient civilization that for centuries has cultivated the available lands. We are now on the main highway of the plateau. It is passable for carts from Bogotá, north to the frontier at Cucuta, so we are told. Although a large part of it is macadamized, it is used chiefly by pack trains and we met only one cart today. Just before reaching Tunja we passed a "treasure lake" that is being exploited and dredged by American capital. It is said to have been here that the ancient Indian kings of Tunja took their annual gold baths and threw objects of gold into the lake.

We reached Tunja about five o'clock. From a distance it is picturesque, as it lies on the slope of a hill facing the north. Its many church towers are very conspicuous and it looks like a fine city, but on closer acquaintance there is too much dirt and filth, too many bad smells and unpleasant sights.

The German we met yesterday directed us to a "clean little boarding-house kept by two worthy old maids." He said the hotels here were proverbially bad and the little boarding-house was much the best place to stay. We had some difficulty in finding it and by the time we reached its portals were followed by a crowd of fifty or sixty half-tipsy Sunday loafers. Accordingly it was not strange that the proprietress, who stood like a dragon by the door, refused to have any parley with us or admit us to shelter. We were then directed to the Hotel Boyacá, but the yard was filthy and its looks were against it, so we went in search of another inn. A small hotel was pointed out to us on the plaza and we tried to get accommodations there, but were refused. It was not surprising. We had neither of us been in a barber's hands since the first of January, and our curls, though long and picturesque, were not civilized. Furthermore, four months of roughing it had not improved the appearance of our riding togs. We did look rather like brigands, although we long ago packed away our guns. There had been almost nothing to shoot since we left Pore.

In addition to our disreputable appearance the rapidly increasing crowd of Sunday drunks at our heels was enough to make any respectable hotel proprietor chary of us. Suddenly, as if in protest against our treatment, Rice's mule, the one with the clipped ears, lay down like a camel in front of the inn, greatly to the amusement of

the crowd. We finally returned to the Hotel Boyacá, having made up our minds to put up with its dirt. As was to be expected we were promptly told that the hotel was full, and there was no room for us. We thought this was carrying the joke a little too far and accordingly had a wordy session with the innkeeper. After he read our letters of introduction he relented sufficiently to assign us a musty room on the ground floor.

Tunja was once the seat of a powerful native government and still has the air of departed greatness. As the capital of the province of Boyacá it has a number of public buildings, but they are badly in need of repair. There are scores of little shops on the principal streets, but none that could be called attractive.

April 22d. Luis, Josh, and the pack mules passed through Tunja yesterday and we started early this morning in pursuit of them. The road south of Tunja was one of the first in Colombia to be macadamized. The work was well done and it is still in fairly good condition, although somewhat eroded. Hills rise on each side from one to two thousand feet above it. It is difficult to realize that these are really mountains whose tops are eleven or twelve thousand feet above the sea. As there are no forests here the fuel consists of dried bushes and shrubs. It reminds one of old fairy tales to see women and children collecting and carrying into town great bundles of these fagots.

There seems to have been very little rain here recently and the grass is rather yellow. Brilliantly streaked elays exposed on the hill-sides by erosion add many striking colours to the landscape. Ever since leaving Laguna Seca we have been slowly ascending the valley of the Sogamoso, and this morning we reached its head. The road now leaves the basin of the Magdalena, of which the Sogamoso is a branch, and re-enters that of the Orinoco. Just before climbing over the divide, we came up with our caravan installed in a roadside tavern. Josh had had an accident. Yesterday his steed, one of those hired of the alcalde of Corrales, had become frisky; the buckle of the reins had parted, Josh lost his head, and instead of trying to reach for the flying reins had attempted to dismount while the horse was running at full gallop. As a result he had a bad fall and cracked the bone of his right heel. While Riee attended to the

sufferer and put his heel into a splint, a heavy shower came up and delayed us for a couple of hours, making the road very slippery.



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BOYACÁ, LOOKING EAST.

When we were ready to start, Josh took Richard's quiet little nag, while Richard with my camera mounted the other beast, who soon began to slide, plunge, and rear on the muddy road. The performance

ended by horse, rider, and camera falling with a crash into the gutter. It looked like a bad accident, but luckily no one was hurt, not even the camera.

We reached an excellent inn near the famous bridge of Boyacá in the middle of the afternoon. It is just sixteen kilometres from Tunja.

April 23d. There are three roads from Paipa to Bogotá and the south. One, the best, goes through Tunja. Another passes west of Tunja and is separated from it by a high ridge. As Bolivar by occupying Tunja had control of the first of these, Barreiro endeavoured to reach the capital by the next best. The two roads meet at the bridge over the Boyacá river. The abutments of the old bridge are still to be seen, but a fine new bridge has been built a hundred feet upstream. The stream is not large and is easily forded at this season of the year. Its banks are partly covered with tall ferns and thick bushes. It is a most romantic spot.

Hills covered with ferns and dense foliage rise steeply on both sides of the little stream of the Boyacá above and below the bridge. It must have been almost impossible to climb the hills on either side in the face of any kind of fire. Barreiro reached the bridge first and stopped for lunch. As a result he had hardly got his army across before they were attacked by the patriot troops. Patriot horsemen found a ford lower down the stream and attacked the Spaniards on flank and rear as they were attempting to defend the passage of the bridge from the heights on the south side of the stream. The British Legion then made a bold attack on the centre and caused a complete rout. Barreiro, his officers and a large number of his soldiers were taken prisoners and the Colombian War of Independence was practically over. According to the old antiquary of Paipa, Bolivar was at breakfast in Tunja during the battle, and arrived here barely in time to receive Barreiro's surrender.

The fight was short, sharp, and bloody. Had Barreiro defended the lower ford and entrenched himself on the hills he might have held the position long enough to make good his retreat to Bogotá. He did have some light artillery on one of the hills and it required no little bravery on the part of the British Legion to make the frontal attack. However, the Spaniards had been badly demoralized by the



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BOYACÁ, LOOKING SOUTHWEST.

arrival of the Liberating Army over the Paramo of Pisva in the rainy season. After Pantano de Vargas, which was really a drawn battle, their courage failed them and they were attempting to retreat as fast as they knew how when they were crushed at this bridge.

The difficulties of Bolivar's campaign of 1819 and the courage and endurance displayed by the Liberating Army have not been exaggerated. In fact it is not easy to portray them so graphically that they can be appreciated by those who have not experienced the trials of a similar undertaking. It is not surprising that South Americans are fond of comparing Bolivar's feat to that of Hannibal or Napoleon crossing the Alps.

It was an undertaking that has few equals in military history. The long tedious march over the Llanos in the wet season when torrential rains turn the plains into vast lakes and interminable swamps; the absence of any food except newly killed beef; the prevalence of malaria; the necessity of enduring terrible heat in the middle of the day and penetrating cold at night, of wading treacherous swamps and swimming flooded rivers, their clothes rotten and torn to shreds; the terrors of the Paramo; the weak and enfeebled condition of the men; the loss of their animals; and all in the face of an enemy that outnumbered them. It is no wonder that the royalist army was demoralized by such an exhibition of courage. The moral effect of the march can hardly be overestimated. The battles of Pantano de Vargas and Boyacá were fought without any exhibition of strategy. They were won by men who first dismayed their adversaries by accomplishing an unheard-of feat and then fought with tenacious courage.

Finally it should never be forgotten that a large proportion, more than one half, of the men who marched from the banks of the Apure to Boyacá were Bolivar's faithful allies, the soldiers of the British Legion. Colombia has acknowledged the debt she owes that brave regiment by placing its name in a prominent position on the monument that has been erected near the Bridge of Boyacá.

CHAPTER XIII

FROM THE BRIDGE OF BOYACÁ TO BOGOTÁ

April 23d (con.). We left the *posada* after lunch, crossed the new bridge and climbed out of the valley. The road is good, but the hilltops have much of the characteristic aspect of a paramo, stunted vegetation, no trees, and a chilling bleakness. Our cargo mules seemed to have recovered entirely from their mountain climbing and reeled off five kilometres an hour on the macadamized cart road with little difficulty. After passing this little paramo, we went down into another valley, still in the Orinoco system, and came to a beautiful region dotted with numerous farms and giving every sign of being a prosperous agricultural district. Far ahead we could see a rather forbidding mountain pass. Two thousand feet below it in a valley nestled Turmeque, a medium-sized town, but the road crept along the edge of the valley and did not descend to the town.

We stopped at an excellent inn called La Cascada. The ordinary traveller from Tunja to Bogotá spends his first night here, unless he has to travel slowly with pack mules. The people of the inn were unusually obliging although we reached there some time after dark.

April 24th. La Cascada is a one-story affair built around a pretty court in which are blossoming violets, poppies, various kinds of geraniums, pansies, roses, daisies, lilies, verbenas, iris, and carnations; altogether quite a gay and festive sight.

The popular drinks in this region are Hennessey's one star brandy, lager beer brewed by Germans in Bogotá, and *guarapo* or *chicha*, a filthy native barley beer drunk in immense quantities by the lower classes.

Soon after leaving the inn we climbed the cold paramo to an altitude of nine thousand six hundred and fifty feet. There were few trees to be seen, but sheep were abundant and nearly all the women

we met were spinning wool by hand in the ancient manner. Black sheep are in demand, as the natives prefer black wool for their ponchos. Nearly two thirds of every flock are black.

We passed an extraordinary number of beggars, in fact the road seemed to be lined with them. Their little thatched shelters appeared at almost every turn. Some had loathsome diseases, while others appeared to have nothing wrong with them. Their whining requests followed us for miles. Another cultivated valley, another stream, more barren hills or rather treeless mountain tops, another paramo at a height of ninety-six hundred feet, and we left the basin of the Orinoco and descended gradually into a still more fertile valley, part of the plateau of Bogotá.

Two wandering musicians with guitars, whom we overtook, kept up a weird instrumental duet as they walked along mile after mile. At first it was rather pleasant but it soon became very monotonous. The mules would not walk fast enough to get ahead of the noise, and it did not seem to be worth while to wait and let the noise get ahead of us. Fortunately, the energetic musicians stopped at a tavern when they reached the wretched village of Hato Viejo, while we pushed on to Choconta.

Our appearance makes the proprietors of respectable hotels shy of us. The cross old woman in charge of the inn at Choconta said all the rooms were taken. We insisted on having quarters, however, and at last she assigned us a cell that had neither light nor ventilation. This we refused point-blank, and were given a very good room and good food. The crowd that gathered in front of the inn to watch us unload was rather insolent and allowed their curiosity to get the better of their manners. We are not getting very favourable impressions of these interior cities.

April 25th. We have repeatedly noticed the absence of games since leaving northern Venezuela, where bowling was very popular. But here at Choconta we saw both men and boys playing the old-fashioned ball and cup game.

The plaza has a public fountain where water-carriers go to fill their casks by means of bamboos with which they guide the water from the upper part of the fountain into the cask. Near the fountain sit the pedlars of green fodder. They have to keep a watchful eye

on the water-carriers' hungry donkeys who stand near by waiting for their casks to be filled.

The people we see are roughly divided into two classes: hard-working peons, generally polite and obliging, who toil all day in the fields or carry heavy loads on the roads, stopping only for their "soup" from eleven to eleven-thirty; and the townies or "smarties" who feel quite superior to their hard-working countrymen. They are very rude, seem to have nothing to do except to laugh at one another's witticisms, never offer to help an arriero who is in trouble with his loads, and are altogether the most disagreeable persons we have met on our journey.

The arrieros are not attractive in appearance, but they work hard. Their costume is nearly always the same, a coarse woollen poncho reaching below the elbows, cheap cotton pantaloons rolled up above the knees out of the mud in the highway, sandals to keep the soles of their feet from getting cut and bruised, and high-crowned "panama" hats. Each carries a whip made of six feet of rawhide with a yellow wooden handle nearly a yard long.

As we were leaving Choconta this morning, we saw a man carrying an umbrella, the first seen in several months. Somehow it looked strangely out of place. When it rains, the poncho which every one wears here to keep off heat and cold, dust and showers, protects everything but the hat. Those who can afford to do so have little oil-silk slips with which they cover their hats as soon as the first drops begin to fall.

We left Josh and Richard at Boyacá to wait for horses which we engaged for them in that vicinity. They have not caught up with us yet, but it is quite a relief to be free from hearing their hourly complaints. They are not enjoying Colombia. On the Llanos negroes are rare and we saw none in the villages east of the mountains. Although our men attracted considerable notice it was of a pleasant sort, quite in accordance with the friendly disposition of the inhabitants. But here on the plateau many people are really rude, and the poor blacks are frequently hooted at in the streets of the cities. In Corrales a crowd of boys followed Josh wherever he went and delighted in annoying him. In Duitama and in Nobsa a howling mob followed him about all the time. In Venezuela he was very proud

and haughty, even provokingly so, but he has been much humbled in the last few days. Since we left Limbo six weeks ago he has been absolutely useless as a servant, but had to be taken along as a passenger since we could not discharge him. We shall be very glad when we can get rid of him. There have been times when he was indispensable, as at Caño Guato; but most of the time he has been entirely without nerve, initiative, or courage.

The scenery continually reminds one of the south of France. The poplars, the lazy streams, the smoothness of the hills and the small area of the fields, give it a markedly European aspect. Bright rose-hued lilies are now in bloom and add a touch of gorgeous colour to the barren hillsides.

We frequently meet pack trains loaded with large blocks of rock salt from the Zipaquirá mines. It is unrefined and when crushed for the table looks like gray sand. Most of the pack animals are mules and horses. Pack oxen one rarely sees and burros are not very common. They are slower than the mules and cannot carry as much, while their fodder costs about the same. The number of pack trains is large enough to support many *posadas* and *portreros*. Some of the *portreros* or enclosed pastures have adobe walls, built in sections very much like concrete, each section representing the size of the portable mould in which the soft clay is packed down by the feet of the workmen and their wooden pestles. Other *portreros* are surrounded by moats of a curious pattern. Two lines of holes two feet deep are dug side by side. Barely enough earth is left between each hole to keep the sides from caving in. The narrow walls between the holes make the ditches easier to dig, and keep animals from crossing. Mules could easily descend and cross a ditch made without these partitions; and a good horse could jump it. But a tired pack animal rarely cares to attempt to cross the chain of pitfalls. A few of the *portreros* are surrounded by stone walls. Gates like those seen in the Sogamoso valley continue to be common, although occasionally the pattern changes slightly. The country is densely populated. I counted fifty farms on a single hillside. This afternoon we saw a big harvesting machine of English make being pulled along the road by ten yoke of oxen.

As we entered the great plain of Bogotá, the road grew worse and

at times the mud was up to the mules' bellies. Before long we turned sharply off to the right, leaving the main cart road, in order to reach the Northern Railroad which has recently been extended beyond Zipaquira. It was quite exciting to be so near a railroad and we almost jumped from our saddles when we heard the shrill screech of a steam whistle not far off. It turned out to be a steam threshing machine, much to our disappointment.

During the afternoon we had heavy showers, the roads grew worse, and one of the pack mules threatened to give out. Rice and I went ahead with the other four and left Luis to coax the tired animal along as best he could.

After climbing over a steep ridge, we entered Nemocon. It has three or four "hotels," but we were directed by some wag to a very humble *posada* kept by two old ladies. They were most obliging, however, and made no pretence that their establishment was "ocupado." Hardly had we reached the inn when a smart young horseman rode up to Rice and in a few words of broken English told him "our man had hurt himself," laughed immoderately and rode off. He was gone before we could question him. As Luis did not arrive we were forced to the conclusion that he had probably been kicked by the tired mule and taken refuge in some roadside tavern.

The railroad station and yard is not yet completed here, but a work train leaves every morning at six o'clock for Zipaquira, whence there is a daily train to Bogotá. This we might expect to catch tomorrow were Luis here with the other load. As it is we are within hearing of the train and yet seem destined to remain for an indefinite period. Josh and Richard have not appeared but they have money enough to reach Bogotá alone.

April 26th. There are many evidences of prosperity in Nemocon. The barroom of the little *posada* is crowded every night. Large quantities of *chicha* are brewed daily in the back yard. All the local peons are hard at work under Colombian overseers building the railroad station and the yards. Considerable other building is going on. Two new hotels have just been completed. A new transportation company has opened offices here and advertises to take goods into the interior. A photographer, the first we have seen since leaving Valencia, has opened an establishment next to the

church on the plaza. There is actually an atmosphere of business in the place.

We waited some time this morning for Luis to appear, hoping that he had not been badly hurt. At noon, as we could get no word of him from persons who came over the road, Rice took his kit of surgical instruments and went back to see if he could find him. Two hours later Luis turned up from the other direction. It seems he was not hurt at all, had been only half an hour behind us yesterday and had passed right by the wretched little *posada* in which we were stopping. The mischievous populace told him we had gone on to Zipaquira and he tried his best to overtake us, only to discover eventually that he had passed us. Hardly had Luis finished his tale when Rice returned from his fruitless search and with him the two negroes. We found that the work train would carry passengers but not luggage, so we left the negroes to spend the night at the inn and rode on to Zipaquira with Luis and the pack mules.

We left Nemocon about half-past four and reached Zipaquira at eight o'clock. The road was very bad but quite level. It runs through a pretty country. Large eucalyptus trees are the most noticeable feature of the landscape.

It gave me a queer feeling to dismount in front of the hotel at Zipaquira and realize that the long ride was at last over. I felt loath to part with my mule, "Blackie," who had carried me faithfully through treacherous swamps and over slippery mountain trails, never stumbling and always willing to go. Of the five mules bought in Valencia, she was the only one able to perform the whole journey. At the end she was perfectly sound and had neither back nor girth sore. She cost eighty-eight dollars in Valencia, but we thought ourselves fortunate to sell her to-day for thirty dollars. Had it been feasible I should have liked to take her home with me.

The hotel at Zipaquira deserves its reputation of being the cleanest and most attractive in Colombia. The guests were numerous but extremely polite and courteous towards the two ragged, long-haired foreigners.

April 27th. Luis, our faithful Colombian arriero, brought the loads down to the station, where we bade him good-by. He was thoroughly reliable from first to last, always cheerful and courteous

to us, although heartily despising the poor negroes, whose inability to do anything well was not lost on him. They joined us at the station, coming down on the work train from Nemocon.

The distance from Zipaquira to Bogotá is about thirty miles by



BLACKIE AND HER MASTER ON THE LAST DAY'S
MARCH.

train, but the first-class fare is only seventy cents. I tried to buy tickets with gold coin, but the gold ounces were refused by the clerk. Surely it is a strange custom that makes gold and silver to be looked at askance. While wondering what I was to do, I overheard some one addressing a well-dressed gentleman in the crowd by a name that sounded extremely familiar. It turned out that he was formerly a native of Arauca for whom I carried a letter of introduction from the Colombian Minister at Washington. He proved to

be a friend in need, for he at once helped us out of the difficulty and persuaded the station master to accept our gold.

The excess charges on our luggage were very small, less than a couple of dollars; rather different from our last experience, on the German Railway at Caracas. Many of the passengers had ridden down to the Zipaquira station and sent their horses, saddled and

bridled, into the baggage car. As we stopped at various stations, the owners would lead their horses off the train, mount and gallop rapidly off before the train got under way again. They all wore the wonderful baggy leggings that are the fashion here.

The railroad journey lasted a little over two hours, but did not seem so long to the unsophisticated wanderers.

The cars were very old and almost worn out. The conductor of our train, an English-speaking Colombian, had served on the Panama railroad and also as supercargo on one of the New York steamers. To add to our pleasure a newsboy came through the train and we were once more able to see a morning paper. When one has not seen a printed cable dispatch for five months, it is quite exciting to be able to read the morning news of the world.

The Northern Railroad passes over a fairly level plain. The mountains are too far off to be imposing until just as one reaches Bogotá. For the last half-hour of the journey, the train passed through the suburbs of the capital, built between the mountains on the east and a swampy plain on the west. We saw a few pretty villas and just before reaching the city passed the country club with its polo field.

Bogotá is not impressive as one approaches by train, although the mountains rise abruptly back of it and the little white-walled monasteries on their summits add a look of romance to the place. The city itself is too flat to admit of one getting any view without climbing the hills on the other side of the city from the railroad station.

There was the usual excitement at the station, porters and carters struggling for patronage and passengers trying to get away as soon as possible. After engaging a cart and seeing it safely loaded with our luggage, we drove to the Hotel Frese on the Plaza Bolivar in a one-horse victoria, a poor imitation of those used in Caracas. The hotel clerk, as might have been foreseen, received us most coldly. He said all the rooms were occupied and did not seem inclined to bother about us. One could hardly blame him. We scarcely realized how travel-stained and unkempt we were. The next best hotel to the Frese is the Metropolitano, but there we had no better luck. Not desiring to drive all over the city we requested the clerk to telephone to some

of the other hotels and find out whether they had room for us. We thought that in this way we might secure a room before they had seen what we looked like. These must have been warned by something in the clerk's voice, however, for all with one accord declared their inability to receive us. It was long past lunch time. We had had a very early breakfast and it may be imagined were somewhat tired and rather hungry, but it struck us as a huge joke, this arriving at the end of our journey only to be told that there was no room for us any-



THE AMERICAN LEGATION, BOGOTÁ.

where in a city of 150,000 inhabitants. Fortunately, Major Heimke, the American Chargé d'Affaires, most hospitably came to the rescue, opened the legation to us and gave his two undesirable fellow-citizens a room. After lunch at a neighbouring café, we spent the rest of the day reading the letters that had been accumulating since December.

April 28th. After four months of dirt and filth, it is very comfortable to be in a carefully dusted house, free from insects. No house ever seemed so clean as the legation, nor has civilized food ever tasted so good. It appears that Bogotá is really full of visitors, as the National Assembly or Congress is now in session. The hotels

are very small, even the Frese has only eight or nine rooms. Bogotá is not accustomed to taking care of many travellers at one time.

April 29th. We paid off the negroes today, and sent them home. None of us seemed particularly sorry at the parting.

While at Valencia we spent seven hundred dollars for mules and supplies. This does not include what we paid for the larger part of our outfit, which was bought in the States, nor for our transportation to Valencia. Since leaving Valencia we have paid out nine hundred dollars, gold. The largest items of expense were wages, oxen, and mules. In Venezuela my account book shows very few items ending in \$.05. In eastern Colombia such items increase rapidly. After we crossed the mountains and reached the valley of Sogamoso, items ending in \$.02 and \$.03 are fairly common. The charge for pasturing an animal over night was often only three or four cents. The average charge for meals along the road was twenty-five cents, twenty cents at the smaller *posadas* and thirty at the larger ones.

Our journey took one hundred and fifteen days, instead of sixty days as we had estimated when we left Caracas. How little those who have always lived within the bounds of civilization know of the vexful delays and incredible obstacles of the wilderness. One of my letters reached the very kernel of our needs when it closed with the words: "Patience and courage be with you from day to day." The unforeseen difficulties of the way, the prevalence of disease and the interminable delays, required all we had of both qualities.

Our estimates had been based on the experience of travellers who had gone from Caracas to Bogotá by the regular overland route. This passes through Valencia to San Carlos, leaves the Llanos near San Carlos, enters the Andes near Barquisimeto, and follows the plateau between the Eastern and the Central Cordillera *via* Merida, Cucuta, Santa Rosa, and Tunja. This route from Caracas to Bogotá is described by Colonel Duane in his "Visit to Colombia"; by the anonymous author of "Letters written from Colombia" who passed over it in 1822 and 1823, and by others. So far as I am able to discover we are the first travellers who have attempted to go from Caracas to Bogotá by way of Barinas, Arauca, and the Paramo of Pisva.

Naturally some parts of the route have been described by previous

writers. The section between Caracas and San Carlos may be found depicted in Duane and many other books. A bare itinerary of the road from San Carlos to Barinas is given as an appendix to Col. Francis Hall's "Colombia"; but I can find no other account of this part of our road. Codazzi and other authors of geographies have described the general aspect of the country and given statements in regard to the cities, but the journey itself does not seem to have been delineated. Nor can I find any account of the road from Barinas to the Apure River and Arauca. Baron von Humboldt crossed the central Llanos from Cura to San Fernando de Apure, but did not penetrate the western Llanos. Our route from Arauca to El Limbo, as I have already said, is described by Brisson in his "Casanare." He also depicts the larger part of the road from El Limbo to Pore. But he did not attempt the Paramo of Pisva, and I can find no description of our route from Pore to Pisva, the Paramo, Laguna Seca, and Duitama.

The road from Duitama to Bogotá is well known and is described by Mollien, Duane, and others.

CHAPTER XIV

BOGOTÁ

May 7th. We take most of our meals at a smart little café that has a gay clientele of young doctors of law and medicine. The waiters are ragged and barefooted, and have some customs which it is just as well to overlook. Coffee and tea are served in the same kind of pots, both look pretty black, so how is the waiter to know which is which without sticking his nose into the top of each pot whenever he is about to pour out your beverage?

The food seemed excellent at first, but after a while grew monotonous. I imagine the pots are not cleaned with hot water and soap! An orchestra of five pieces plays twice a day and an Italian vender of coloured souvenir post cards frequents the place in the evening. He has a large collection of reproductions of paintings and drawings from Europe, but no pictures of Bogotá.

May 10th. Bogotá has a charm of its own. One of the most entertaining features is the mixture of European and Colombian costumes which one sees in the streets. The peons or manual labourers all wear high-crowned "Panama" hats, coarse woollen ponchos of variegated designs, nondescript pantaloons and sandals. The student class, the young doctors of law and medicine, and generally the young men about town, wear Derby hats and tailor-made suits with cutaway coats. Derbies are also worn by the business men, but grave gentlemen carrying umbrellas and wearing high silk hats and frock coats, as in London, are almost always in sight. Funerals, weddings, feast days, "occasions" of every sort, call for this formal dress. The contrast between the silk hats and the high-crowned Panamas, the frock coats and the coarse ponchos, one so conventional that it would be unnoticed on Piccadilly, the other so strange and outlandish as to gather a crowd even at Coney Island,

is very striking. It reminds one of Japan, where the men are inclined to abandon their picturesque dress for conventional European attire.

One sees the same difference in the ladies' dress, although women do not appear often on the streets. Conservative ladies and those of the poorer classes wear the old-fashioned simple black gowns, covering their heads with black shawls or black lace mantillas. In marked



BOGOTÁ, LOOKING NORTH ON ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS.

contrast to these are the followers of more modern fashions, whose smart Parisian costumes, surmounted by gay picture hats, strike one as curiously bold and out of place. It is so long since we have seen ladies attired in anything but black that it seems almost immodest, this display of colours and gaudy raiment. Some of the well-dressed daughters of the smart set spend hours leaning out of second-story windows staring at the passers-by. We are told that it is a mark of consideration and respect to stare and make remarks, but to an Anglo-Saxon it is a disagreeable custom.

The temperature here is colder than we had been led to expect.

It is generally below 60° F. There is almost no time in the day when the thermometer in the shade goes as high as 65° F. Although it does not go much below 50° F. at night, the air is so damp that the cold is very penetrating. As the houses are not heated and it is not comfortable to sit long in a temperature of fifty-eight, it is the custom to walk a great deal in the streets in order to get warm. There are few carriages and the sidewalks are very narrow, so the streets are often filled with pedestrians. The corners of the principal thoroughfares are the favourite loafing places. There one can stand in the middle of the street as long as one pleases, chatting with friends and observing the passing throng. The practice of carrying walking sticks is not as prevalent in Bogotá as in Caracas, where one almost never sees a man without one. The streets are well policed. At night the officers carry rifles and signal to each other with sad-toned whistles. It is an excellent device for avoiding trouble. No burglar need come within a quarter of a mile of a policeman if he keeps his ears open to their mournful signals.

One sees no coin whatever in circulation. There are several little shops here that buy gold and silver. American gold is at a premium; other foreign and Colombian gold at a discount. A gold ounce, Mexican or Spanish, worth in Venezuela \$16.40, does not fetch more than \$13.00 here. American Express checks on New York readily sell at a two per cent premium, both here and in Caracas. I have not seen a silver coin in Bogotá. An American told me that as a joke he offered a newsboy a five-dollar gold piece in exchange for a paper worth five cents, but the boy thought it worthless and refused it.

A curious thing is the lack of large bills. We have not seen any of a denomination larger than one hundred dollars. As these are really worth only ninety-eight cents in gold, one sometimes sees gentlemen coming out of the banks with their arms full of bank notes. Apparently the people enjoy the sensation of talking in the inflated terms of paper currency. One hears them express great astonishment or admiration that a mule cost "ten thousand dollars." It is not half so interesting to say that it cost a hundred dollars or that its real value in gold at present is only ninety-eight dollars. Whether or not this depreciated state of the currency has anything to do with

it, one sees many more wretchedly poor people clothed in rags in Colombia than in Venezuela.

The market place in Bogotá is much larger than that in Caracas and has a wonderful variety of edibles. Fruits and vegetables of every variety and description are here exhibited in enormous quantities. Fresh laid eggs are piled up by the thousand in great heaps. Attractive native earthenware carelessly arranged in pyramids appeals strongly to a lover of picturesque pottery. The crowds in



THE CAPITOL, BOGOTÁ.

the markets were so busy bargaining that my presence there was almost overlooked, although I found that I was the tallest person in Bogotá and attracted an unpleasant amount of attention on the streets. In Caracas whenever I visited the market I was sure to be followed through it by a crowd of loafers and boys. There do not seem to be nearly so many unemployed here and life is not quite so easy as in the Venezuelan capital.

The shops are remarkable for their number and small size. In the region of the hat stores one can count in a single block twenty establishments all devoted exclusively to sombreros, yet not one of

them large enough to do much business. The same thing is true of other trades. On one street there are scores of jewellers, but their shops are very small and unattractive. Furthermore, the shopkeepers rarely make any effective display of their stock. A counter frequently runs directly across the shop just inside the door and prevents one from handling the goods offered for sale. It is quite tantalizing to be entirely at the mercy of the clerks, who alone have access to the merchandise. It may be that it is an old custom followed without rime or reason. The citizens of Bogotá have not the reputation of being pilferers; but it may be they are so incurably curious that they need to be forcibly restrained from fingering the stock in trade. Otherwise it is difficult to explain the cause of such an inhospitable attitude in the shopkeepers. As an offset to this disadvantage in the way of trade, many of the shops have adopted a blackboard system and hang up on their door-posts daily bulletins of goods "recently received."

There is little red tape at the banks, but the post-office tells another story. One day I went to the old monastery that serves as the post-office to get a postal money order to send to the Syrian contractor whose mules brought us from Pore. I soon found myself simply engulfed in a maze of bureaucracy. After the usual formal application had been written out and signed, and the clerk had figured how much I had to pay, he sent me off to buy two kinds of stamps. The window for postage stamps is in one place and that for revenue stamps is far away across a courtyard in the extreme corner. I needed sixty cents' worth of the revenue stamps but the clerks did not have so large an amount at that office, so I was directed to walk a quarter of a mile through the corridors and across two large patios to the other end of the post-office establishment to another revenue stamp office where they had a somewhat larger supply. The various kinds of stamps being now bought according to directions, I returned by devious winding passages to the money order office, where the stamps were cancelled and I was given a receipt, duly grateful that it was not necessary to send money orders frequently.

The heart of Bogotá is the Plaza Bolívar, a large stone-paved square with a small garden in the centre containing a fine statue of Bolívar. The Cathedral, the Capitol, the leading hotels and the



THE CATHEDRAL ON THE PLAZA BOLIVAR

offices of the national lottery are to be found here as one would expect. Next to the Cathedral is a chapel used chiefly for marriages and funerals. It is remarkable for the number of fine old paintings that it contains. Some of them appear to have been done in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by Spanish and Italian masters.

A mile north of the Plaza Bolívar is the Parque Santander, formerly the Plaza San Francisco. It is attractively laid out and contains a fine statue of General Santander. Wonderfully restful and satisfying, the figure has a noble head with a distinguished profile. In front of the gardens are two churches where fashionable weddings and funerals are held. These holy sacraments are celebrated almost daily in one or both of the fine old edifices. During the funeral services crowds of well-dressed men in silk hats and frock coats swarm about the entrance to the church and exchange the news of the day in low tones. As an evidence of respect for the deceased, if the friends of the family are well to do, a long line of carriages containing nothing but funeral wreaths precedes the hearse.



AND THE CAPITOL, BOGOTÁ.

It is the custom here, much more than in Caracas, to placard the deaths of such people as have friends that can afford the luxury, on the bill-boards. A poster two feet by three feet announces in large letters the name of the deceased and the hour and place of the funeral. Funerals are not long postponed, and as it is most essential to send flowers and attend the funeral of one's acquaintances, it is well to scan the bill-boards twice a day.

On the northern outskirts of the city is the Parque del Centenario, as large as two city blocks, planted with magnificent eucalyptus trees. It is reached by the tram car, now pulled by mules but soon to be electrified. The streets are lighted by electricity and so are many of the houses. Curiously enough, the light is always turned off between 5 and 6 P.M., so that one is obliged to sit and rest "in the gloaming" whether one feels so inclined or not.

A fine view of the city may be had from the mountains east of it. As one walks eastward and climbs the hill the houses become poorer and poorer until one reaches the slums, where adobe walls, thatched

roofs, filth and smells are the rule. The condition of the streets in this part of the city is simply shocking. It is difficult to see what averts a pestilence, as the filth is washed by the rains down through the city.

Climbing past this, one comes out on a fine driveway wide enough



PARQUE SANTANDER, BOGOTÁ.

to enable one to escape the proximity of the hovels that line its side. This road winds into the picturesque gorge between the two mountains back of Bogotá. At the entrance to the gorge the road passes a spring to which the city water-carriers come daily with their red earthenware jars to get drinking water. The sparkling stream that

flows through the gorge into the city is fouled by the washing of clothes, which is done by scores of women on its banks. Just beyond the spring is a gristmill, while a thousand feet above, on the tops of the mountains, the white walls of two monasteries glisten in the sunlight.

At the base of one of the mountains is a primitive coal mine. The miners put the coal in sacks, sew up the sacks, carry them on their backs to the surface of the ground, place them on an exceedingly primitive little car that will hold five or six bags, and push the car painfully over a diminutive railway, with wooden rails, until it reaches the end of the line, sixty feet from the mouth of the mine. Here the car is unloaded, the bags are carefully opened and their sooty contents dumped over a primitive separator which divides the coal into three sizes. Thence it is shovelled into mule carts and taken down the hill to be sold in the city.



THE BOGOTÁ LAUNDRY.

During the past few days I have been reading Mr. Petre's new book on Colombia. His descriptions of what he saw here are admirable. He does not seem to have gone very far from the main travelled route and some of the information about Colombia which he gives at second hand is not reliable, but the fault is not entirely the author's, for almost no one here is trained to see things in a scientific manner. It is not that they intend to deceive you when they reply erroneously to your question, but that they have not been taught

to observe accurately. Consequently whatever one records as hearsay must be received with much caution.

I have had great difficulty getting boxes in which to ship books purchased here. Packing cases represent almost the total supply of imported lumber, and as all kinds of lumber are scarce, the boxes are eagerly bought by carpenters and cabinet-makers, so that an

ordinary small packing case is worth "one hundred dollars," Colombian.

We have only had one day of sunshine since our arrival. Heavy skies and a daily drizzle seem to be the order of things.

May 11th. This afternoon we had an appointment with President Reyes. The executive mansion is very simple and unpretentious. Seen from the street one would hardly take it to be more than a moderately interesting private residence, except for the fact that there



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, BOGOTÁ.

are a few soldiers on guard at the entrance and at the corner of the street. Attended by our kind host, Major Heimke, we entered without being challenged by the sentries and went to the office of the Secretary General. A few minutes later we were ushered into the large executive reception room, where the President received us very cordially and unceremoniously. General Reyes is a tall, handsome

man of soldierly bearing, with a fine head firmly set on broad shoulders. He has been a great explorer and a successful soldier; has travelled extensively in Europe and the United States, and speaks English fluently. He asked us many questions about our trip and was much interested in Rice's proposed exploration of the Vaupes.

The President spoke freely of the needs of his country, particularly emphasizing the desirability of good roads and a "firm" Government. He is a great admirer of President Diaz of Mexico, and if his life is spared will undoubtedly endeavour to do for Colombia what the latter has done for Mexico. Not long ago he had a very narrow escape from an attack by three assassins who fired on him while he was taking his daily drive. Most fortunately he escaped unhurt and the conspirators were caught, tried, and shot. It was a wholesome example to set and since then there has been no trouble. As we withdrew the President gave us several packages of "Pildoras Andinas," in which medicine he is a firm believer. All the soldiers of the Colombian army take it daily when they are quartered in unhealthy regions.

A few days ago we attended a memorial celebration held in honour of two brothers of President Reyes who lost their lives while exploring with him in the great basin of the Amazon some years ago. The first ceremony was the formal placing of magnificent wreaths on the monuments that have been erected to their memory in the Cathedral. The Archbishop conducted the exercises, and the wreaths, brought in by soldiers, were put in place by a committee of the National Geographical Society. The legislature, the diplomatic corps, and many of the principal citizens were present. In the afternoon there was a meeting in the foyer of the fine Teatro Colon, where we listened to the reading of papers describing the work of the Reyes brothers. They covered many thousands of miles in canoes, going up and down the great rivers of the Amazon valley. Their principal discoveries were made on the Caquetá and the Putumayo. One brother died of fever and the other is supposed to have been eaten by cannibals. The meeting was largely attended, every seat being taken.

In the evening a grand concert was given in the theatre, as a final tribute to the memory of the unfortunate explorers. We

received special permission from the Master of Ceremonies to appear in the only decent garments we had. Everybody else was in full evening dress. The audience presented a gay spectacle. In the principal box were the President's daughters and son-in-law. Ladies are not allowed to sit in the orchestra here any more than they are in Caracas, but seats had been placed in the enclosure where the musicians usually sit, and as these were not technically "orchestra stalls," ladies were permitted to occupy them. The music itself was far superior to that which we had heard at the concert in Caracas and the audience was much more fashionably dressed. The symphony orchestra played well and the soloists were enthusiastically received and deluged with magnificent floral offerings. The piano was really a fine concert grand, while the one we heard in Caracas was like a tin pan.

May 12th. We are making many pleasant acquaintances. The people whom we meet seem to have plenty of time in which to enjoy life and all practice the art of good conversation. Although it is the common boast of people in Bogotá that in their city one hears the purest Castillian spoken on this side of the Atlantic, I am disappointed in not being able to use my Spanish more often. A majority of the people we have met speak English and enjoy practising it on us. It is quite remarkable to find that these residents of so isolated a capital speak English more fluently than the residents of Caracas. Yet there are not more than a dozen English and Americans in the city.

The Papal delegate, a delightful prelate, lives with his efficient secretary in a splendid palace that was given him by the Government two years ago. It appears to be the finest private residence in Bogotá. At breakfast there we met the members of the diplomatic corps and their friends. It was a very jolly occasion. Spanish, French, English, and Italian seemed to be used indiscriminately. Needless to say the breakfast was remarkably good and we appreciated it thoroughly.

We have greatly enjoyed the society of the British Minister, a charming gentleman who has lived much in Rome. Through his kindness I learned today of the existence of a large part of the correspondence of Santander. The papers are in the possession of a

committee of the Liberal Party and I hope to see them tomorrow. We have learned to admire Santander exceedingly. His career is little known outside of Colombia, but he deserves the greatest possible praise for his faithful service to his country. It was largely due to his efforts and his courage that Bolivar undertook his march across the Llanos and the Andes.

May 13th. Seventeen days is a short time in which to try to secure correct ideas in regard to a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is easy enough to see the exterior life but somewhat difficult to appreciate the interior. Nevertheless I have been asked here several times how Bogotá compares with Caracas. It is a natural question but hard to answer.

In the first place Bogotá is larger, colder, considerably higher, and much more isolated from the world. Caracas has more sunshine, a more genial climate, and a more attractive location. The mountains near Bogotá are bleak, barren, and forbidding, while the beautiful mountains that surround



LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE CENTRE OF
BOGOTÁ.

Caracas are green to their tops and have a warm colouring. Caracas seems to be embraced by her beautiful mountains, while Bogotá has the appearance of having climbed up out of the swampy plateau to take refuge on the side of inhospitable hills. Notwithstanding its many earthquakes, Caracas has more attractive public buildings than Bogotá. Its parks are considerably superior. It must not be

forgotten, however, that at an elevation of three thousand feet in the tropics it is possible to raise many more flowers and trees than at an elevation of nine thousand feet, so that it is not surprising that Bogotá is unable to compete with Caracas for attractiveness. Bogotá has its weekly lottery drawing, but the tickets are not so everlastingly thrust in one's face as in Caracas.

Caracas is more like Paris, while Bogotá resembles Madrid. In the same way Caracas is a far more important part of Venezuela than Bogotá is of Colombia. Bogotá is of necessity more provincial. So little happens, so few strangers reach this secluded capital, that its inhabitants naturally have more curiosity. The people of Caracas appeared to us to be more frivolous, better dressed, and more prosperous on the whole, and their houses more comfortable. In Bogotá the custom prevails of allowing shops to occupy the ground floor front, while the most fashionable people live "up stairs" in the busiest streets. In Caracas society seems to prefer to live in quiet residential quarters rather than in the heart of the shopping district.

In Venezuela everybody that is anybody has been to Paris and speaks French, while here one hears very little about Paris, although it is evident that the ladies patronize Parisian dressmakers. Their dresses coming by parcels-post are somewhat creased in the mail, but it is the fashion to allow the creases to remain as silent witnesses of the foreign origin of the garments. It is whispered that the local dressmakers have the habit of mussing their new creations so as to make them appear Parisian.

The cultured people of Bogotá speak more languages and speak them better than their friends in Caracas. If they are less travelled than those of Caracas, they are better read and better educated. Furthermore, they take genuine pleasure in acquiring various accomplishments, writing sonnets, and exchanging witticisms and epigrams. Not infrequently one meets a gentleman who is something of a poet, musician, historian, soldier, politician, and wit, all combined. Such a man is Don Jorge Pombo, an interesting Colombian who has for years collected books relating to the history of Colombia. He is a genuine book-lover and his books are in remarkably fine condition. Unfortunately for him he is under the necessity of disposing of a large part of them, and I hope to take a good many home with me.

This afternoon I expected to see the precious Santander manuscripts, but was unsuccessful as the committee who have them in charge were not able to meet and the President of the bank where they are deposited was not to be found. The mail left this morning, but by starting early tomorrow and making haste I hope to overtake it and catch the mail steamer.

Rice has decided to stay here and organize an expedition to discover the source of the Vaupes River and trace it to the Rio Negro and the Amazon.

CHAPTER XV

BOGOTÁ TO CARTAGENA

May 14th. The Magdalena River is the great natural highway of Colombia. It is navigable for over eight hundred miles, although the sand bar at its mouth prevents its being entered by ocean steamers. Six hundred miles from the Caribbean are the rapids of Honda which do not allow the river steamers of the lower river to pass this point, although the upper river is navigable for over two hundred miles. As Honda is only eighty miles from Bogotá it has long been the port of the capital. The road between Bogotá and Honda is so bad, however, passing over such high mountains and through such deep valleys, that a new road has been constructed to Girardot, a port on the Magdalena one hundred miles above Honda, near the confluence of the Bogotá River with the Magdalena. It is hoped in time to complete a railroad from Bogotá to the Magdalena by way of this valley. This route is described in Mr. Petre's book. The other and older route is by rail to Facatativa on the western edge of the plateau of Bogotá and thence by mule to Villeta, Guaduas, and Honda. The mail still uses this route as it is more direct and less uncertain. The steamers on the upper Magdalena from Girardot to Honda do not always make schedule time, so I hear. Every one advised me to go by way of Girardot, saying that the direct road was simply impassable in places. Its terrors are very real to those who are unaccustomed to rough mountain trails, but I hope its difficulties will not prove any more insurmountable than those of the Paramo of Pisva. At all events I have chosen to go by the older road, as every one agrees it is the more picturesque and the one used by Bolivar, at least that part of it which begins at Facatativa, the terminus of the little railway.

The climate of Bogotá has not appealed to me. The sun has shone but little during the eighteen days that I have been here and

I cannot say I grew fond of the damp, chilly gloom of this famous old city. To tell the truth I was very glad when the train got under way at eight o'clock this morning. The road passes over a flat and uninteresting country, making frequent stops. The towns along the road are not large or attractive.

At nearly every station horses saddled and bridled were led out of the baggage car as on the Northern Railroad, while their masters alighted from the coaches, mounted and rode off. The costumes of



EN ROUTE TO FACATATIVA.

the riders always interested me. No matter what European finery a man may wear in Bogotá, he puts on the national costume before he mounts his horse in the country. The Panama hat, woollen poncho, and great flapping overalls give him a most picturesque appearance and good protection against sun and wind, rain and mud.

It is a two-hour run to Facatativa, the end of the line. A crowd of peons offering mules and transportation to Honda on the Magdalena besieged the alighting passengers. A friend in Bogotá had kindly telegraphed ahead so that I was met by a reliable man who provided excellent animals and a good arriero.

Soon after breakfasting we started off on our journey over the mountains and valleys that lie between the plateau of Bogotá and the great river. The road is less than eighty miles long, but the grades are so bad that the mail takes four days from Bogotá to Honda. Travellers usually allow three days and calculate to spend seven hours in the saddle each day. The road goes northwest from Facatativa for a short distance along the plateau, climbs over the hills and then suddenly descends with many sharp turns. Its character varies according to the location. On the plateau the road is wide and passable for carts, but when it descends into the valleys it is very rocky and much too steep and narrow for wheeled vehicles. In places the view is magnificent. On one's right after leaving the plateau is a "table mountain" which serves as an excellent landmark for a distance of thirty miles. As the road descends, the foliage becomes more and more tropical until one reaches coffee plantations and finally fields of sugar-cane.

My new arriero is the fastest walker I have seen in Colombia and keeps the two pack mules jogging along ahead of him at a good pace. In the course of the afternoon we passed the mail which left Bogotá yesterday. The mail arrieros do not waste much time, however, and before long they passed us, everybody on the run. They soon met a long pack train bringing goods up to the capital. The road was narrow at that point and one of the mail-carrying mules got pushed off the road by a cargo mule loaded with huge crates and rolled down hill twenty or thirty feet before the trees and vines stopped him. He rolled over and over on the letter bags, but the arrieros did not seem to regard it as an unusual occurrence. It is easy to see why dresses coming from Paris by mail get well crushed before they reach Bogotá.

The size of some of the cases of merchandise is extraordinary. No mule is supposed to carry more than two hundred and fifty pounds, so that a single case ought not to weigh over one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Yet it seemed as though some of the loads must weigh more. It is difficult to realize that all the pianos, heavy machinery, parts of locomotives, in fact everything in Bogotá that is imported, has had to be carried over these mountain trails on the backs of men and mules.

After a long winding descent into a beautiful deep valley we reached the little town of Villeta about six o'clock, after eight hours of very rapid travelling. We descended six thousand feet since morning.

This is the first day that I have ridden a horse in Colombia and the sensation was not pleasant compared with a mule. A horse is not at all suited to these rocky mountain trails. More highly strung, less willing to jog along at a steady pace hour after hour,



IMPORTING GOODS FOR BOGOTÁ.

more ready to stop and walk and then dash on nervously, horses are to be avoided on these trails. Furthermore, they are not nearly so sure-footed. Some one has called the mountain mules the "camels of the Andes." It would be a sad day for a camel that tried to follow in their footsteps.

May 15th. My arriero distinguished himself this morning by the speed with which he got his animals loaded. We left Villeta shortly before seven and made good time in the cool of the morning. The road leading out of the valley was frightfully steep, in places literally a rocky stairway. It is astonishing to think how many thousands

of tons of merchandise have been brought to Bogotá over such a road. After a long climb we crossed a high ridge and stopped for luncheon at an excellent little inn called Berjel. In the valley below lay the town of Guaduas. Beyond it rose another forest-clad ridge which has still to be crossed before one actually reaches the valley of the Magdalena.

My companions at lunch were an active cat that had an eye for every crumb that fell from the table, a melancholy pointer who dared not call his life his own, a downy little chick contentedly peeping and picking up crumbs, and a one-eyed hen who watched the pro-



VIEW FROM THE ROAD TO VILLETA.

ceedings until the cat and the chick both attempted to pick up the same crumb, when she flew into a rage and drove not only the cat but also the poor old pointer out of the room so that her lone chick was left in full possession of the crumbs.

On the road to Guaduas we passed a brown snake eighteen inches long that had recently been killed. This is the first dead snake I have seen in Colombia.

A religious fiesta was in progress as we passed through Guaduas. Rockets were bursting in mid-air and a picturesque religious procession wound its way from the church around the plaza. Travellers spend the second night here if they get a late start from Villeta, but

the roads were in good condition, although I had been told that they were "simply impassable," and we pushed on across the last ridge.

The view of the Magdalena valley from the pass beggars description. The range is very steep on its west side and rises abruptly two thousand feet above the floor of the valley. As it was a very clear day we could see for fifty or sixty miles up and down the wide valley and follow the course of the Magdalena in many of its windings. Soon after leaving the summit my mule narrowly escaped stepping on a small corral snake, eight inches long, that was sunning itself in the roadway. It was a wonderfully attractive little reptile with alternating red, black, and white bands. It seems incredible that this is only the second live snake I have seen in four months and a half. Judging by my own experiences New England appears to have far more than Venezuela and Colombia! About five o'clock we reached the Hotel El Gabinete, a comfortable caravanseraí, one day's journey from Honda.

May 16th. The road this morning was very bad, as we had had heavy rains during the night. The holes between the boulders were filled with water and dangerous bogs were covered with innocent little ponds so that the mules picked their way along with great care. It was anything but easy travelling, still the road was so much wider and less dangerous than the path over the Paramo of Pisva that it is difficult to realize how bad it must seem to one who has never seen a mountain trail in the equatorial rain belt. We passed several companies of soldiers at work on the road. This idea of President Reyes of keeping the soldiers busy, and improving the roads at the same time, is an excellent one. It must tend to discourage revolutionary plotting.

After a long tortuous descent we reached the floor of the valley. The road passes through a tropical forest, but is so much used that it retains a fairly good width and the jungle is not allowed to overgrow the trail. Ever since leaving Facatativa we have met and passed scores of pack mules, there being sometimes sixty or seventy mules in one train. It is surprising what very large loads some of the mules are able to carry. Yet they do get very tired and when allowed to rest lie down in the road flat on their sides as though ready to die.

At half-past nine we reached the Rio Seco, a small stream that

had been so swollen by last night's rains as to be dangerous. Here we found the mail, which passed us again last evening, and a score of travellers waiting for the river to subside and the ford to become passable. It is extraordinary that there is no bridge here nor any



THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF HONDA

canoes. It does not take a very heavy shower to interrupt entirely the traffic on the busiest road in Colombia. About one o'clock the river was pronounced fordable. That is to say, the pack mules could safely wade across without wetting more than a third of their loads. It is just as important to have the under side of a bundle made waterproof as the upper side.

Two hours after fording the Rio Seco we reached the banks of the Magdalena and saw the southern end of Honda and the docks for the Girardot and Upper River steamers. The road runs parallel to the river for a short distance until it reaches a steel bridge which has recently been built, greatly facilitating the traffic. Directly opposite the town are the dangerous rapids which interrupt river transportation. It is possible for boats on the lower river to come within three quarters of a mile of deep water on the upper river in

the rainy season when there is plenty of water, but the task is not an easy one. Most of the boats come no farther than La Dorada, five miles down the river at the end of the rapids.

Honda has a very busy air. The streets are filled with pack trains loading for Bogotá. There are many warehouses here and several large commercial establishments that give the town an appearance of prosperity. As in Bogotá the largest firms are German and Colombian. The hotel accommodations are good, but the heat is considerable.

May 18th. I left Honda by the mail train soon after breakfast this morning. The run to La Dorada, the usual stopping-place for the Lower River steamers, is not long and the train passes through a dense tropical jungle. At one place we saw through the trees a freight steamer painfully making her way up the rapids to Honda.



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER BELOW HONDA.

In this way railroad freight charges are saved, but the process is tedious and rather dangerous, so that the regular passenger boats do not attempt it.

La Dorada is a dirty little village, but has good wharves. At one of these lay the mail steamer, the *Lopez Penha*, one of the largest

and finest boats on the river. There are thirty or forty boats used in the passenger and freight traffic on the lower Magdalena. They are all "stern wheelers" of nearly the same type as those used on the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The larger ones are of three hundred and fifty tons register. As there are many dangerous shoals in the river, the boats draw but little water. All the machinery, fuel, and freight have to be on the lower deck. The upper deck is reserved for passengers. In a long hall down the centre are the dining tables, while the staterooms, practically bare of furniture, are on either side. The least said about the food and the service the better. It is passable but not attractive, and unless one carries



THE LOPEZ PENHA.

ones own provisions the pleasure of the table will not be among the agreeable memories of the journey. At the first meal certain formalities are observed. It is the custom for all to wait for the capitan to invite them to the table. He then politely requests his "guests" to be seated and gives orders for the meal to be served.

My fellow passengers are all Colombians with one exception, a

Syrian railroad contractor. He speaks no English, but carries an American passport and is pleased to consider himself an American citizen.

At first we had a view of the mountains, but the river gradually



A WOOD STATION NEAR LA DORADA.

left them and the great valley became too wide and flat to furnish much scenery. The river scenery is somewhat monotonous, although now and then huge trees rise above the everlasting jungle and command one's admiration. Occasionally a little village of thatched huts breaks the monotony. Most of the villages are very much alike.

There is no coal to be had and the steamers all burn wood. This necessitates frequent stops at wood-yards along the bank. The native wood-cutters who own these yards pile their product in sections of standard size close to a landing-place,* so that it does not take long for the captain to buy his fuel and have his sailors bring it aboard, stacking it up on the lower deck near the boilers.

We left La Dorada at eleven o'clock and reached Puerto Berrio, where we tied up for the night, about five. This is an uninteresting village, but is the terminus of a little railroad that will some day reach Medellin, one of the most important cities in Colombia. The

railroad shops are in a sad state of repair and look as though they would be of little use by the time the road is completed. At present I am told the train goes as far as Providencia, about half-way to Medellin. It brings down quantities of coffee and hides, the two chief articles of export.

May 18th. We spent all day at Puerto Berrio loading cargo, chiefly coffee. There is another steamer here loading hides in two large barges which she tows one on each side like wings. There are a few shops here, well stocked with both domestic and imported goods. The only unusual things are little horn drinking cups, three inches in diameter and an inch and a quarter deep. They are made near Medellin and are very attractive both in shape and colour.

May 19th. We left Puerto Berrio early this morning. There is a kind of shower bath at one end of the upper deck. I enjoyed its



A MAGDALENA RIVER STEAMER.

refreshing qualities this morning just before we passed the carcass of a donkey on which three buzzards were riding. The drinking water as well as that of the bath is unfiltered river water. There were heavy rains in the night. Owing to these rains the river is rising rapidly and some of the villages are partly under water, while others,

more fortunate, are built on a slight rise of ground. Wherever we stop the crew carry on a lively trade in cigars which are made somewhere up the river above Honda and which the sailors sell to the people along the route for eighty cents a hundred. We stopped several times for wood. At Chusa the flood made it rather difficult for the sailors to bring the wood on board. With the aid of a rope they



LOADING FUEL AT CHUSA.

manage to carry a good-sized load of large billets piled up on their shoulder and over their head. They complained this noon that the wood-piles were infested with snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas that had taken refuge there as the river rose. But they were very watchful and no one was bitten seriously.

At three o'clock we reached Puerto Wilches, where engineers have again commenced the construction of a railroad to Bucaramanga, an important interior city. Albert Millican, the orchid hunter, who came here about 1890, says in his "Travels and Adventures" that he found here "in this forest-wilderness several railway waggons and about a thousand steel rails, all in a pitiful state of wreck and dilapidation." The original railway project

started by Gen. Solan Wilches was abandoned years ago, but is now being rejuvenated under a new concession.

May 20th. We did not find it necessary to tie up to the bank last night, as there is so much water in the river that navigation is fairly easy. This morning at half-past seven we reached La Gloria, a typical river village. The river is rising but we got ahead of the flood during the night and it has not reached La Gloria yet. Adobe huts with thatched roofs, cocoanut trees and a few canoes are the chief characteristics of this and every other village in this part of the river. Occasionally we saw rafts, partly thatched over, on which a family were making a cheap excursion down stream.

The river is continually growing wider and more sluggish. At times it looks like a large lake. Its banks are everywhere heavily



LA GLORIA, ON THE MAGDALENA.

wooded and the country is very flat. Once in a while one sees a low hill.

At noon we reached Banco, a busy little town, with an attractive church perched on a bluff thirty feet high. A crowd came down to the landing bringing pottery, large jars and small pots, jaguar and snake skins and sleeping mats. Hammocks are not common here. A piece of native grass-matting serves the poorer classes for

a bed. Dark faces grow more common as one descends the river and evidences of negro blood increase.

The country is so flat here that the river becomes a network of branches and canals. On one of these is the ancient city of Mompox. As the captain was in a hurry we took a short cut through one of the narrower channels and did not see the old city.



BANCO, LOOKING NORTHWARD.

About four o'clock we reached the confluence of the Cauca with the Magdalena. For miles the air was filled with an immense swarm of locusts. Millions upon millions of these large brown grasshoppers were flying up-stream at a rapid pace. Their number was without end. The captain says they have been in the vicinity for four months, although they have not been seen before for many years. We saw the remains of several plantations which the locusts had stripped. Evidently the country has much to suffer from them yet.

We tied up to the bank for half an hour this afternoon, while the sailors tried to help a ranchman catch a steer that the captain wanted to buy for meat. The butcher shop is on the lower deck and needs replenishing, but the steer was too wary and did not come aboard.

May 21st. We steamed ahead all through the night and made good time, reaching Calamar soon after six this morning. Several passengers left us here to take the train that runs to Cartagena. Calamar is the cleanest looking town on the river and shows the effects of an increased prosperity brought about by the new railroad. The promoters of this railroad hope to deflect a large proportion of the freight that is now landed at Puerto Colombia and brought by rail to the Magdalena at Barranquilla. Ocean steamers can land their freight at Cartagena directly on board the company's cars, but the haul from Cartagena to Calamar is much longer than from Puerto Colombia to Barranquilla. If the silt from the Magdalena should ever succeed in spoiling the harbour of Puerto Colombia as it did that of Savanilla, this Cartagena-Calamar railroad would have a tremendous increase in business.



BARRANQUILLA HARBOUR.

At half-past ten we reached Remolino, an ancient town on the right bank of the river, half-way from Calamar to Barranquilla. The current in the river is hardly perceptible and one sees many floating water plants that give the river the appearance of being a stagnant lake. I have read much of the number of alligators in the Magdalena, but have not seen one. The captain says it is on account of the floods, and yet I should have supposed that we would have seen them swimming in the river.

We reached Barranquilla at half-past two, having made excellent time from Honda, which we left four days ago. The harbour is a canal which runs parallel to the river. The wind was blowing quite hard and we had considerable difficulty in avoiding the many steamers that lined its banks. There are several "hotels" here, but it is advisable to make a definite bargain in regard to the price of room



A STREET IN CARTAGENA.

and board. English-speaking travellers are very likely to be overcharged.

Barranquilla has the appearance of being a busy, prosperous city, but the streets are sandy and the heat is excessive. I am not sorry to learn that a mail steamer leaves tomorrow. There are several large German and English firms and the warehouses appear to be well stocked.

In the Custom House I found a case of photographic supplies that had been addressed to me at Bogotá. It was plainly marked "care of the American Legation, Bogotá," but has been lying here for four months! The agent of the R. M. S. P. Co., by which the goods were shipped from New York, was unwilling to aid me in any way, and, unlike most of their agents, was exceedingly rude.

Incivility is so rare in these countries that its occasional occurrence is all the more marked. Thanks to the kind intervention of Mr. P. P. Demers, the American Consul, I was able to rescue my plates without too much difficulty. In answer to my inquiries I was told that all goods destined for the interior must be sent in care of some one at the port of entry, to whom should be mailed the invoices with directions to go to the Custom House and look out for the parcels when they arrive. Otherwise they will stay in the Custom House until claimed by the owner. No notifications of arrival are ever



THE WALLS OF CARTAGENA.

sent out. It seems extraordinary that no provision is made to acquaint consignees of the arrival of their goods, but such is the case.

May 22d. A swarm of locusts descended on Barranquilla this morning. While not as numerous as the countless millions I saw up the river they seemed to portend disaster and to be the forerunners of the great host. This is their first appearance here.

I left Barranquilla at noon by train. A ten-mile ride on the little railroad brought me to Puerto Colombia, where an English company has built a fine pier a mile and a quarter long, at the end of which ocean steamers are able to dock.

The first thing that struck my attention as I went aboard the "Prinz Joachin" of the Atlas Line was the extraordinary cleanliness of everything. It seemed as though I had never seen such spotlessness.

May 23d. We reached Cartagena this morning and there I had my last glimpse of Colombia. The fine old historic city has few marks of modern life. It is far more interesting than Barranquilla. The latter is much more modern and businesslike. Here everything has the flavour of antiquity. The great walls built at tremendous expense by order of Philip II in the sixteenth century are still intact. Their strength and width are marvellous. The streets are narrow and picturesque. The houses look as though most of them went back to the time of "Westward Ho." Altogether it is a fitting link between Old Spain and her quondam colonies.

Postscript

June 5th. This morning we passed through quarantine and entered New York Harbour. As we went slowly up the bay we met six American battle-ships, steaming out in all the glory of their fresh paint and shining metal. They appeared to typify the country to which we had come. Powerful, aggressive, with machinery well oiled and bunkers full of coal, everything about them was spick and span and ship-shape, sacrificing little to beauty or courtesy, businesslike in every particular; the veritable embodiment of the North American spirit.

It is hard for the North American to understand the Venezuelan or Colombian, to realize the difficulties under which he labours, to estimate justly the enervating effect upon successive generations of damp tropical heat. Nevertheless a six months' acquaintance with the actual conditions of life in northern South America has given me, as it must any one who travels in those regions, a keener sense of the ability and courage displayed by Bolivar, Santander, and the heroes of the Wars of Emancipation, and a better appreciation of the achievements of their successors.



APPENDIX A

HISTORICAL SKETCH

THE War of Independence in Venezuela and Colombia began in 1810. At first the patriot cause was successful and the Spanish officials were driven out of the larger part of Venezuela and Colombia. By the aid of the Llaneros or cowboys of the plains, who were staunchly loyal, the Spanish generals gradually recovered the lost territory until there was little left for the patriots. A mistaken policy, however, turned the Llaneros against the crown. In 1815 a number of almost inaccessible regions on the Llanos were the only places where the Independent cause still prevailed. By 1818 the patriots under Bolivar had recovered the larger part of the Orinoco valley, but the Spaniards still held the principal cities, the highlands and the higher plains of Venezuela and Colombia.

A number of companies raised in Great Britain, consisting largely of veterans of the Napoleonic wars, had by this time arrived. They composed what is generally spoken of as the British Legion. They joined the army of Bolivar, which hardly deserved the name, and which was making such shift as it could in the vicinity of Achaguas and Mantecal in the very heart of the Llanos.

In the winter of 1818-19 General Santander, the ablest of the Colombian patriots, undertook a perilous journey across the plains from Casanare to the Orinoco to beseech the Venezuelan Congress, then sitting at Angostura, to send an army to the aid of the Colombian patriots. Santander's plan was briefly this: The Spanish army was divided into three grand divisions. The first division held the seacoast of Venezuela and the principal cities, including Caracas and Valencia. The second division held the Venezuelan Andes, with headquarters at Merida. The third division held the plateau of Colombia and guarded Bogotá, the capital of the Vice-Royalty. The Spaniards had been unable to hold the Llanos of Casanare,

that lie immediately east of the Andes near Tunja and Sogamoso, and there Santander had a force of upwards of a thousand men. A number of passes lead from this plain to the plateau and it would be easy, said Santander, to throw an army unexpectedly on to the plateau of Sogamoso through one of the unfrequented passes. The people of the country would be friendly to the Liberating Army and it would not be a difficult matter to drive the Spaniards entirely from the plateau of Colombia and out of the Magdalena valley. The greatest difficulty in the way of the scheme was to get an army across the inundated plains in the wet season and across the Andes in the time of snows. This very fact would make the Spaniards less suspicious of an attack and would favour the success of the enterprise, if the soldiers could stand its hardships. This plan was adopted.

Santander returned to Casanare to organize his Colombians, and Bolivar undertook the difficult task of bringing an army of two thousand men through a country that had practically no provisions except cattle on the hoof, no roads, no bridges, swollen rivers and swampy plains.

On May 25, 1819, Bolivar left the vicinity of Achaguas and Mantecal, marching along the right bank of the Apure as far as Guasqualito. Here he met General Paez, gave him orders to skirmish in the vicinity of Merida and hold the attention of the royalist General La Torre who, with some three thousand men, commanded the second division of the Spanish army. Paez was not given enough men to make a battle advisable, but only sufficient to prevent La Torre from going to the aid of General Barreiro, who commanded the third division of the Spanish army, about thirty-eight hundred men, near Tunja and Sogamoso in Colombia.

From Guasqualito Bolivar went ahead of his army to Tame, and they followed as best they could across the frightful swamps of the Llanos of Casanare. They finally joined forces on the 11th of June, 1819, with the army of General Santander, who had twelve hundred men in the vicinity of Puerto San Salvador. A council of war took place on the fourteenth and it was decided to approach the plateau of Sogamoso by way of the Paramo of Pisva, which was excessively cold and barren and not likely to be well guarded by the Spaniards.

On the 22d of June the combined armies, now numbering twenty-two hundred and seventy-five men, began the march to the Paramo by way of Pore and Paya. The difficulties of crossing the mountains appealed so strongly to some of the Llaneros that three hundred of them requested permission to go back and join Pacz. Their fears were well founded. On June 27 the vanguard under Santander



PORTRAIT OF BOLIVAR.

In the possession of General Ybarra at Caracas.

marched to Paya, where an outpost reported as numbering five hundred Spaniards was defeated. In crossing the Paramo of Pisva more than sixty soldiers died on account of cold and hunger. All the saddle and pack animals died on the way.

After passing the Paramo the Liberating Army went to Socha, where it was welcomed by the inhabitants of the lower Sogamoso valley and was able to procure a few horses and sufficient food.

The royalists had for two years had their headquarters in the

city of Sogamoso under the command of General Barreiro. When they heard that Bolivar and his army had accomplished the apparently impossible task of crossing the Llanos and the mountains in the winter, they proceeded to make some feeble efforts to dispute their further advance. Bolivar and his army soon recovered from the effects of their march and moved south from Socha through Tasco towards Sogamoso. Barreiro hearing of this advance sent out eight hundred troops on the 11th of July to hold the heights that command a bridge by which the road crossed the river Gameza. Bolivar succeeded in throwing a few men across the bridge, but found the Spaniards so firmly entrenched on the rocky heights above that he gave up the attempt on Sogamoso. Taking a road to the westward he passed through the towns of Corrales and Nobsa (or Santa Rosa), and reached Duitama, leaving Sogamoso in possession of the Spaniards to the east of him, but threatening to cut them off from Tunja and Bogotá. On July 18 the Spaniards abandoned Sogamoso and marched up the valley to Paipa where they took a position between Bolivar and Tunja. On the twentieth, Bolivar left Duitama and established his headquarters at Corral de Bonsa near the upper Sogamoso River.

Bolivar decided to out-flank the Spanish army on the night of the twenty-second and sent a battalion under Santander along the road toward Paipa for this purpose. Shortly after they started a heavy rain fell and in the darkness they lost their way. The failure of this attempt determined Bolivar to send the out-flanking force by way of Pantano de Vargas.

Between the Liberating Army and the swamp of Vargas was the upper Sogamoso River, sometimes called Rio Grande or the Chicamocha. It was swollen by recent rains, but rafts and barges were hastily constructed, and at four o'clock on Sunday morning, July 25, 1819, the army began to cross and took the road to Vargas. Barreiro, seeing this movement of the patriots, probably supposed that Bolivar was attempting to go to Tunja by an unfrequented road *via* Toca. Accordingly he sent his entire force, thirty-eight hundred strong, into the hills and the valley south of the swamp of Vargas. The cavalry were placed on the plain, and the infantry on the heights that command the road which is forced to pass very

close to the foot of the hills by the extensive swamp called the Pantano de Vargas.

Bolívar's cavalry was composed of two hundred and fifty Llaneros, most of them without saddles. When they lost their horses in the Paramo of Pisva they naturally left the saddles behind. A few had saddles without stirrups; some had no bridles but simply halters. The royalist cavalry numbered six hundred and was well equipped with all the necessary accoutrements. They were armed with pistols, carbines, and sabres, while the Llaneros had only lances.

Bolívar ordered the attack to be made both along the highway which was between the mountains and the marsh and also on the hills. When the first companies reached the top of the hill they were repulsed with great loss. The attack along the road was also driven back. Other attacks were made and repulsed until Santander, reinforced by the British Legion, again fought his way to the top of the hills and with a bayonet charge attempted to dislodge the Spaniards. The latter, however, were reinforced at this moment by the arrival of five hundred reserves, and for a third time the patriots were driven down hill. Bolívar was unable to gain a foot. Barreiro then ordered a general charge of his cavalry. The story goes that fifteen Llaneros who had been waiting near Bolívar for orders attacked at a gallop the front of the Spanish cavalry who, marching six abreast, occupied the whole road. The little band fell upon the royalist columns with such force and bravery that they threw the first few ranks into confusion, while the others, coming on from behind, increased the disorder. The horsemen, hemmed in by adobe walls, had the greatest difficulty in extricating themselves from the disordered mass into which they had been thrown by the fierce attack of the handful of patriots. Bolívar, seeing that the critical moment had arrived, ordered another general attack on the Spanish lines, with the result that the royalists fell back in disorder. As the Spaniards began to lose ground a heavy rain came up and prevented either side from seeing the manœuvres of the other. Darkness fell and covered the Spanish retreat so that there were no prisoners taken. Bolívar, not knowing what disposition Barreiro was making of his forces, and being unable to get news of him in the darkness and the rain, spent the night reorganizing his army and preparing for an

attack. Barreiro had returned to Paipa. The patriots apparently lost as heavily as the royalists. It is claimed that twelve hundred were killed on both sides.

On the twenty-seventh Bolivar returned to his camp at Bonsa. His army now numbered but eighteen hundred men, two hundred having returned to their homes in the Llanos of Casanare. Barreiro remained at Paipa and both armies were in practically the same position as before the encounter, although the Spaniards had lost confidence and the Liberating Army had practically gained a victory. After a few skirmishes the Royalist Army abandoned Paipa and took up a position at Motanita on the main road to Tunja. Bolivar determined to reach Tunja first if possible and again marching by way of Pantano de Vargas and the Toca road, he was successful in arriving at Tunja before Barreiro.

Barreiro was visited by a clever spy sent by Bolivar, who discovered that the Spaniards did not propose to attack Tunja but to go to Bogotá by a road that passes west of Tunja, separated from that city by a range of hills. In this way they hoped to be able to reach Bogotá and join forces with the troops held in reserve there by the Viceroy. The spy having misled the Spaniards into believing that Bolivar intended to spend some time in Tunja, escaped in the night and made his report to the patriot general. The next morning, August 7, 1819, Bolivar climbed the hills and was able with his field glass to watch the movements of the enemy to the westward.

From the Spanish camp there were two roads to Bogotá, one by way of Chiquinquirá and the other by the bridge of Boyacá. Lacking a guide they took the more frequented road by way of Boyacá. As soon as Bolivar saw them pass the fork in the road and realized that they would go by Boyacá, he ordered his army to march to the bridge as rapidly as possible. This order was given at nine o'clock in the morning. Bolivar remained on the heights until half-past eleven, when he could see the royalist army no longer, then mounting his horse went to Tunja, had breakfast, and took the road to Boyacá. The royalists reached the bridge ahead of Bolivar's army and, thinking that they had nothing to fear from the patriots whom they supposed intended to remain at Tunja, stopped for breakfast. At about two o'clock the Liberating Army arrived in sight of the

bridge, but thanks to the woods were able to reach the banks of the stream before they were seen. The Spaniards now hastened to cross the bridge in order to place two four-inch guns on the hillock at the right of the road. Owing to recent rains the river was so swollen as to be impassable except at the bridge and at a little used ford, some distance down stream. Santander made great efforts to take the bridge, but owing to the difficulty of manœuvring over such rough ground was unable to do so. The patriot cavalry finally succeeded in finding the ford half a mile down stream, where they were able to cross without being observed by the Spaniards. The Llaneros, having re-formed on the other side of the Boyacá River, attacked the royalist artillery in the rear and caused great confusion. Santander was now able to cross the bridge and occupy the hills. A large number of Spaniards were surrounded and taken prisoners. The battle lasted less than two hours. By the time that Bolivar arrived at the battle-field, about four o'clock in the afternoon, everything had been decided and he found Barreiro a prisoner at the inn of Boyacá. The battle of the 7th of August, 1819, was a complete victory. The prisoners numbered sixteen hundred, including General Barreiro and thirty-seven officers.

As soon as the Viceroy at Bogotá heard of the defeat and capture of his army, he packed up what treasure he could lay his hands on, fled to the Magdalena and made the best of his way to the coast. The days of Spanish power in Colombia were over.

APPENDIX B

BATTLE OF CARABOBO

IN the year following the battle of Boyacá an armistice was signed by Bolivar and General Morillo, who commanded the Spanish army in Venezuela. The armistice was badly observed by both parties, but the patriot army was able to improve the interval of repose better than the Spaniards. The Spanish Revolution of 1820 prevented reinforcements from being sent from Spain, while the victories in Colombia enabled Bolivar to secure many additions to his forces. The armistice was formally declared to be at an end on the 28th of April, 1821.

Bolivar had some four thousand men at Barinas. Paez was in command of three thousand Llaneros scattered over the plains, and Bermudez with two thousand men threatened the Spaniards in Eastern Venezuela. Bolivar now took up his headquarters at San Carlos and Paez assembled his cowboys at Pao. Bermudez made an attack on Caracas from the east and his operations occupied the attention of a considerable portion of the royalist army. The Spanish lines extended from Barquisimeto through Valencia to Caracas.

Sending some of his forces to attract the attention of the Spaniards in the west as well as in the east, Bolivar proceeded to gather his forces for an attack on the Spanish centre. The royalists had a force of upwards of five thousand men, most of them quartered in and about Valencia, while a small detachment held the town of Tinaquillo on the northern edge of the Llanos.

About the middle of June, 1821, Bolivar left his headquarters at San Carlos and marching east joined forces with General Paez who came west from Pao to meet him. On June 21 the Spaniards were driven back from their outpost at Tinaquillo, and they also retired from a hill called Buenavista on the road from Tinaquillo to Carabobo which they should have held at all costs as it commanded the road effectively. Bolivar had now about six thousand

men under his command. He had open to him two methods of attack on Valencia, the direct road via Buenavista and the road from Pao. Both roads unite on the plain of Carabobo and there General La Torre in command of the Spanish forces placed his army as soon as he learned of Bolivar's contemplated attack on Valencia.

The Pao road is much the more difficult and hilly of the two, but had the Spaniards remained in force at Buenavista, Bolivar would probably have been obliged to take the more easterly route, which the Spaniards could doubtless also have held, although Bolivar now had a slightly superior force. The country is very hilly and so covered with trees and bushes that a small force, well posted, could prevent a very much larger force from making an advance.

On June 23, 1821, Bolivar held a grand review of all his forces on the plain of Tinaquillo. Early the next morning they formed in three divisions and started on the direct road to Carabobo. The first division was commanded by General Paez, then a dashing young cowboy barely twenty-five years old, brave, fearless, and headstrong, the idol of his fifteen hundred Llaneros. In addition to his cowboys he had in his division the famous British Legion composed of veterans of the Napoleonic wars, who had been attracted to Venezuela by the glittering promises of Bolivar's agents, and whose splendid fighting qualities had enabled him to win the campaign of 1819, in which he drove the Spaniards out of Colombia.

At sunrise on the twenty-fourth, Bolivar and his staff arrived at Buenavista, where he was able to make out with a glass the veteran troops of Spain drawn up on the plains of Carabobo, under the command of General La Torre. The plains, covered with grass and chapparal, extend north to Valencia. From the Spanish position the road to the southwest lay through the valley of Naipe to the western Llanos and the Andes. To the southeast were the hills that divide Carabobo from the northern Llanos. Through a pass in these hills goes the road to Pao and the central Llanos.

In a word, the royalist position at Carabobo commanded the approaches to Valencia and Caracas from both Western and Central Venezuela. Bolivar's view could not have been very distinct even with a good glass, as the plain of Carabobo is five miles from Buenavista. Still he was able to make out that about five thousand soldiers

were so placed on the edge of the plain as to make a successful frontal attack very difficult, if not impossible. The Spaniards had placed their artillery in such a manner as to command the valley through which Bolivar must reach the plain. It was now too late for him to change his plans and by going east take the road from Pao and approach the Spaniards on their left flank. Furthermore, they could easily have become cognizant of such a movement and readily have changed their front so as to make it even more difficult for him to bring his forces into battle array. While studying the situation, he was told of an unfrequented path that led through the hills to the west and came out on the plain a little to the rear of the Spanish right wing. Although it was a narrow and difficult trail it was, nevertheless, just what he needed to enable him to break up the Spanish formation.

As a movement along this path would take longer than that by the direct route, the first division was hurried ahead under General Paez with a native of Tinaquillo acting as their guide. The plan was for them to arrive unexpectedly on the right flank of the Spaniards just as Bolivar with the remainder of the army reached the centre. All the trails were so narrow that it was necessary for the men to march in single file. Sometimes in the bed of a strong stream, sometimes on the steep slopes of a hill, in tropical jungles and under a hot sun, they made the best of their way over this rough trail for two hours and a half, until suddenly they emerged on a hilltop from which they could see the great plain and the Spanish army drawn up ready for battle, two miles away.

From this vantage point it appeared to be an easy matter to descend the ridge and attack the Spanish flank. Not taking the trouble to bear more to the northward and so cut off the Spanish retreat to Valencia, they charged down the ridge with great enthusiasm, but the distance was greater than they had imagined and it must have taken from twenty to twenty-five minutes before they could reach the edge of the plain. Here it seemed as though they had fallen into a trap, for at the foot of the ridge is a little valley, so that when they crossed the rivulet that flows through it they found themselves one hundred and fifty feet below the level of the plain of Carabobo. In the meantime the Spaniards had seen them descending the two-

mile slope and had had time to change the position of both infantry and artillery and place several companies on the western edge of the plain, that is to say, on the crest of the hill above Paez. The cowboys arrived first, only to receive such a galling fire that their efforts to climb the hill were in vain and they soon turned and fled.

Had Paez known the lay of the land and not been so impetuous, he might have gone farther north and coming out above the high bluff have been able to attack the Spaniards in the rear. His precipitate action nearly lost the battle. In the meantime, however, the British Legion had formed a hollow square in the little valley between the bluffs and the ridge down which they had charged, and in this formation withstood the Spanish fire while the cowboy regiment was reorganized in their rear. Having regained their formation the Llaneros charged up a slope, more to the north, where they were partly covered by bushes and trees, and gained the plain. The Spaniards had exhausted their first fire on the hollow square; they were now attacked on their right and rear by Paez's Rough Riders. A few moments later Bolivar and the second and third divisions attacked the Spanish front, coming by the regular road. They arrived at the psychological moment. A rout commenced, the confusion increased, and in half an hour the Spaniards were in full retreat to Valencia, pursued over the plains for sixteen miles by the reckless cowboys who cut down the stragglers until what was left of one of the Spanish regiments succeeded in taking a safe position on the hills north of Valencia. Here the flying royalist soldiers found refuge and the pursuit was halted. Most of the Spaniards, avoiding the city streets, took the old road northwest of Valencia, and reached the coast range, which they held successfully for several years. But Valencia and the road to Caracas was lost and both cities now fell into the hands of the patriots. All that now remained to the crown of Spain was an insignificant strip of seacoast from which they were eventually dislodged and Venezuela was free.

NOTE.—This account of the battle has been prepared after a careful study of the topography of the region. It does not agree entirely with the official dispatches or with the accounts of one or two eye-witnesses, although it is of necessity based largely on them. The discrepancies are due largely to the character of the country, which have made it impossible to adopt *in toto* the accounts of any of the eye-witnesses.

APPENDIX C

TEMPERATURE AND WEATHER

THERMOMETRIC observations were taken during the trip, together with occasional weather-notes. The temperatures obtained are not strictly comparable, owing to irregularity in the times of observation, to constant changes in the exposure of the instruments as a result of varying altitude, conditions of travel, and constantly shifting geographic position. The results given in the table below have been computed from these observations, and, while they therefore lack scientific accuracy, they may serve to show the general character of the temperatures encountered along the line of march. For this purpose three periods of the day have been selected and called "early morning" (5-7 A.M.), "midday" (12 M. to 3 P.M.), and "evening" (6-8 P.M.). The latest "early morning" hour is placed at 7 A.M., because in nearly all the recorded cases a rapid diurnal rise in temperature began at about that time; "midday" is taken from 12 M. to 3 P.M. because the recorded diurnal maxima occur in practically every case within those limits, most often between 1 and 2 P.M.; 6-8 P.M. is taken as showing the average time for the beginning of the sunset fall in temperature toward the night.

In cases where there were sufficient observations under "early morning" hours, a decrease in temperature from the night values to a minimum occurring usually between 5 and 7 A.M., and then a rise toward the coming day, were sometimes evident. These instances were so infrequent, however, that no trustworthy mean value for the early morning minimum can be deduced. Instead, the mean of *all* recorded temperatures from 5-7 A.M. has been computed, giving at best only a fair approximation of the conditions. It is to be noted in this connection that the maxima and minima given in the table do not indicate the true amount of change from 5 to 7 A.M., which was usually much less (in the great majority of cases not more

than 5° and often only 2° or 3°). The extreme irregularity of the observations rendered the same treatment necessary for the mid-day and evening temperatures. The basing of the results on the large total number of cases for the respective periods (though these totals necessarily vary widely) probably gives a truer idea of the average temperatures encountered than would be obtained if the results were based on the much fewer actually recorded maxima or minima.

Three fairly distinct "provinces" of temperature along the line of march can be made out, the conditions in each justifying its separation from the others. The first extends from Carabobo to Tinaco (the semi-arid country), the second from Tinaco to Nunchia (the northern Llanos), the third from Nunchia to Duitama (the Cordilleran region and its approaches). The averages for the last province have not been computed, for reasons which will be apparent from the discussion following the table.

AVERAGE EARLY MORNING TEMPERATURE (FAHRENHEIT)

PROVINCE	NO. CASES.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Carabobo-Tinaco	17	69.0°	53.0°	57.3°
Tinaco-Arauca	26	71.5°	58.0°	66.9°
Arauca-Nunchia	13	76.0°	69.9°	72.8°
Nunchia-Duitama		(See below)		

MIDDAY

Carabobo-Tinaco	10	91.0°	81.0°	85.9°
Tinaco-Nunchia	47	95.2°	84.0°	90.0°
Nunchia-Duitama		(See below)		

EVENING

Carabobo-Tinaco	20	72.0°	62.2°	67.3°
Tinaco-Nunchia	21	85.0°	72.5°	79.5°
Nunchia-Duitama		(See below)		

The most striking fact indicated by the above table is the strong diurnal variation in temperature, a well-known characteristic of equatorial regions. The amounts vary, and in the present cases

are probably controlled to a considerable extent by geographic factors. A large part of the journey from Carabobo to Tinaco lay over hills and plains which are semi-arid in character and hence favour active nocturnal cooling, relatively low early morning temperatures, and a consequent great diurnal range. Between Tinaco and Nunchia, on the other hand, the heavy grass cover of the Llanos serves to prevent this active cooling and results in relatively higher early-morning temperatures, and, the midday temperatures being not very different from those of the same time of day in the hill country (averaging about 4° higher), a consequent smaller diurnal range. The general change in temperature between the hill country and the Llanos was obviously not so sudden as the table might imply, though it was surprisingly sudden, owing to the rapid change in geographic conditions. In both regions the nocturnal radiation pushes forward the lowest temperature for the whole twenty-four hours into the period just before sunrise. The greatest diurnal range was recorded at Camp Naïpe (Carabobo), January 16, when the mercury rose from 54.7° F. at 6.30 A.M., to 91° at 12.40 P.M., a range of 36.3° .

The weather accompanying this rhythmical variation in temperature was for the most part, as would readily be inferred, clear or fair. When clouds were observed, it was usually in the late forenoon or early afternoon, and they had the typical form of clouds produced by diurnal ascending currents, the cumulus.

The few winds recorded blew largely from the northeast quadrant, especially during the earlier part of the trip, beginning usually between 6 and 7 A.M., increasing rapidly in force until the latter part of the forenoon and usually dying out to uncertain and infrequent puffs by early afternoon. These winds appear to have been an extension of the northeast trades, blowing far inland under the control of the equatorial trough of low pressure, the barometric equator running at this season a little north of the geographic equator in South America. They apparently owed their diurnal character to the convectional ascent of air under the influence of the diurnal variation in temperature. They show from the first of March a change in average direction from the northeast quadrant into the northwest, and a preference for the afternoon.

No rain fell during the first two months of the journey. Showers began with the first of March on the Llanos, were usually accompanied by thunder and lightning, and showed a distinctly diurnal character, occurring almost without exception during the hottest part of the day. Sudden drops in temperature, of varying amounts, were sometimes recorded during these showers, the maximum fall noted being 12° in fifteen minutes during a thunder-storm on the afternoon of March 27. During the latter part of March and early April the showers gradually assumed the character of rains of considerable duration, the sky was more often overcast, the trades little by little ceased to blow, the air was frequently sultry, — conditions in general indicating the approach of the belt of equatorial rains on its northward migration. At this time the party was in the region of Nunchia.

Beyond Nunchia, where the journey over the northern Llanos ended and the ascent to the Paramo of Pisva began, the expedition encountered weather as unlike that of the hill country or of the Llanos as sub-arctic weather is unlike equatorial. Between Nunchia and Pisva the maximum recorded temperature was 76° F., on April 7. At Pisva, April 10, 9 A.M., the mercury stood at 66° and reached a maximum of only 70.8° at 10 A.M. During the early morning of April 11 it stood at 60.5° . April 12, at 6 A.M. (5.45), showed 55.5° , noon of the same day showed 56° , 6 P.M. showed 47.5° , and during the night occurred the lowest recorded temperature for the whole trip, 31° . A mean temperature for April of 30° occurs nowhere in the northern hemisphere south of latitude 50° and is found northeast of the Scandinavian peninsula only beyond the arctic circle. Thus the expedition passed in eight days through temperature changes equivalent to a minimum of 45° of latitude, from a tropical to a sub-arctic climate. This was occasioned largely by the change of altitude. The Paramo of Pisva has a maximum height of about thirteen thousand feet above the sea, or approximately ten thousand five hundred feet above the Llanos.

The rains, which at the lower elevation of the Llanos had been warm and accompanied by sultry conditions, now became bitterly cold as the moisture-bearing air was forced to ascend in crossing the mountains.

Beyond the Paramo, conditions changed for the better, though the temperatures, as far as Duitama, seldom went above 60°. This, doubtless, was partly the result of the nine thousand feet altitude at which this part of the journey lay. No record of temperature or weather was kept beyond Duitama.

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